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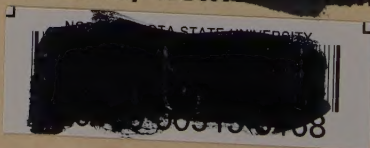
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BEAUTY SPOTS IN NORTH DAKOTA

BERTHA RACHAEL PALMER

ILLUSTRATED



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To
My Niece

MURIEL JEAN PALMER

WHOSE FATHER, TWO GRANDFATHERS, TWO GRANDMOTHERS
AND ONE GREAT GRANDMOTHER
WERE AMONG THE PIONEERS
MENTIONED IN THESE PAGES

FOREWORD

There have been many books written by North Dakota authors about North Dakota. Prior to this time these books have been valuable because they have given information regarding the resources, richness of soil, delightful invigorating climate, and other things that make this a desirable place in which to live. In all states there are many places of interest either on account of historic associations or natural beauty. The historic spots of our state have been located by a number of historians; but it has remained for Miss Palmer to add a book to the literature of our state, in which she describes the scenery.

After reading these splendid descriptions of the prairies, the canyons, the mountains, the rivers and the lakes of North Dakota we shall be happier because we shall see now the natural beauty that surrounds us. To many of her readers the book opens a new world—the beautiful scenery so charmingly described here is one of the great assets of North Dakota.

This book will bring our state to the favorable attention of outsiders in a way no other publication has ever done.

E. J. TAYLOR.

Bismarck, North Dakota,
September 12, 1927.

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PART ONE

BEAUTY SPOTS

Beauty Spots In North Dakota

I

SOME NATURAL BEAUTY SPOTS IN NORTH DAKOTA

When I attempted to answer inquiries about our state which came to me from club women during the six years I was chairman of the Art division of the North Dakota Federation of Women's Clubs, I became interested in the history, and geography, and other definite facts about our natural Beauty Spots and the places which have been set aside as Parks and Reserves and are being developed within our boundaries.

The apparent popular desire to spend our leisure and pleasure hours as far from home as time and roads will permit might lead us to think that some such preamble as the following exists:

"We, the people of North Dakota, in order to see silvery streams and sparkling lakes, wooded slopes and shady dales, rolling hills, precepitious buttes and rocky canyons, shall at every opportunity hie ourselves to the broad expanses of Canada, the northern counties of Minnesota or the Black Hills of South Dakota, to insure to ourselves and our children, as we fly by in auto or railway train, brief glimpses of SCENERY for the enrichment of intellect and the broadening of experience." Yea, verily, every state is without Beauty to its own people — save California.

Popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, North Dakota contains wonderful and beautiful scenery, as colorful, as fantastic and grotesque, as majestic, as colorful, as fantastic and grotesque, as restful and peaceful, as glorious and inspiring as is found anywhere. Its quality is unsurpassed, though its quantity is necessarily limited by physical boundaries and possibilities.

From the mountains north of Bottineau one may look south over 45 miles of smoothly rolling cultivated fields, showing the season's colors as softly blended as the hues of a huge Persian rug. From the sides of Black Butte, 12 miles south and west of Amidon in Slope County, the one who seeks "something different" may look out over equally vast stretches of undescrivable formations, perpendicular buttes, deep, jagged canyons, grotesquely weathered forms, seen through the colorful hazes of distance and atmosphere which settle down in blue, gray and violet veils over all, till the unnameable contortions are blended and harmonized against the sky and one is led to cry in his heart, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

But four miles north of Medora on the main line of N. P. lies the Peaceful Valley Ranch of Carl B. Olson, which contains acres of marvelous petrified forest, the despair of geologists and of scientists, the like of which is not to be found again in the whole world. We read in Holy Writ of "the flesh pots of Egypt", but here in the clays of buttes are to be found the paint pots of the North American Indian. Can these paint pots of blue and violet and yellow, gray and orange and red have any connection with the veils of color which arise and float and settle and cling in the gullies, over the valleys, hiding the tops of the hills and buttes, and breaking to show new vistas of colors and formations?

Through North Dakota flows the historic Missouri River, so restless and powerful that it is ever changing its banks, but always and always it flows on and on, twisting, turning, writhing and eddying, down through fertile meadows or between steep stone or clay cliffs forever with its dirty, muddy face upturned to the sky, till at last it is washed in the waters of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. All along its banks the Indian Villages have been replaced by Government forts which in turn have been razed or abandoned and are visited now only by the oldest inhabitants who act as guides for curious tourists.

Why go to Minnesota for lakes when North Dakota contains some 5000 bodies of varying size. Devils Lake, in Ramsey and Benson counties, is the largest, a real inland sea. The "Minnewaukan country" is rich in myth and legend. Much interesting history centers about Sullys Hill on the south shore which cradles yet the remains of an old Catholic Mission, while at the northwest end are the buildings of Fort Totten, now used for a government Indian School.

The Pembina Mountains, where one stood years ago, and looking to the east declared "This is magnificent; it should be called 'Walhalla,' the habitation of the Gods," still justifies that ardent exclamation.

The James and Sheyenne Rivers, while not navigable, are ribbons of silver running between velvet banks and under protecting trees, offering delightful camping places for training or recreation or rest.

And lastly North Dakota contains the Great Bad Lands of the Little Missouri rivaling in form and color and grandeur the Grand Canyon, which surpasses them only in depth.

People go to Europe to visit chateaus and the homes of royalty. Just south of the city of Medora stands

the Chateau de Mores, the former home of a French nobleman where members of royal families have been wined and dined.

A new fad in large eastern cities is to refinish the buildings formerly used for driving horses, but now made vacant by the use of automobiles, and use them for restaurants and refectories under their former names, witness "Kelley's Stables" in Chicago and "Sullivan's Alley" in New York.

But it is not necessary to go East for such experiences. On the H. T. Ranch, south of Amidon, the cattle barns which are finished in hardwood have been refinished and refurnished and guests may be served light or substantial meals here during their rest moments.

In these stories no attempt has been made to exhaust the history or geography of any place, but only enough has been touched upon to show that we have an interesting background and that there is a reason behind all these beauty places which if it only be known will make us care more for our state than if it be simply a place to make a living.

The work attendant upon collecting the material and writing the stories has been a labor of love: my own people were pioneers, coming into the Minnewakan country during the years immediately following the Civil War and in which the men all had served. North Dakota is my home state, the more I know about her the keener is my appreciation for her.

If the stories even in a small way lead the people of the state, who have come since the pioneer days, to realize that we have something here to talk about besides crop failures and blizzards, and to see beauty in our level plains, rolling prairies, and precipitous Bad Lands, our summer skies and fields, and our winter sun-

shine and landscapes, I shall be more than repaid for the time and energy expended.

All of the Beauty Spots described, I have visited and enjoyed, but the written stories have been made possible by the generous and hearty response I have had to requests for definite information and for pictures. In some instances photographs have been made especially for this work, in others people have unhesitatingly loaned to me their own precious copies. Because of this generous and hearty co-operation from more than a hundred persons, I am able to give the people of the state this very interesting and little known information.

Why go out of North Dakota in search of the Interesting, the Different, the Historic, the Unusual—with apologies, I say

To thine own state be true,
But it must follow as the car the trail
Thou canst not then be ignorant of what is near.

II

THE CHATEAU DE MORES: MEDORA

"A Real Chateau in Dakota Badlands" was the heading of a feature story in "The New York Herald" in 1922. This story was later copied in "The St. Paul Dispatch" and other papers. But still there are many people in North Dakota who do not know that we have a real "Chateau" in the State. "The Herald" article says, "To most of us the word 'Chateau' implies battlements and towers and the wooded hills of France — visions hardly competible with things American. But our own country can boast a 'regular' Chateau. Stranger still, this historic structure is found not in the storied environment of old New England, but "out where the West begins." Strange but true.

After having slept in a bed where royalty had rested, between linen sheets made in the looms of France, over forty years ago, and breakfasted at a table spread with linen in the style of the same years, from china which any housekeeper today would gladly own, in a great room containing heavy pieces of furniture, with walls decorated with photographs of that period, I felt like "Alice in Wonderland" and watched as eagerly to "see what next." And there were many things to see, — the relic room with its memories of nursery and hunt; the office with its maps of 1879 still on the wall where the hands of the Marquis had put them while he dreamed of a western Empire; the old fashioned photographs of baby faces; the unfinished water colors, views from the windows, or nooks in the hills still easily recognized from the sketches; stuffed bird, and

mounted heads, trophies of the entertainment the French nobleman offered his guests; and finally the old hunting coach in which the game was brought home.

I have told the story many times, always to have my hearers say, "Where did you say this place is? How far from here? Let's drive out there next summer!"

Mrs. Gertrude E. Foley, in charge of the Chateau, has told the following story of the Frenchman's Dream and of his Awakening:

"The little town of Medora situated in the center of the 'Bad Lands,' was founded by Marquis de Mores, a French nobleman from France, some forty-two years ago. Those were Pioneer Days when everything was unsettled, two years after the Northern Pacific built their railroad. De Mores saw great prospects as he thought, for a packing plant to be established out west to ship the meat ready dressed, from slaughter house to the table, competing with Armour and Company and the rest of the great packing companies, to establish retail meat markets, build ice houses and have his own refrigerator cars.

The Marquis married an American girl by the name of Medora Von Hoffman whose father was a wealthy banker in New York City. The daughter received her early education in New York and was later sent to Paris.

The Marquis bought twelve thousand acres of land and established the town of Medora, named for his wife. He spent a million and a half dollars before he started to ship meat. He built a general store, two hotels, brick church, town hall, a number of residences and established cold storage and meat houses all the way from New York to Helena, Montana. The Chateau on the hill was to be occupied by the family as a summer resi-

dence, spending their winters in New York or Paris. The packing plant was built and operation commenced. He employed two hundred men and they dressed three hundred head of cattle per day. Five hundred people lived in Medora and everything looked flourishing. But the plant ran only two years as it was a losing proposition from the start so they decided to close it up. The firm did not go into bankruptcy as they had many millions of dollars behind them.

My husband was one of the leading men at that time and was auditor for the entire business. After the plant was shut down, he gradually closed up all the meat markets and cold storage plants. The Chateau was closed and everything packed away in cupboards, boxes and trunks. Shutters and storm doors closed the entire house save a few back rooms which were occupied by the caretaker.

While the family lived here, two children were born, a son named Louis, and a daughter named Athenais. The family left Medora in 1885 and after returning to France another son, Paul, was born. These two sons fought through the great war as officers in the French army and received mention for their distinguished bravery and patriotism.

Marquis de Mores was a French General, a gentleman and a scholar. Much has been written discrediting him in the use of the English language. He spoke perfect English as well as many other languages. After the Marquis returned to France, he was sent with an expedition to South Africa where he was killed by hostile natives. At the time of his death he was thirty-eight years of age. Madame de Mores was not back to Medora in 39 years, but once. Seventeen years after leaving, when her children had grown to manhood and womanhood, she returned to show them the town their

father had founded, and the home where two of them were born. We took care of them as best we could as she wanted to rough it in two or three rooms at the Chateau. She stayed here six weeks and made many friends by her social magnetism and benevolence.

She did not wish to dispose of the property, but desired to keep it intact which is due to French sentiment in memory of the Marquis. Outside of a few town lots, nothing has been sold. The draft horses that were used at the time the packing plant was in operation, were not allowed to be worked and by being properly exercised and taken care of, lived to ripe old age. In addition to the 9000 acres and the town site of Medora, they have a beautiful home in Paris, one in southern France, and one in Switzerland.

Madame de Mores died three years ago this spring. She threw her Paris home open during the great war and it was used as a hospital, she serving as a nurse. While there she was injured and she never fully recovered. The Madame spoke seven languages, was an artist, pianist and horsewoman, German by birth and one of the most dignified, stately and aristocratic women I ever met.

My late husband, J. W. Foley, was with them for thirty-five years. Since his death six years ago, my son-in-law, T. A. Davis, has had charge of the estate. The Chateau has been closed for thirty-nine years, never opened but the once, twenty years ago. As history of North Dakota, last year we opened the Chateau as a summer resort, tea room and lodging for tourists. We have everything unpacked and placed as Madame de Mores used them in Pioneer Days, using all her things, dishes, linen, bedding, etc. During all these years, the caretaker has not had access to the front of the house or the upstairs. Once a year my husband

and I would go through the place, look things over, sweep and dust and close up again. Every year we looked for her back up until the time of her death.

The Chateau contains thirty rooms, plastered throughout. Noblemen, Counts and Dukes have been entertained here. As you go around the front porch, which faces south, you will see easy chairs, couch, table, rugs, awnings, deer and antelope horns, trophies of the kill by the Marquis many years ago. On entering the spacious living room, you will be surprised how well and splendid everything looks. You will see large Oriental rugs and easy chairs, a huge fireplace of square dimension extending into four different rooms, built from bricks that were made here. Large logs are used for fire in this fireplace. There are hand painted screens and paintings done by the Madame during her idle moments, huge costly soft pillows, her private writing desk and Marquis de Mores' private Morris chair, children's walnut high chair and small rockers, paintings of her homes in France and Switzerland. Books in German, French and English read by them in those days and many more interesting furnishings. Our next room is Madam's private office, nicely furnished, oriental rug, draperies, lace curtains, paintings of Madame's and other things. The next room is Madame's private bedroom. A fine rug, bedroom set of walnut, and a handsome lace canopy covers the bed just as she used it when living there thirty-nine years ago. Our next room is Marquis de Mores' bedroom which contains a handsome rug and bedroom set. His office is next to this, with maps of our state in Pioneer Days on the wall there just as he left them. Then we have the trunk room and next to this is the lavatory. Each bedroom has four or five doors, the upper part four panes of glass, some painted and some plain and

a door opens from each room onto the large porch. You can look from the office through five doors to the spacious sitting room where we serve our lunches and meals.

We retrace our steps going through a dark passage. Every Chateau has a dark passage and mystery room. Going up the stairway, which is in the center of the Chateau, we come into a wide and large hall, the entire length of the building, with bedrooms opening to the north, south, east and west. The front bedrooms are where the guests and Madame de Mores' father and mother slept when on a visit to their daughter. These beds are covered with lace canopies. The back bedrooms were for maids. She had twenty servants when living at the Chateau, her own doctor, butler, laundry woman, cook, chambermaids, dining room maids, her private maid and maids for her children and several extra maids, stable boy, two gardeners and her guide, twenty in all. These bedrooms are all furnished with rugs, dresser, bed, chairs, mirror, wash-bowl and pitcher, hand lamp and candle for each room, just as she used them forty years ago. One bedroom has a child's mahogany bed with a lace canopy overhead. No one has seen anything like this bed in this country. In fact, a greater part of these furnishings came from France. Some are nearly one hundred years old, having been handed down from nobility in the de Mores' family.

In the hall are several wardrobes where the bedding, pillows, blankets, quilts and lace curtains have been locked away all these years. In one wardrobe is the linen of all descriptions, sizes, qualities and quantities. One will say after all these years, they must be decayed or molded. Not so far as we are using them. Come and see for yourself.

We have a rare relic room on this floor, showing memories of de Mores, his wife and children. De Mores' saddle, gun, hunting boots, bearskin coat and chaps, his pack bags, hunting coat, pack saddle, his French stiletto, ammunition and loading outfits of various kinds including exploding bullets, for he loaded all his own shells, sporting goods of all descriptions and curios, Madame de Mores' saddle, bridle, whip, spurs and riding habit, her wine ice box and bathtub. We have the children's things that have been here all these years, — baby wicker cribs with lace canopy, satin eiderdown quilts and embroidery pillow, bathtub and also French baby bathtub, children's books, dishes, silk hose and kid shoes, baby doll and the large baby buggy and many other things.

This takes us through the upstairs. As we go downstairs we enter the Madame's dining room in which red predominated as this color does all through the house. In this dining room is a dinner set which comprises two hundred and fifty pieces of rare china, with many different pieces of china. Silver water set, silver coffee pot, knives, forks and spoons. Several serving trays of various kinds, the ice box, napkins and chairs she used.

This takes us through the Chateau and we are back to the large sitting room to register.

Medora was the home of Roosevelt during the same four years which witnessed the de Mores' adventure.

The article in the "New York Herald" has this to say of the relations between the French nobleman and our great American:

"In the matter of his personal associations the Marquis was as unfortunate as in his business ventures. From the first, there was an ineradicable antagonism between the Frenchman and Theodore Roosevelt. Al-

though these two men, both of aristocratic lineage, had many tastes in common, there existed whenever their paths crossed an unfortunate figurative crossing of swords as well. Perhaps it was a natural incompatibility between two strong characters in a small community—two very big toads in a very little puddle.

But the fact remains that they were not friends. However, the tradition that they occasionally were on the verge of settling disputes by violence is scoffed at by men who knew them both. And very little credence is given the gossip that the Marquis held Roosevelt partly responsible for the failure of the de Mores' projects. But the barrier between them was a reality and that barrier threw the Marquis on the 'wrong side' of the representative cattlemen of the Bad Lands. The Marquis de Mores was of the old French nobility and he believed in the divine right of kings and of the descendants of kings; Theodore Roosevelt, although he was of the American gentry — if there be such an institution — ever remained democratic to the core."

But Mrs. Foley has not told it all. The spirit of the place cannot be put on paper nor can you experience Mrs. Foley's hospitality and well set table at this distance.

The Chateau is open all summer to everybody. Mrs. Foley will take you through, explaining everything. They can sleep twenty-five people a night, are open day and night and never leave the place alone. The air is pure, scenery fine, quiet and restful.

This is a wonderful place to stop at the end of a day on the Red Trail. There is a certain call to "come over and see us" at the sight of the French and American flags waving from the pole in the yard of the long, low building on the hill just south of the town. I know for I have heard the call, felt the pull and enjoyed the rest.

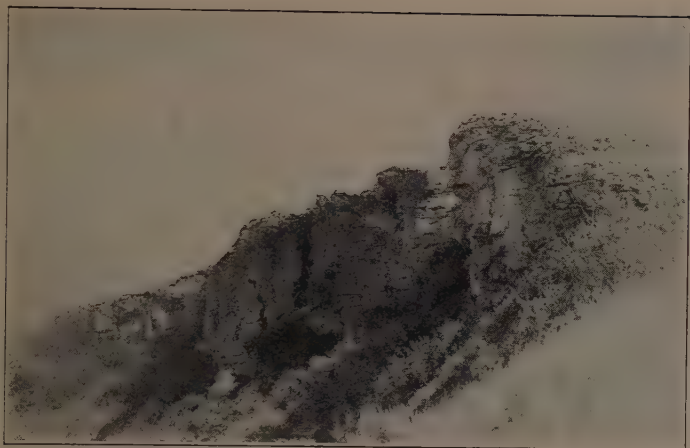
III

SUNSET FROM SENTINEL BUTTE

One day in Indian Summer five of us set out in a Ford from Beach to visit Sentinel Butte. October wore her best "bright blue weather," the roads were good, the engine was not missing, and it was the best day of the week.

For something like eight miles we drove toward this great flat-topped mass which the word "butte" exactly describes, rising 650 feet from the immediate level of the surrounding country. Our road was up and then down over the foothills. We were climbing all the time but with the greatest height before us we could not realize how much we were climbing till we looked back. Finally the engine began "to spit" then it became necessary to go "in low," and at last the little car refused to go any higher so we went the rest of the way under our own power, or should I say, over our own power.

We were taken to the place where the incline is most easy to ascend, for most of us were inexperienced climbers. We started off briskly, but were soon traveling, bent over with our hands resting just above our knees in an attempt to throw the weight of the body where it would be easiest to carry. It was necessary for us to stop many times for breath, but our excuse was always to look back over the way we had come and out over the view behind us. The deserted car was soon a mere speck, while the country between us and Beach was like a relief map on a sand table. The section roads measured truthfully the distance for us and moving clouds of dust told us this was a real live map.



SANDSTONE BLUFF AT SENTINEL BUTTE



SUNSET ON SIBLEY ISLAND IN THE MISSOURI RIVER, EAST OF OLD FORT
A. LINCOLN

For many years Sentinel Butte was believed to be the highest point in the state, 3430 feet, but it is now established that Black Butte in Slope County is 38 feet higher, — 3468 feet. The Sentinel is about three miles long, from east to west, the average width being about a half mile. There is a “pass” through the narrowest place, which divides the top into two great tables. The one toward the south shows every evidence of having been a shore line where the action of the waves has worn the pebbles smooth and round. As we walked over this seashore of long ago, we remembered Hon. L. F. Crawford says in his “*Idyl to Sentinel Butte*,” “In unremembered aeons of the past slimy saurians dragged their cumbrous lengths over her surface and fishes gamboled in the salty deep which covered her, and left only fossils to tell their reluctant story. In the next day of geologic time the sea was swept away.” As we recalled this statement one of our party kicked a stone no larger than one’s fist. As the stone fell to rest it broke apart showing in its center the perfect outline of a fish — fins, tail, eyes and open mouth. We hunted for others but found only here and there shells among the pebbles. We walked out along the scoria ridge at the extreme east end of this table and looking back beheld a face formed by the jutting rocks on the south side. We at once declared “Another Old Man of the Mountain,” “Another Great Stone Face.” But it was unlike these famous likenesses resembling more an Egyptian profile. It was easy to see that this likeness would not be permanent as the irregularity was in scoria which weathers rapidly.

Almost the entire top of the Butte is surrounded by a cap which upon inspection seems to be a great palisade of rock in vertical strata which time, weather, and the immense weight behind, — there being no sup-

port from the outside, — have split off in huge sections. The weight of these sections is so great that they gradually lean more and more till in time they break and roll down the steep incline, there they lodge against other pieces which have broken off, or meet other obstructions that halt their headlong descent. Along the north side of the Butte the broken piles of rock have formed a natural castle with halls and rooms which stand like a dismantled abbey or cathedral. Farther east along the north side are bottomless caverns which delight venturesome spirits. Far up on this perpendicular north wall an eagle has built her nest in perfect safety.

We walked back to the "pass" where are the two piles of stones, reminders of the pathetic incident from which the Butte has its name: In the last campaign of General Custer in 1876 two sentinels were stationed here to guard the pass during the night when it was anticipated an attack might be made upon the army encamped upon the plain north of the Butte. In the morning when relief was sent to the guards, their bodies were found pierced with arrows. They were buried by the side of the pass they had guarded and these graves are marked by two piles of stones in which have been set up the insignia of the G. A. R. This story is now denied as being without fact or foundation.

I know not what the truth may be
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

But the two piles of stones are there and the height is called "Sentinel" Butte.

It was now late in the afternoon and we stood looking to the west and then to the east out over two views of the Bad Lands as widely different as can be imagined.

In the one direction the near distance is rough but rolling with cultivated fields and farm buildings daring to spring up in the midst of the wildness. While against the sky is outlined the huge pile designated by the descriptive name of Five Points.

Turning to the left we viewed two other huge piles against the sky: Camels Hump to the north and Flat Top to the south. There is no need to describe either for each looks just like its name. In between and stretching far off to the east are miles and miles of Red Hills, caused by the burning of the coal from underneath. These heaps are rough and irregular in outline. The whole scene resembled nothing so much as ash heaps which might have been dumped here age after age when the Giants of "those days" cleaned out their huge furnaces. Unlike ordinary ash heaps, however, these are brick color but the coarseness of the hues, and the roughness of the formations are softened by the silver gray of sage brush and the blue green of occasional juniper trees. As we looked back to the west for a comparison of surfaces, we beheld the disc of the sun about to slip behind the horizon, and at the same time a veil of blue beginning at the skyline began to spread itself over all the distance between there and us. So rapidly it came we looked back to the starting place only to see that as the sun sank lower a second veil, this time of violet began to unroll itself over the blue veil and hasten toward us. We stood fascinated with this spectacle of nature decking herself for the evening. Words would not come. With the poet we exclaimed in our hearts—

I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me—

Then a curiosity to see how those great ash piles of

red would look clothed with blue and violet veils caused us to turn hastily to the east. But there were no blue or violet veils there. All the crudeness of color and roughness of outline were subdued and smoothed by distance and atmosphere, while over all was spread a trembling veil of old rose light. It was all so beautiful, the heart ached that it could not last. Here, indeed, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Slowly and silently with many stops we descended the steep slope and came back to our patient car. The drive back was into the sunset sky, changing from a flame of crimson, streaked with gray clouds to a warm rose banded with violet tinted shadows. Such a sunset is typical of our state. James W. Foley has given words to every one who looks into the west at the end of day:

At eventide the splendor
Of the sun and sky and sod
Bids me bear my head in reverence
And in gratitude to God.

Every North Dakotan should be on speaking terms with Foley's "Letter Home" for he says just what we would say if we were poets with the ability to speak what we see and feel.

The poets and song writers of all climes and ages have been inspired to write of the mystery and majesty of the sunset hour, of the beauty and tenderness of the twilight, of the stillness and immensity of the night, but so far as I know no one has yet embodied in words the spirit of what we were looking upon. This may be the dramatic pause which precedes an expression of sentiment for

. . . Creation as it stood
The day God finished it so long ago
And looked upon his work and called it good.

IV

WALHALLA, "THE HABITATION OF THE GODS"

The poets cannot agree as to which is the most beautiful season of the year—Lowell asks,

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.

And all during the lovely days before June first and for thirty days thereafter we anticipate putting this question to all our friends and acquaintances as though it were original with us, and then we enjoy their inability to name anything more rare.

But Helen Hunt Jackson declares,

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

And there we are! Which is right? According to the season of the year we are inclined to agree with one or the other, and in between we side with Ella Wheeler Wilcox that

As sure as the sun brings morning
Whatever is is best.

The opportunity to visit Walhalla and the Pembina Mountains came to me during a wonderful drive over much of Pembina County in the fall while we were still enjoying

Summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

As we came toward the village of Walhalla I inquired how a name like that had found a resting place among such other names as Pembina, Cavalier, Neche, and Leroy. No one could tell and the query was soon forgotten in the interest which grew as we crossed the Pembina River, flowing between embowered banks, and began to climb the steep heavily-timbered hillside. We very soon had to park the car and ascend on foot. It was invigorating to walk in the clear open air, and thrilling to feel the cushiony leaves under our steps.

In a few minutes we were in that wonderfully beautiful cemetery on the east side of the mountain. No attempt has been made by the hand of Man to beautify this spot. All the naturalness of bushy shrubs, creeping vines, modest violet, goldenrod and asters, under the protection of the out-spread branches of oak trees, makes it truly God's Acre. And all over the hillside, close to the shrubs, underneath the overhanging branches and overrun with the vines and violets are the stones that mark the places of those who have gone

. . . to join

The innumerable caravan that moves to that
mysterious realm

Where each shall take his chamber in the silent
halls of death.

We came finally to rest on the steps before the monument to the martyrs which the citizens of Walhalla have erected to the memory of the missionaries who were killed by the Indians in 1852.

Up to this time we had been enjoying the sunshine and the open air, the autumn colors, the late flowers, the rustling leaves and the rather unusual surroundings, but now we were facing a view that would not

let us sit at rest for we must prove to ourselves that we were here on the mountain side and out there was a distance that stretched far beyond the power of the eye to see—for we recalled a certain map in Willard's "Story of the Prairies" which showed the position of Lake Agassiz, and we knew we were looking out over the old lake bed which had stretched in width from where we were to the eastern shore of Rainy Lake in Northern Minnesota, and from south of Hankinson, almost to Hudson Bay, covering 100,000 square miles.

Such a wonderful thing is the imagination that we could see that vast expanse of water almost like the wideness of the sea, stormy and dark and wild and lonely. But such a mental picture could not remain distinct and the unfriendly water faded away as we consciously beheld the harvest time of the year—a scene of comfort and peace and plenty spread out before us.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The rich ripe tint of the cornfields,
The wild geese sailing high —
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod —
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

While we were still drinking in the view and discovering new elements of beauty all the way from the line of the far horizon down to the overhanging branches of the oak beside us which made a frame for the whole outlook, two friends from the town at the foot of the mountain joined us. My hostess said these ladies would be able to answer the query as to how Walhalla had received its Scandinavian name, whereupon this bit of interesting history was related:—

In the early days St. Joseph's Mission was estab-

lished on the present site of Walhalla. Around the church and school there grew up a small village which was called "St. Joe." In November, 1873, the church and school were removed to Leroy, some six or eight miles to the east. With the removal of the church and the school the settlement at the foot of the mountain was left without a reason for the name it bore. At this very time Hon. J. W. Taylor, the U. S. consul at Winnipeg, on his way from there to St. Paul, stopped at the now nameless town and climbed to the very place where we were then standing and looked out over the very same scene. He was so impressed with what he beheld that he declared, "This is wonderful, this is magnificent. It should be called Walhalla, the habitation of the Gods." And so it is called even unto this day.

We could not make ourselves leave this beautiful place till the sun was out of sight behind the hill top and the air began to grow cool. Then with a last lingering look at the haze on the far horizon, and with slow moving feet in the rustling fallen leaves, we descended to the car and drove through the early twilight back to the home fires awaiting us. It had been a day in God's out-of-doors, with congenial spirits: We had exclaimed over the beauties of the season; we had quoted lines of descriptive verse; we had philosophized about and been sentimental over the facts of life and the influence our surroundings have upon us and that we have upon our surroundings; we had quoted our favorite poets for the pleasure of saying the lines and had rejoiced in discovering that we liked the same things; and thus, weary with the long ride, contented with what we had done, hungry for whatever there might be on the pantry shelves, we came home again.

And memory has painted a perfect day
With colors that never fade.
For we found at the end of that perfect day
The souls of the friends we had made.

V

THE SITE OF OLD FORT A. LINCOLN

A silken curtain veils the skies
And half conceals from pensive eyes
The bronzing tokens of the Fall.
A calmness broods upon the hills
And summer's parting dream distils
A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn in brown array,
Stand waiting thru the tranquil day,
Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom people, forms of air,
And ghosts of joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the west,
I hear the whispering host returning;
On far off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke—,
The campfires of the Past are burning.

Indian Summer, Henry Van Dyke.

Indian Summer is the time to make this visit. When one stands on the slope overlooking the site of a Mandan Indian Village, no one knows how old, and the still visible remains of the old fort which was a part of the far-flung battle line during the days of the winning of the West, one has but to heed the "charm of silence over all" to "hear the whispering hosts returning" and be conscious that truly "the campfires of the Past are burning."

That the Indians chose the most advantageous places



THE VIEW FROM THE AUTO TRAIL TOWARDS THE SITE OF THE OLD FORT



THE FEW REMAINING TREES THAT MARK OFFICER'S ROW

for their villages is evidenced by the fact that army engineers have later chosen the same sites for camps and forts, and still later the white man had builded him a city on the same grounds.

Six short miles along the river, south and east of Mandan, will bring one near to the top of the hill where was located the infantry post which was abandoned when Gen. Geo. A. Custer was sent out in command of the 7th U. S. Calvary in 1873. The site of this post is marked by a single cottonwood tree which has grown in the excavation for one of the old barns. The tree stands alone many feet high and is the sign post for miles around by which Old Fort A. Lincoln is located. The Calvary post was established on the level field at the foot of the hill on the west bank of the Missouri River, an ideal parade and drill ground, sheltered on the west and northwest by the high hills. The view from the road just before beginning the descent to the level will cause any traveler to unconsciously shut off the gas and put on the brakes that he may look, and look again. Just below and at the left the waters of the Heart river flow into the Missouri. The two broad bands of silver come together against the dark background of Sibley's Island and swing to the west in a wonderfully beautiful curve, which from this height can be seen to turn to the east and then again to the west, forming a gigantic shimmering S. The most distant shining water leads the eye off to the far distant hills of blue or violet, depending upon the time of day, and gradually from far ranges to nearer buttes and rounded hills, the eye is led back to the level plain immediately below. For the moment the eye sees only a flax field ready for the threshers. Along the west side running north and south is a row of cottonwoods standing in groups of twos, while still

farther south are the buildings of a prosperous farm.

Nothing of history or romance in this peaceful cultivated valley! Ah, hush, listen,

... hear the whispering host returning
On far off field by elm and oak,
... see the lights—smell the smoke—
The campfires of the Past are burning.

That row of trees furnishes shade in summer for the seven double frame houses which form the Officers' Quarters. The third house from the north, the home of the Commandant, was the home of General and Mrs. Geo. A. Custer from 1873 till that fateful July day in '76. Directly east, not a flax field, but a great square parade and drill ground walled by the Commissary building on the south and the soldiers' barracks on the east and north. Just north of the square the long frame hospital building, and still north of that the great corral. Between these buildings and the river the stables and such other buildings as the upkeep of an encampment necessitates, and beyond to the north and east the great shining river—not muddy from this distance, outlined against the dark trees of Sibley's Island, and still beyond the distant blue hills. And again the eye returns from blue ranges to nearer buttes and rolling hills back to the level camp ground, and lo, only a flax field, and a row of weather beaten cottonwoods.

If the spell of the Past is on the beholder, he drives slowly down the road, turning at the foot of the hill into the grassy trail to the right. This closer view shows excavations and embankments where the buildings stood, but which were razed some forty years ago. The old road is easily followed. A few moments brings one to the first two cottonwoods. A shocked feeling is experienced at sight of the ugly yawning hole partially

filled with pieces of brick, stone foundations and broken plaster. Another scar and still another, then one stops to read the sign which stands on the next pile, supported in a heap of rocks.

ON THIS SITE STOOD THE HOUSE
OCCUPIED BY GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER
OF THE SEVENTH U. S. CALVARY
FROM 1873 TO 1876. THE HOUSE
WAS DISMANTLED IN 1896. PLACED
BY MANDAN CHAPTER D. A. R.

It was from this site in May 17, '76, that General Custer left to ride out with the command which he led into the battle of the Little Big Horn some weeks later. The visitor turns from here to look out over the flax field which fades away and once again the parade ground with the excitement of horses and men is visualized. One hears the bugle calls, sees the lines form and the riders move away to the north, then up the south side of the hill, just descended, and away over the summit—where history records Mrs. Custer bade the General goodbye, and returned alone. It was to this site also that the news of the battle, known the country over as "Custer's Massacre," was received by Mrs. Custer on the morning of July 6, 1876.

One must needs stand reverently and live in imagination through those days, before returning to the road to continue down the drive—Officers Row. Opposite the remains of the last house is the excavation where the Commissary's quarters stood. The prosperous looking farm buildings are on the site of the fort arsenal, where day and night armed guards protected the stores of ammunition.

From this point the visitor naturally turns again to look back to the north—and lo, no buildings, no parade grounds, only a level flax field with a row of cotton-

woods on the north and irregular mounds and half-filled excavations here and there, in the distance the shining river, and beyond the river to the north the city of Bismarck with the I. H. C. building, the McKenzie Hotel and the State House on the hill outlined high against the sky to remind one that the days of frontier forts are past.

But the sight of the shining buildings of the city reminds one of other days, not sad, connected with the Old Fort. Mrs. M. H. Jewell, came a bride to Bismarck in those "other days." She tells of happy days and jolly delightful times when the officers of the Fort entertained guests from the Capitol city at dinner and dancing parties. The guests traveled to the fort in winter over snowy fields and frozen river in covered bob sleighs heated with lanterns and drawn by sturdy horses decked with strings of bells, or in summer in a "dourhty" wagon drawn by six army mules. After dinner they danced to the music of the military band, till the hour for the return to bob sleigh or "dourhty" wagon for the homeward ride, about at 4 A. M. The distance from Bismarck to Fort A. Lincoln was much longer in 1883 than in 1923.

Mrs. Jewell tells of another time during a visit on a summer's day a band of Indians called at the fort to ask the use of the parade ground for the performance of a mourning ceremony. This company was on a vacation trip to visit friends at Elbowoods. They had camped at a spring some miles south of the fort where three of the party had died from eating or drinking something poisoned. The bodies had been wrapped and placed in trees for safe keeping. The party wished to perform the funeral rites before going farther. Their request was granted. The visitors from Bismarck had the rare privilege of witnessing an Indian Secret So-

ciety perform its ceremony for the dead, which corresponds very closely with the ceremonies conducted by Secret Brotherhood lodges of the white man upon such occasions.

After the ceremony which consisted of dances in special costumes and decorations, songs of mourning, and addresses, the Indians proceeded on their way to Elbowoods. Some three weeks later they returned from their visit, took the bodies of their companions and returned home with them for proper burial.

All visits come to an end and the visitor turns north once more to follow the grass grown trail back past the great scars not yet covered with the healing grass, past the weather-beaten cottonwoods, out to the well-traveled auto trail. But at the brow of the hill one must turn for one last look. Again the

parting dream distils
The charm of silence over all.

The railroad embankment becomes once more the long low barracks—the flax field is again a parade ground and the cottonwoods shade the old-fashioned houses of Officers' Row—the “Stars and Stripes” floats from the staff in front of the Commandant's house—the whole scene teems with

. . . phantom people, forms of air,
And ghosts of joy and pain.

In imagination one hears the far faint notes of the bugle and with an almost audible gasp of pain at the beauty and mystery and magic of memory, one returns to the present with some word of serious or happy mention. The view of the river bottom during September and October grips one with the glory of the brilliant colors of the foliage contrasted with the dead brush, which is purple in its nest of orange and yellow,

all of which is reflected in, and contrasted by, the blue waters of the Heart below, and the autumn sky above. The yellows of ash and boxelder, the orange of cherry and willows, the scarlet of woodbines and dark crimson of rose bushes, alternating with the green of the second growth in the sheltered meadows, the yellow brown of cornfields, and the blue of sky, all is reflected in the river till one repeats a memory from school days,

O, suns and skies and clouds of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
Octobers bright blue weather.

But the fascination of romance and the mystery of time will not depart so quickly. The beauty, and the glamor remain.

A silken curtain veils the skies
And half conceals from pensive eyes
The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods over the hills
And summer's parting dream distils
A charm of silence over all.

VI

THE HAWK'S NEST

In the extreme southwestern corner of Wells County about ten miles southwest of Carrington, a large outlying hill lifts its blue and hazy head on the horizon. Rising as it does all alone from the prairie, it is seen and commented upon by every one who has eyes that see, and an inquiring mind. This hill is the "Hawk's Nest," a landmark and a point from which directions were laid by the Indians long before the coming of the white man. Places were located as a day or two days journey, on foot or by horse, toward the rising or the setting sun from this hill.

The "Hawk's Nest," however, is the white man's name for the place because so many of these birds build there. The Indians called it "the place where the eagle came with something in his mouth." Stories have been told by the Indians differing in details but essentially the same, to this effect:

In the high and far off distant days Indian scouts were located upon this hill to watch for signs of the enemy which they believed had invaded the surrounding territory. Waiting and watching showed nothing till at last a huge bird appeared from a certain direction; as it flew low over the hill it was seen to have something unusual in its mouth. Everything unusual has a meaning. When the bird was brought down it was found to have in its beak a long piece of buffalo meat which had been *cut with a sharp edge*. So the eagle with something in its mouth brought the information the scouts wanted.

The sides of the hill are heavily timbered although the top may be reached by following continuous open spaces where no timber has ever been. At the top in a large irregular open space, surrounded by timber, are very old earthworks which could not have been used for defence. The forms, aside from a large circle, about a hundred feet in diameter, cannot be named. The circle is decorated with many rocks which are no longer in original placement, as has also a long embankment of irregular curves: from a small artificial mound three long embankments extend in different directions, the two shorter ones ending in smaller mounds. No authorities have been found able to state definitely the probable reasons for these forms, but it is generally thought that this hill top, because of its unique position with regard to the surrounding country was the site of ancient ceremonial observances, perhaps religious, perhaps not.

The top of the hill commands a wonderful view of undulating country, unrolled for miles and miles on all sides. If one knows the language of the landscape, from here may be read the messages of coulees, filled-in valleys, and fine level expanses, each formation a paragraph, as it were, in the succeeding chapters which make up the story of the prairies.

I love my prairies, they are mine
From zenith to horizon line;
Clipping a world of sky and sod
Like the bended arm and wrist of God.

The open spaces on the sides and at the foot of the Hawk's Nest are favorite places for community picnics and ball games. The old oak, near the top of the hill which shows signs of fierce encounters with wind and weather has looked out over many and varied activities



A WHEAT FIELD IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY



VIEW OVER THE PRAIRIES FROM THE HAWKS NEST

on these plains, ever-changing, yet always the same; contests to the death between beasts and beasts; contests to the death between men and beasts; and between men and men, and the day the accompanying picture was taken it must have smiled behind its remaining branches at the mimic contest over a ball—and could it speak would doubtless remark, “How the times do change!”

While the hill will change with the passing years, and the appearance of the prairies, there always will be a wonderful distance to be viewed from this height which will uplift the spirit and add to the outlook for all future days.

I love my prairies, they are mine
From high sun to horizon line,
The mountains and the cold gray sea
Are not for me! are naught to me!

VII

THE VIEW FROM THE HILL NORTH OF MANDAN

There are many reasons why travelers, tourists, and casual visitors want to come again to Mandan after business or chance has guided them there once.

The Lewis and Clark Hotel invites both by its unusual historic name, and its unusually convenient location. One simply cannot pass it or miss it, and having once been a guest there one makes opportunities to return. The park for tourists is a real park in the natural timber along the Heart River, supplied with all the conveniences the autoist can desire. While the casual visitor cannot but enjoy the appearance of the main street lying between the beautiful Northern Pacific Park which extends for several blocks and in which is the bronze statue to "Theodore Roosevelt, Rough Rider," and the good-looking business houses facing the railroad which is but a sample of all the other paved streets that run by fine looking residences set in well kept yards with large trees and colorful flowerbeds.

But none of these worthwhile and commendable reasons are the cause of this story which has but one excuse for being, viz.: to call attention to another of the naturally beautiful views, and historically interesting places in North Dakota.

Mandan is especially rich in these interests. The Great Plains Experimental Station on the top of the hill to the southwest shows the astonished visitor that trees, real trees of all kinds, and other green things

can be grown successfully on the rolling prairies if they are given proper care. The drive to the station down the entire length of good-looking paved main street, over the bridge across the N. P. tracks, through the tourist park, across the bridge over the Heart River, then up an interesting road full of hairpin curves, and through the beautifully laid-out, well-kept grounds is in itself worth while without visiting the experimental plots at all; the State Training School for Boys and Girls holds an interest all its own; the river road south of the city is as full of varying interests as the Midway at a carnival. It keeps one in sight of the historic Missouri which is one of the arteries of our great United States, remembered from school days by most of us as a wiggly black line on a map. After six miles it brings one to the site of Old Fort A. Lincoln from which General Custer marched to his ill-fated encounter in the Valley of the Little Big Horn in June, 1876. A walk over the grounds where embankments and scars not yet grass covered are on every hand, will be more thrilling than a movie if one has an imagination. Just a half mile south of Huff is the site of an ancient Mandan Indian village. It lies east of the road on the very bluff overlooking the river. The lodge circles are perfect, the opening to the east may be observed as well as the place where the fire was maintained in the center of the house. The outlines of the protecting stockade with the lookout houses are very evident; this place, too, is more thrilling than any screen picture if one has an imagination. The site of Fort Rice, established by General Sully in 1864 and relinquished by the government in 1884 is a few miles farther south. But I am taking you away from Mandan, and I have not mentioned the all-important reason for taking you there in the first place.

We are looking for a beautiful place to go when there is nothing else to do, or when one wants to go "somewhere where there is something to see," or when one needs the uplift of spirit because the outlook close at hand is not good. Such a place is here in Mandan, from the front yard of the Morton County Courthouse on the hill north of the city. One may climb the long flight of steps which leads up through the sodded terraces and arrive at the top breathless, but the easier way is to drive up the paved road which climbs the steep hill and leads into the yard from the back of the building but brings one out to the edge of the hill also breathless but not for the same reason.

There is so much to see from the east clear round to the west that one does not know where to begin to look; and in an attempt to describe it, one does not know where to begin. The city of some 5,000 people lies close at the foot of the bluff between 300 and 400 feet below. It fills all the valley to the foot of the bluff on the south,—only a few blocks north and south, but more than a mile from east to west. But from this viewpoint one is not conscious that the city is there unless for a moment the attention is caught by a train coming or going, then one will watch fascinated the toy-like miniature which puffs in, then puffs out, while the sound of whistle and bell come faintly from far below.

One tries to locate familiar places: The Lewis and Clark Hotel; the High School; the Bridge; the Training School; the white buildings of the Great Plains Station, all spread out as though in a huge sand table. But once the eyes have reached the level of the prairie, the city below is lost to mind. The northwest view is cut off by the steep bluffs formed by the Heart River when it was young and full of life, very unlike the silver ribbon which threads the valley now.

The view to the south over the rolling hills which are being worn by the streams which feed the Heart give one a very clear idea of how a landscape is changed by the forces of nature. The eyes turn slowly toward the east to encounter the higher and more irregular bluffs and buttes along the west shore of the Missouri River. From these bluffs the eyes drop to the "River Bottoms," covered with a heavy growth of willows, young ash and elm, while here and there old oaks and elms that show the effect of numberless battles with the elements stand high above the new growth. It depends upon the time of year, how much of the river can be seen but always there are places where it shows like great sheets of dull steel. The water is too muddy to be silver or blue, but from this distance the light is reflected from its gray surfaces.

There is a splendid view of the two great bridges—the Railroad Bridge stands stiff and straight and prim; it seems to say that it is there only for business and will tolerate no nonsense. All trains seem to respect this attitude for they approach and move out upon its structures very solemnly and seriously. When the bridge is safely crossed they speed up as though they were glad that the ordeal of crossing the Missouri River is over for another trip. But the Memorial Bridge gives a very different impression—the approaches from both directions are in graceful double curves; the bridge itself is almost a duplicate of the famous "line of beauty." There is no sign of slowing up when vehicles are about to cross here; indeed, quite to the contrary, they take the bridge on the run with a "Whoop, hurrah" which settles into a steady burst of speed in the pure joy of an unimpeded roadway, which is slackened somewhat when the highway is reached on the other side.

Like the view to the west, the view to the east is shut off by the high bluffs north of Bismarck, the buildings of the Government Indian School, and an old brewery building are most in evidence across the river, although the dark outlines of new Fort Lincoln which succeeded the abandoned Fort A. Lincoln of Custer memories on the west side of the river may be located if one knows where to look for them.

This is a view to cause one to philosophize and meditate; here are the evidences of a mighty Creative force, and of natural forces at work which no human hand or mind can attempt to either imitate or control; in the two bridges are the evidences of what the powerful and constructive ability of the human mind and hand can accomplish; but when the works of the two forces are compared we exclaim with the Psalmist of old; "What is man that Thou art mindful of him or the son of man that Thou rememberest him!" A flood or an earthquake could in a few minutes lay low and wash away every evidence that man had ever been established here.

But for the time being the changing beauty of the scene spread out for miles and miles calls the mind back from contemplating what might be to the enjoyment of what is. The play of sunshine and shadow over the hills and valley is as absorbingly fascinating as the changing expressions on a human's face who is absorbed in a delightful conversation, smiles and frowns, direct glances and drooping eyes. According to the season of the year are the colors which dominate the landscape. In the spring and summer the light and dark greens, yellow- and blue-greens make monochromatic and analogous harmonies which delight the eye and the soul hungry for color satisfaction; in the autumn and Indian summer the yellow and orange



BIRCHES ALONG THE RED RIVER

leaves, the tan hillsides with their russet trimmings spread out under a deep blue sky which makes a sapphire jewel of every bit of water, makes a contrasting color harmony of such brilliance that one has no words in which to express the feelings of acute pleasure; and if it be a winter afternoon when all the air a solemn stillness holds, and Mother Nature has spread over the hills and valleys and now silent streams, over roads and bridges, a blanket of white,—again the eye is delighted with all the tints and shades of color which are called by the thoughtless ones “white,” blue snow on some hillsides, yellow on others, with violet in the shadows near at hand. Each season has its favorite colors,—even as you and I.

That you have chosen a time for this visit which will include the sunset hour is a consummation devoutly to be wished. As many times as I have sat on this hill top and watched the sun slip out of sight, no two times has the going been attended with the same ceremonies: sometimes we have sat tense, unconsciously holding ourselves for the thunder of cannon or the roar of great explosives for surely such a gorgeous display cannot be unattended by noise! At other times the going has been like a falling asleep, and we dared not speak lest we disturb or miss some of the soft, delicate and dainty waves of color. The veils that settle in the valley as the sun sinks low soften all the hard outlines of roofs and chimneys, while the colors reflected on the hills to the east and that touch the clouds in the eastern sky make one glad to be alive and able to see and drink in all the beauty that lies about to be enjoyed.

It is most interesting to observe how a glorious evening sky affects those who watch; some are excited and exclaim in the most extravagant terms; others are tense with emotion which is evidenced only by deep

breaths and clinched hands; this one will quote softly and reverently some literary gem, while another will declare almost impatiently, "Well, I'll be ——!" and remain speechless with eyes and mouth open. Each one responds to the vision after his own manner and in his own language.

In her little volume, "In the Land of Dakota," Hulda L. Winsted of Minot has responded from the heart of a poet and described what we have been looking upon, a typical North Dakota sunset,—

Such beautiful tints in the western skies!
Purple and gold and the deepest rose,
Crimson and scarlet the heavens suffuse—
Where the sun of the prairies sinks to repose.

Spaces where lingering daylight plays
With the skirts of night in her sombre gown,
Spaces where gathering mists hang low
Ere the shadows of night come drooping down.

Such, North Dakota, thy sunsets are—
Spreading their glory near and far,
Flooding the soul with a holier peace
That lingers long after the daylight shall cease!

VIII

THE PLAINS OF THE RED RIVER VALLEY

. . . the skies
Are larger, and my restless eyes
Fasten on more of earth and air
Than sea-shores furnish anywhere.

Perhaps Hamlin Garland means this description of "My Prairies" to be a description of North Dakota Prairies, even as he has pictured "A North Dakota Wheatfield" and a "North Dakota Blizzard," but whether or not such was his intention, that is what he has done. "The skies are larger" here than any place else except the sea. And again he says:

. . . the trees
That stand like spear points high
Against the dark blue sky
Are wonderful to me. I love the gold,
Of newly shaven stubble, rolled
A royal carpet toward the sun, fit to be
The pathway of a diety.

These lines surely were written to describe a flat country like the miles and miles in the Red River Valley. Nowhere else can we see "the trees that stand like spear points high against the sky." In the rolling country the trees are in the coulees and are seen against the hill sides. Nowhere but in The Valley can we see "the newly shaven stubble, rolled a royal carpet toward the sun," for in the prairie country the "carpet" runs up over a low rise and then down again, so that the two ends of the field and in between are never visible at the same time.

There are people who complain of the monotony of the plains. Such people are in the same class as the lady of whom this is told: She called by appointment but was a few minutes early. Her hostess said "Here are some magazines, or if you do not care to read you have time to think for a few minutes." Her caller looked puzzled and asked, "What should I think about?" What does the Red River Valley present for us to think about?

Nature is the source of all Art principles; some of which are that vertical lines show strength; horizontal lines, rest and repose; curved and broken lines, motion and restlessness. Nowhere is this more clearly demonstrated than in the lines of a landscape. Think of the might expressed in the slope of a mountain side or butte. The nearer it is to the vertical the more we are impressed with a feeling of strength and power, while the rolling hills, and the irregularities of coulees make us restless and urge us to follow on to find

... The brook gladdened meadows ahead,
And the mountains of wearisome height.

But the look out over the wide expanse of level plain brings a feeling of peace and restfulness that banishes worry and care for

The road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.

Of course if one is restless and ill at ease and wanting something that is not, so that there is a continual feeling of irritation because one can see so far with no hidden places to contain the unexpected,—then the plains are not for such, and he should hie him to the rolling country or the Bad Lands where everything is sudden and sharp and unexpected.

The plains of the Red River Valley, the most fertile

acres in our state, were formed during the ages when Lake Agassiz covered the vast expanse of territory from a few miles west of the present river east to Rainy Lake in Minnesota, and from near Hankinson, north to Hudson Bay. This rich soil was carried and made in carrying by the torrents which poured into the lake from the west. But even as the Red River of the North is all that remains of the vast sea of ages ago, so the Wild Rice, the Sheyenne, the Elm, the Goose, the Turtle, the Forest, the Park and the Pembina Rivers are but shadows of their former volume, while Golden and Elk valleys tell of rivers that have long since ceased to be.

It is now more than a hundred years since the French hunters and traders made their way onto Dakota land by way of the Red River and opened the country for settlement. In those days the plains were covered with buffalo. One writer tells of herds which he estimated contained 10,000. Another mentions that on an eighteen-day trip they were never out of sight of great herds of these animals. Colonel Lounsberry mentions a trader's camp on the east side of the river in 1794, and one where Pembina now is in 1801.

In 1802 the River was the guide for the first train of Red River carts that pulled out from Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, on its way to St. Paul, following the trail which had been used up to this time by dog sledges used in winter and Indian travois in summer. This means of transportation was very primitive: the ends of two long poles were strapped to the sides of a horse by something which served for a belly-band. The other ends were tied together and allowed to drag on the ground behind the horse. On this support was strapped cross pieces which supported packs which in turn were

fastened to the poles. Sometimes persons rode on this conveyance.

Alexander Henry, Jr., in his journal of 1799-1814 describes the Red River Cart as "about four feet high, wheels with only four spokes, placed perpendicularly, without the least leaning out. Made entirely of wood, no nails, unpainted and weather stained, the creaking of their wheels could be heard a mile or more. Each was drawn by one horse, or an ox or a cow." They were used to transport furs and supplies long distances. The goods for the traders were shipped in by this means, and the proceeds of the chase shipped out in the same manner. Each cart could convey from 500 to 800 pounds.

Permanent settlements were not established along this International Highway till many years later at Fort Pembina in 1851 and Fort Abercrombie in 1857, although some of the buildings of the first trading posts are still standing. The log house built by Norman W. Kittson in 1843 is preserved in the Pembina County State Park at Pembina.

Today it is but a few hours' ride over roads "like a table" from Pembina, 170 miles up the river to Abercrombie, but imagine the trip by dog sledge and ox cart. I have seen a picture of one train of 600 carts. I did not count them. Mr. Ed Boudette, former government teamster of Fort Abercrombie told me he had seen them. But the ox cart has passed as have the necessities which caused its invention and while a few are still to be found in the possession of the French-Indian farmers in the northeastern corner of the state, already Historical Societies and Museums show specimens as curious and valued possessions. A memorial to the Old Trail has just been erected north of Grand Forks that future generations and newcomers may

know of its former existence, and its passing.

But the imports and exports of the Red River Valley today cannot be mentioned in the same sentence with carts. In the early spring there are miles and miles of rich looking dark brown and black fields waiting for the seed. Then come the days when we know the "dragon's teeth" have been sowed for millions of green spear points appear through the soil in soldier-like rows, so rapid is the growth that in a few days more the ground is hidden under a long thick rich green nap which becomes longer each day.

That ripples and runs, that floats and flies
With subtle shadows, . . .
All in dazzling links and loops. . . .

Before we realize it the whole landscape has changed:

Like liquid gold the wheat fields lie
A marvel of yellow and russet and green.

* * * * *

A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine.

Then it is only a short time till the next change

Of newly shaven stubble, rolled
A royal carpet toward the sun.

If we could look down upon this great garden spot we would see it laid off in luscious green squares divided by straight uncompromising roads which turn neither to the right nor to the left, but as it were, with eyes fixed on some far distant goal, hasten on, and on, and on, just as fast or as slow as the traveler himself is following through the sunny morning, the long afternoon and into the night.

But there is one more season of the year which brings to the Valley, as indeed it does to every part

of the state, a "something" which is not approached at any other season. Edwin Osgood Grover pays tribute to The Winter in these words:

"And now are come the silent days of inward living, — the profitable hours of meditative peace. Without, white fields are full of snowy silences; within, the welcome warmth of hearth and home, the open book, where march great thoughts to lead us far afield through legend, song, and story. Now, if ever, should our summer dreams come true, our hearts attain their aspirations, our hands fulfill their awaited duties; now should our faith renew its hold on God and Truth and our very souls climb upward to their Heaven. For lo, the silent winter is the Spirit's spring."

During the years since there has been a Dakota land, the newspapers of the country have been so envious of our winters that they have played them up in big headlines, and we have read their exaggerated remarks about "raging blizzards", and the repeated tales of "deaths by freezing" until we more than half believe them ourselves; and when the season approaches we look forward with dread to the possibility that the press of the country may have another chance to use big type at our expense. Instead, we should be looking to see if the Poets, those searchers out of Beauty in common things, shall again be proved true reporters of this miracle time of the year; Here is the common experience told by the poetic pen of James Russell Lowell:

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Another poet chooses to describe the winter which comes just as the last load of potatoes has been



WINTER IN THE VALLEY

brought in, the roots in the garden covered, and the full bins piled high: John Greenleaf Whittier says;

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night.

* * * * *

And ere the early bed time came
The white drift piled the window frame,
So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun.

As we read the words we can not only see the picture but feel the experience. But it remains for Ralph Waldo Emerson to experience a blizzard and after he has told us about it make us feel that we are his equal in this respect at least that we have had a like triumphant experience, even if we are unable to tell about it so beautifully: Listen to this;

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In the tumultuous privacy of storm.

If there be any read these lines who have not yet experienced a snow storm, may their fervent desires be granted these coming months, though at this writing the indications are that they will be disappointed again, and must continue to wait for that thrill which nothing else can give, but the morning when

We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent

The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!

In his address on our State, broadcasted from Minneapolis last winter, Hon. J. M. Divine said, "Truly, North Dakota in full measure has the beauty of spring, the splendor of summer, the glory of autumn, and the uncrowned majesty of winter." North Dakota, Hail to Thee!

To eyes that have never seen the stretches of level land in the Valley of the Red River of the North, perhaps I have given the impression that there are no trees to be seen. In places along the River itself there are beautiful groves, and each of the tributaries mentioned above flows between wooded banks. But the possible monotony of a level expanse stretching for sixteen or twenty miles in every direction is broken by the "tree claims" and "wind breaks" which were planted years ago and now furnish shelter and beautiful surrounding for the farm buildings. There are "the trees that stand like spear points high," dark green or violet gray, "against the dark blue sky" which were so wonderful to Hamlin Garland. These trees are another illustration of the Art principle mentioned above, — vertical lines indicating strength, for surely nothing weak could stand so straight and tall against the forces of nature; and again they furnish the element of variety needed to avoid the monotony of tranquillity and restfulness dreaded by those who like the lady mentioned above have nothing to think about.

I have not mentioned the beauties of gray and cloudy days, because we have so few of them that we welcome them as a change from the almost continual sunshine. By actual count of 365 days Mr. Divine found

only 99 days were cloudy, giving 266 days of brightness to be relieved by these few of restful gray. Do I dare quote Dr. Henry Van Dyke,

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

There is nothing the matter with North Dakota except that we need more optimists who will talk. At present the optimists are "making hay" and keeping still, while the pessimists are all standing round making a lot of noise.

Two buckets hung in an old-fashioned well and spent their days going up and down. As they passed each other one was heard to sigh and ask, "What's the use?" Upon the next trip the other asked "Why the sigh?" Whereupon is passing the following conversation took place:

1st Bucket: "Life isn't worth living, I think I'll kick the bucket".

2d Bucket: "What's the matter?"

1st Bucket: "It is all so discouraging. No matter how many times I come up full, I always go down empty."

2d Bucket: "I never thought of that, for no matter how many times I go down empty I always come up full".

The difference between the optimist and the pessimist is droll; the optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist sees the hole.

We have everything desirable and worth while in North Dakota; mountains and plains, river and lakes, hills and dales, cities and open spaces, rugged acres and fertile fields. We have a history and a future.

Let us concentrate upon the doughnut and not talk
about the hole.

I love my prairies, they are mine
From high noon to horizon line.
The mountains and the cold gray sea
Are not for me, are naught to me.

IX

THE TURTLE MOUNTAINS

"I came to the mountains for beauty", wrote Jessie B. Rittenhouse in a little poem called "Vision" and closed with the words; referring to the mountains:

These lone folks have looked on them daily
But I see in their faces no light.
Oh! how can I show them the mountains
That lie round them by day and by night!

We have several heights in North Dakota where the "vision from the mountain top" may be had: The Killdeer Mountains in Dunn County, The Hawks Nest in Wells County, Sullys Hill in Ramsey and Benson Counties, and the Turtle Mountains in Bottineau County are but a few. But like the folks in the poem, those who live near often do not see them, while those who are far away do not know that the mountains are there.

The so-called Turtle Mountain Region is not strictly speaking a mountain at all, but an elevation in the midst of a great plain, rising from four hundred to six hundred feet above the general level of the country. The height is about forty miles long and twenty miles wide, containing about eight hundred square miles. The highest point is Butte St. Paul which rises 2534 feet above sea level and the most conspicuous spur on the southwest slope of the elevation.

The ten-mile drive north from the city of Bottineau towards the mountains is a gradual rise hardly noticeable till quite near to the foot, when looking back over the distance the view is quite astonishing and delightful. One looks down on the city which seems to be of

toy buildings clustered together on the near edge of a great far stretching plain. The road just traveled is a mere white thread which seems to unwind as the ascent is continued. The journey should halt on the shoulder of the "mountain" to allow a good look out over the country. I saw this view first in early August. As far as the eye could look, south, east, and west, were fields and fields and fields of waving grain ready for harvest. Hamlin Garland describes it exactly in his "Dakota Wheat Field":

Like liquid gold the wheat fields lies
A marvel of yellow and russet and green
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
With the subtle shadows. . . .

* * * * *

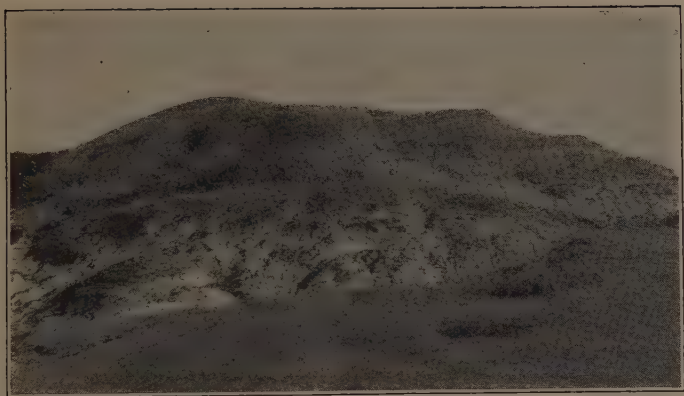
Then all in dazzling links and loops,
A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Thru the deep of the ripening wheat.

Each field was a spot of different color: one was reminded of a patch work quilt; but these colors were so harmonious — "yellow and russet and green," — "olive and amber and wine", that it was as though a huge Persian rug of softest, richest hues was unrolled for one's inspection. One could not but ask, "how far south are we looking?" Then our question was answered by the sight of a moving trail of smoke on the horizon — the Great Northern train leaving Rugby, nearly fifty miles away!

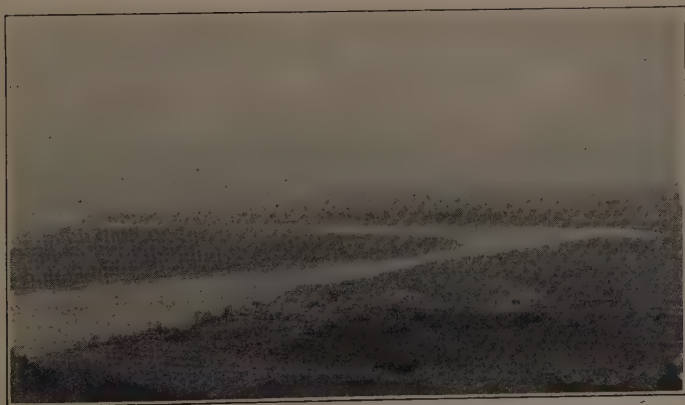
O glorious Land! my western land
Outspread beneath the setting sun!

* * * * *

I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain



CROW-FLIES-HIGH BUTTE



VIEW OF MISSOURI RIVER FROM TOP OF CROW-FLIES-HIGH BUTTE

With swift, stern reapers; once again
The evening splendor floods the plain:
The crickets' chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And toward the sun
The splendid colors romp and run
Before the wind's feet
In the wheat!

When we could take our eyes from the view before us, we turned to look north toward the mountain. We were on a shoulder where the road drops slightly before beginning to go up again. We faced a growth of trees in full foliage, with banks of rich leafed shrubs, while in every direction that we looked we could catch glimpses of the shining water in these mountain lakes — gems of sapphire in settings of emerald.

This region, lying half in Canada and half in our state, is studied by geogolists as a classic example of glacial formation. Parts are quite level while others are very irregular. There are here probably no less than 500 lakes large enough to be shown on a map; among these are Loon, Long, Grass, Fish, Kippax, Constance, Butte, Magog, Metigoske and Upsilon. Fish Lake, extending across the International boundary, is one of the prettiest sheets of water in the state. The birch trees scattered among the oaks, poplars and balm of gileads and rising from heavy banks of willows and other low growing shrubs are most picturesque, especially along the water's edge where the graceful silver outlines are multiplied by the reflection.

The level places among the hills are cultivated, and most unexpectedly one comes upon a field of wheat or corn or a well-kept garden attended by a group of the usual farm buildings. There are many roads among the hills leading to farm homes, or summer cottages on the lakes. There are excellent bathing beaches, and

many row boats and canoes. The stretches of water on Metigoske and Fish Lakes, permit of sail and motor boats. There are numbers of comfortable cottages along the shores and many families spend the entire vacation months "up at the lakes" or "in the mountains", as the places are differently described.

The region is of interest not only because of its scenic beauty, but for the history connected with it. The traces of early times can be seen everywhere: there are places where the Indians held their dances and councils, Indian burial grounds, Red River cart trails which the Indians and half-breeds traveled, well-marked buffalo wallows and trails leading from lake to lake or down to the prairie. Along the eastern side are many deep holes on the high points where Indian guards used to lie, watching over the prairie for the approaching enemy. During the days of conflict between the Indian tribes these mountains were considered a sort of oasis in the vast prairie.

Food was abundant: raspberries, cranberries, pincherries, blueberries, wild plums, June berries, and bullberries; hazelnuts, acorns and other nuts; Indian turnips; fish in the lakes and streams, and wild fowl. The most important food was probably buffalo meat, for great herds wintered here, as did deer, moose, elk and antelope. It is not uncommon now to find a bear, deer or lynx, while there are many wolves, foxes, and rabbits.

The skins of these animals, together with those of the beaver, otter, weasel, mink, muskrat, and squirrel provided abundant material for clothing.

The contrast in climate between the bleak, wind-swept plain and the mountains with their well timbered hills is very striking. This made the mountains a very desirable place especially in winter.

If no more time than the occasional holiday can be spent in this scenic, wild and altogether natural Beauty Spot, one returns to the petty round of irritating concerns and duties with the sense of having been above the common place and on the heights.

When the return drive begins every curve and hill top, every glimpse of sparkling water and shady pool, every boulder and group of graceful birches, every sloping hillside and cultivated patch, every view from the top of the hill over the long road leading up and down into the distance, or unexpected vista opening up around a corner, — all these are incentives to draw a deep breath and with uplifted spirit declare with David of old,

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise Him from the heavens;

Praise Him in the heights,

Praise Him ye heavens of heavens; and ye waters
that are above the heavens.

For He hath commanded and they were created,

He hath established them for ever and ever;

Fire and hail; snow and vapor;

Stormy wind fulfilling His Word;

Mountains and all hills;

Fruitful trees and all cedars;

Beasts and all cattle;

Creeping things, and flying fowl

Praise ye the Lord.

X

APPROACHING OLD FORT RANSOM

Some of the prettiest views in North Dakota are along the Sheyenne River approaching the site of Old Fort Ransom which is perhaps a mile from the village of that name.

The views cannot be called magnificent, grand, or majestic, but even as the human artist obeys the principle that "simplicity is the essence of the beautiful," so here in the valley of the Sheyenne the Artist of the Universe has unrolled for our pleasure simple beauty for those who can read the scroll. Emerson says, "We may search the whole world over for the beautiful but we shall not find it unless we carry it with us". To the unthinking there is nothing here to be seen but a series of smooth, rolling, green hills set in a fringe of darker green trees and shrubs and separated by deep picturesque coulees in the bottoms of which are more dark green trees and shrubs, and winding in and out, curving and twisting, now narrow, now wider, here between grassy banks, and there under low growing willows and over hanging trees, the shining blue ribbon which is all that is left of the Sheyenne River which in the young days of our state was a mighty torrent measured now only by the banks of the old stream.

I saw the valley for the first time early in June when Spring was singing —

I come, I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountain with light and song!

Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violets birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

And this is the place the government chose on which to build a fort! In the spring of 1867 Captain G. H. Cressman of the United States Army was ordered to build a two-company post on Bear's Den Hill in this valley. The post was completed during that summer and occupied before fall. Besides the quarters for officers and men, there were built a bakehouse, hospital, quartermaster's warehouse, and two block houses or bastions at diagonal corners in which were mounted a couple of howitzers. Fort Ransom was not regarded as a military post after July 31, 1872. It was named for General Ransom, an officer in the Civil War, and was evidently built to be one of a string of forts across the country during the days of the building of the Railroads, for at the time of its construction the warfare with the Indians had been pushed west of the Missouri River.

The location for a government post was ideal: Plenty of cold spring water, an abundance of wood for fuel, with the surrounding plains covered with a dense growth of nutritious grasses for cattle and horses. The site of the Fort stands on a nearly level plateau, about 250 feet above the level of the bed of the Sheyenne River and commands a most picturesque view of the beautiful valley and stream for six miles north.

At the foot of this hill and 500 yards west of the main earthworks, a fine spring encircled with large granite boulders placed by the garrison and flowing a large stream as clear as crystal, sends forth its pure cold water as of yore. Many of the stones placed around the spring by "the boys in blue" still remain.

Could they but tell us of all who have kneeled on them to quench the thirst and moisten parched lips, what a history it would reveal.

While the records indicate that Fort Ransom was an important point in the far flung line of out posts during the years of the upbuilding of the state, it seems never to have been the stopping place of the men whose names are associated with the campaigns of those years, nor were exciting adventures experienced by the men who were detailed to hold the fort.

A letter written by Capt. Cressman says that no officers or men died or were killed during the time he was stationed there; that the summer weather was not unpleasantly hot, but that "the mosquitoes were something terrific, they actually made life a burden." The winters were very severe, two men were frozen on the trail between Ransom and Fort Abercrombie, and after the snow fell the only communication with the outside world was by the Indians on snowshoes who carried the mail to and from Abercrombie once a week. The first fall after the post was established it was threatened by a fierce prairie fire and was saved only by the fact that the wind veered just a little which sent the flames sweeping by at a safe distance from the camp.

The country about the Bear Den hill was undoubtedly well known and frequently visited by the Indian tribes of the northwest. The remains of so many artificial mounds and other earth works, the Inyan Bosndata a few miles up the river, and the high hill, Matoti, with its crown of mounds, the fine springs at the foot of the hill, all show that it was a favorite place of the plains people.

One of the most interesting remains of their day is the well known "writing rock" on the slope of Bear



THE SHEYENNE VALLEY NEAR FT. RANSOM



A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE KILLDEER MOUNTAINS

Den Hill, above the spring which supplies water for the old Fort. This stone is one of the very few known in the state. The surface is planed off nearly flat, with a slope to the southeast. On the smooth surface of this huge rock are four parallel grooves cut lengthwise. These are nearly six feet in length, an eighth of an inch deep, and about an inch wide. Scattered over the space between the lines and at the ends of the lines are numerous round depressions drilled in about the depth of the grooves. These depressions are about an inch in diameter and do not seem to have any system or connection. They may have been combined in former times with each other by markings which have been obliterated by the action of the weather in ages which have passed since they were traced there by their author.

Near the southeast part of the granite page are the remains of some strange figures, and irregular lines which may at one time have been intended for animals, birds or people, but which do not now seem to have any connection. These lines, like the grooves that run straight across, look as though they might have been formed by a finger tracing in soft material. The old Indian legend connected with this stone may have had its origin from this fact.

This story is told by Louis LaBelle, a Sisseton who lived at the fort for five years and who had been up and down with his people many times since his birth in 1845. According to this man, there were "in the old times" two women spirits who used to visit the rock and inscribe messages on its surface. These people could be heard doing their work at night and were sometimes seen. The people who were so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of these spirits were much sought after by others. If it were a girl who saw the spirits

she would have many admirers from among the most desirable eligibles of the band; if a man, he would become an expert hunter and warrior or leader.

The messages would only stay on the rock one day. The following night they would be erased and others written. This continued until the white people came into the country, and the spirits were not pleased and left. The last message placed on the rock still remains, but has not been interpreted.

A short distance to the west, farther up the side of Matoti, is another "writing rock," smaller, and with a few indistinct markings on its polished surface.

After the abandonment of the post all the sheds, stables, etc., left by the government were taken by the settlers and used in their improvements. All that is left now to tell the tale of what has been are the grass-grown scars from which the location of the different buildings can be determined.

Unless the visitor there today knows something of the stirring times of the middle of the last century and of the early history of our state he will stand upon the Bear's Den Hill and say, "Fort Ransom! I don't see any fort. What did they need a fort here for, any way?" Unless you, to whom this question is directed know something of the spirit of those days which has made these days possible you will likely reply, "Search me! It looks mighty peaceful here now." But if your father and mother, or grandfather or grandmother were among that band of

. . . pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness,

you will want to find those grass-grown scars which locate the old government buildings, and the embank-

ments which were in readiness to protect from the dangers which might arise at any moment. In imagination you will see the Stars and Stripes floating against the sky, now blue and sunny, and now gray and cold, and also in imagination you will hear the notes of the bugle at sunset and watch the flag descend to the quiet of the hours of night time. You can look across in the direction of Fort Abercrombie to the east some sixty miles away and travel, still in imagination, over the mail route in summer and in winter, and visualize the interest and excitement on that day each week when the mail came in.

As you stand looking out over the prairies which now are so typical of the plenty and comfort, peace and safety everywhere, by very contrast your mind calls up those other days of only a generation ago: buffaloes, Indians, untracked prairies, then the covered wagons which came boldly into the new country facing adventure and suffering and tragedy. The Pilgrims who faced the unknown waters of the Atlantic of 1620, were not more venturesome than the Pioneers of 1800's who faced the unknown prairies of the Dakotas; no railroads, no telegraph, no telephones, no automobiles, no airplanes; and sometimes we are discouraged and complain that times are hard and life is not worth living so far from everybody and everything worth while!

Pilgrims? Pioneers? Heroes? The West?

But the Prairie's passed or passing with the passing of the years,

Till there is no West worth knowing, and there are no Pioneers; They have riddled it with railroads, throbbing on and on and on. They have riddled it of dangers till the zest of it is gone; And I've saddled up my pony, for I'm dull and lonesome here To go Westward, Westward, Westward, till we find a new Frontier;

To get back to God's own wildness and the skies we used to
know,
But there is no West: it's conquered—and I don't know where
to go!

—James W. Foley.

XI

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER

There are of course many, many people in the civilized world who have never heard of North Dakota, but no one who has ever studied geography in public or private school has not heard of the Missouri River, and followed its black representation on the map from Bannock in the foot hills of the Rockies to the mouth of the Mississippi, where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico.

The American Magazine for April 1907 contains a cleverly written story by George Fitch personifying the characteristics of the Missouri River, which begins like this:

"There are rivers of all lengths and sizes and of all degrees of wetness. There are rivers with all sorts of peculiarities and with widely varying claims to fame. But there is only one river with a personality, habits, dissipations, a sense of humor and a woman's caprice; a river that goes traveling sidewise, that interferes in politics, rearranges geography and dabbles in real estate; a river that plays hide and seek with you today and tomorrow follows you around like a pet dog with a dynamite cracker tied to its tail. That river is the Missouri.

The Missouri River was located in the United States at last reports. It rises in the southwestern part of Montana and tumbles, slides, meanders, sidesteps and plays leapfrog for forty-two hundred miles to the Gulf of Mexico. There are people who maintain that the Missouri flows into the Mississippi and becomes ab-

sorbed by that noble stream just above St. Louis.

There isn't any Mississippi left to view after it meets the Missouri. The Mississippi is a beautiful, majestic stream which minds its own business and flows placidly along the course laid out for it by nature ages ago. It is as stable as a brick house. You can always count on finding the Mississippi just where you left it last year. But the Mississippi-Missouri is a tawny, restless, brawling flood. It cuts corners, runs around at nights, fills itself with snags and traveling sandbars, lunches on levees, and swallows islands and small villages for dessert. This description fits the Missouri to a "T."

But all levity aside. To the people of our State the Missouri River is either a crooked black line on the map, or a stream of muddy water which is or is not a great inconvenience. How many of us who have crossed and recrossed it by train or ferry, or as now by the most modern and up-to-date example of engineering skill, realize that we can say of the Missouri as the Englishman says of the Thames and the Roman of the Tiber, "This is not a river, but liquid History!"

No one of us will ever grow so old or is ever too busy to pause to listen when some one begins with these magic words, "Once upon a time," but if at the close of a story of something which happened along the Missouri River one is moved to ask as in days of old "But is it true?" the answer will be "Yes, my child, I saw it, or I had it from the lips of one who was there."

If you would follow the course of adventure and civilization as it has left footprints along the sands of this River Bank, spread out before you a map which shows at least North Dakota and Montana: first locate yourself, then the River, then with pencil or forefinger begin at the South Dakota boundary and follow quickly up the crooked line noting in passing the Cannonball,

Apple Creek, the Heart, the Knife, the Little Missouri, and the Yellowstone Rivers. Now we are ready for a few of the possibilities of "Once upon a time" as we come to them in an ascent of the Missouri, or perhaps I should say, in a hovering over the river while we look down upon it with the eyes of the mind and the imagination. Once upon a time the Indians hunted buffalo on the plain on the west bank of the river, chosen to be the location of Fort Yates where the Government business of the Standing Rock Indian Agency is transacted. Here on one ugly brick pedestal is The Rock by which the agency was located and from which it takes its name. The peculiarly shaped stone was sacred to the Indians, and surrounded by a legend not unlike the story of Lot's wife: A young Indian woman through grief and mourning was turned into this stone. If you view The Rock from the river side the likeness to a kneeling woman wrapped in a shawl is very strong, especially if one knows the story. The outline of the faithful dog leaning against her knee can be plainly seen.

In a lonely plot on the west side of town is the grave of Sitting Bull, the last great Medicine Man of the Sioux who was killed on Grand River in South Dakota, December 15, 1890 in the last Indian resistance, which many of us can well remember; in the Catholic cemetery a half mile north is the monument that marks the grave in which lie the six Indian police who were killed at the same time. A walk through this cemetery with Father Bernard of the Catholic Mission just north of the Government and Agency Buildings will reveal more possibilities for romance than is contained in the works of any French novelist. Indeed to hear the story of the experiences of Father Bernard and the Sisters in charge of the Mission carries one into a land of reality

more unreal than flights of imagination. But these things of history and romantic interest came here because, and by means of, the stream which flows deep and silent so close at hand. If one is here on a holy day the Bells of Yates will send their harmonious chime far out over the rolling prairies to the west, the rough country to the north and over the river and far away to the east. Fort Yates has been host to officials high in government circles, and has entertained foreign visitors of distinction.

While passing the mouth of the Cannonball search must be made to locate some of the "cannonballs," natural formations from which the river takes its name and which are found in the stream and embedded in its banks.

The site of Fort Rice is marked by two small cannon over which is displayed a poster giving the information that Fort Rice was established in 1864 by General Sully and relinquished by the government in 1884. The soldiers from this post protected the government surveyors while they worked all through this country.

A half mile south of Huff is the site of an old Mandan Indian Village. It lies at the very edge of the bluff overlooking the river. A walk over the field shows perfect lodge circles with the opening to the east and the depression in the center for the fire. The outline of the defense wall with the outlook posts is easily followed: the north end of the village has been converted into a cornfield, but enough is left to stir the imagination to what was there "once upon a time"; the circular earth-covered lodges standing in orderly rows, protected by the high stockade on three sides, and the steep bank of the river on the east. At the southeast corner of the stockade is an old path descending the steep bank. It is possible that this was the



THE STANDING ROCK, FORT YATES



path used by the village to bring water from the river, and has been kept open by cattle and other animals. The river here is not very wide but the swift current hurrying the muddy gray water on so rapidly seems to make the landscape appear unnaturally silent as though waiting for something to happen. It takes only a stir of the imagination to conjure up what has probably happened here many, many times, else there would have been no need for the stockades so long before the white man came establishing fortified settlements for the same reason.

It was the troops from Fort Rice which were sent to locate Fort A. Lincoln at the foot of the hill on which Fort McKean, an infantry post, was already located. The infantry post was abandoned when Gen. George H. Custer came out to take command of the 7th Cavalry to be stationed at the new post. This level plain sloping gently to the edge of the water ~~teams~~ with memories of the activities enacted here from 1873 to 1876 while this was the home of General and Mrs. Custer, and the staff of regular Army officers: The social life of the fort was closely tied up with the leaders in social affairs in Bismark. Although Bismarck was entirely of log buildings or from wood boards sawed in the mill erected in the River bottoms, the people who made up the city were from "The East" and accustomed to all things not available in a frontier town. This condition did not interfere with using the contents of the trunks which had been brought west, and dainty slippers, white satin gowns with trains, kid gloves and jewels mingled with dress coats, uniforms and gold lace. On the old fort site walk down the avenue of trees past Officers Row and out over the old parade grounds where at the call of the bugle the troops assembled for the last time on the morning of May 17, 1876, and then

marched away up over the hill to the north to the music of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The visitor with an imagination can see it all in spite of the cultivated field there now, and

... hear the whispering host returning,
On far off field by elm and oak,
... see the lights ... smell the smoke—
The camp fires of the past are burning.

About eleven miles north of the Northern Pacific Railroad Bridge, on a high rounded bluff on the east side of The River, "once upon a time" there was another large Indian Village. Those who can read the story in the earth circles and mounds tell us it was very, very long ago. The butts of poles still in the ground, and the remains of human bones, locate the village cemetery on the rise just east. But we are more interested in looking west: The River is a broad stream here flowing between steep, smooth grass-covered banks from around a rather sharp curve to the North. What an advantageous place for protection from both north and south! It was impossible for an enemy to pass by on the water. The view today is exactly the same as that which met the eyes of the dwellers on this hill top so long ago. Not a sign of civilization to be seen, except the rutted road and an indifferent barbed wire fence around the pasture in which the village site now is.

Continuing up The River which makes almost a right angle at Washburn, we come to the protecting bluffs across from Fort Clark, which are said to have sheltered Lewis and Clark during their winter in camp which they called Fort Mandan and where the first "Stars and Stripes" was floated to the Dakota sunshine on Christmas Day, 1804. Authorities differ: some say that the

level place which held the camp has long since caved into the river and the earth which formed it is now a part of the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi. But it is close here that Sakakawea was discovered and began her service which has given her name a place in history.

"Once upon a time" a detail of soldiers held the fort at Stevenson, at the mouth of Douglas Creek near Expansion, and another group were likewise engaged at Fort Berthold, now Armstrong.

"Once upon a time" these plains and hills were covered thick with grazing herds of buffalo: Captain Marsh relates that one day he counted fifty-one herds in sight at one time. He also relates that on one trip his boat whistle stampeded a herd which plunged into the river to swim across, so large was the herd that when the boat had approached their crossing place it was obliged to stop to wait for the animals to pass, the river was literally blockaded with buffalo.

"Once upon a time" in 1734 the French explorer, Verendrye, returning from his western explorations camped on Crow-flies-High Butte, overlooking the River a mile and a half south of Sanish. On this camp site is now a National "Monument" containing a bronze tablet setting forth this fact.

The country from Sanish around the bend in the river was evidently too rough to allow or need a fort until the mouth of the Yellowstone was reached where Fort Union was established, 1828, where Mondak now stands, on the state line between *Mon-tana* and *Dak-ota*, and some years later Fort Buford was located a few miles east. Some of the old Fort Buford buildings still are in use; the Commandants house is now the farm residence of the Mercers, about two miles south of the present station of Buford. A visit to this house of

twenty-eight rooms makes very vivid the days of "once upon a time" fifty years ago: the fireplaces, the glittering chandeliers, the broad straight stairway, the drawing room with its tall windows, long mirrors, polished floor and grand piano make the visitor pinch himself to see if he is awake or dreaming.

If the River banks here could talk what tales would they tell of the days when there was no law in this Dakota land, but when frequent murders were caused by envy, jealousy, hatred, malice or intoxicating liquor, and received but passing comment; of scourges of fever, cholera, and small pox; of bloody battles, and victorious hunts; of horrors and happiness beyond anything we can imagine today.

But the place to visualize this pageant of Once-Upon-a-Time is from the Victory Memorial Bridge over the River between Bismarck and Mandan. From here there is a fine view up the River and an equally fine one sweeps off to the south; the east bank is steep and broken to the north but descends, quite suddenly to a low bottom south of the Bridge: on the west shore as far as the eye can see both up and down, the low bottoms are covered with a thick growth of willows, ash and elms, while here and there an old oak or elm which shows the effects of years of battle with the forces of nature, towers high above the younger growths.

But it is the gray water which holds the attention: flowing, flowing, flowing, so thick with sand and silt that the current in places seems to turn back on itself causing curious eddies and peculiar little funnels here and there on the surface.

There are no pleasure boats or launches on this river, but the conscious thought of them brings to the mind's eye the bull boats made of hides stretched over willow frames which were the first ferries across the river,

and the later canoes the Indians used to travel up and down. So wonderful is the imagination that we can see them approaching and passing underneath us as we look down upon them. These are but the forerunners of the long line of water crafts which pass on the stream as we watch; the boat of the occasional white hunter is followed by the open boats of the Lewis and Clark company; the flat river steamboats which ventured into these uncharted waters loaded with stuff to trade to the Indians for furs; the government boats with supplies for establishing fortified settlements; the company with which Rev. Hall went up to locate the Mission at Elbowoods; then the regular appearance of the "Rosebud," the "Josephine," the "Far West" and the other steamers of that day.

Next came the excitement attending the establishment of Fort A. Lincoln to the south on the west bank, and the equally exciting times of settling Burleigh City and Edwinton in anticipation of the coming of the Northern Pacific Railroad on the east. When the first train did come June 7, 1873, Edwinton had become Bismarck, grown to 900 people in the few months' time. All the gaiety, the lawlessness, and the good times of any frontier town and a garrison of soldiers, passed back and forth over the flat at the mouth of Apple Creek.

It was during these days General Custer left Fort A. Lincoln on his last campaign, and it was down this river, around the bend to the north that Capt. Grant Marsh brought the "Far West" at midnight, July 5 on her famous trip from the mouth of the Big Horn, a tributary of the Yellowstone, carrying the wounded from the battlefield, — 710 miles in fifty-four hours. Only a short stop was made here to leave the messengers with the despatches that were to be sent out that

night for 22 hours by telegraph to the New York Herald, to startle the world the next day — then on to the fort to meet the twenty-eight widows and break to them the awful tidings. This was a record trip as well as a historic one. In General Terry's Annual Report dated 1876 are these words: "Thanks to the zeal and energy displayed by Captain Grant Marsh, the master of the steamer, she was of inestimable service in bringing down our wounded. They were sent upon her to Fort Lincoln."

Over this same river there passed on the ferry the mule drawn wagons which constituted the famous Black Hills Transportation Company. This venture was started in '77-78 by Sims and Carpenter of Bismarck and was of such magnitude that the "train" of wagons was often a mile long.

The equally famous "Deadwood Coach," one of the attractions of the Buffalo Bill Shows, made its first trip out of Bismarck by ferry over the Missouri River.

And now our imaginations aid us to witness the taming of the Missouri that it may not be necessary for the Master, Man, to wait for the ice to go out or for the waves to subside to allow him to pass over: In the winter of '79-'80 a track was laid on the ice and supply trains carried materials to the construction crews which established Mandan and were laying the Railroad west, as well as making preparations for building a Railroad bridge.

In the spring of 1881 the water was so high that river boats plied between a dock at the foot of Third Street in Bismarck through the tree tops to a hillside on the outskirts of Mandan. In the summer of 1882 the coaches of the Northern Pacific trains were one by one backed on to the ferryboat and taken off by a waiting engine on the other side of the river. In 1883

the Railroad Bridge was completed and the will of Man to cross was no longer entirely subject to the tempests of the River. From time to time, however, the spring torrents gathered from the far distant Rockies and all the territory between was a force too great to be controlled, and trains were delayed till the water receded and the tracks were again passable.

In 1922 lacking just a few months of being fifty years after the first train pulled into Bismarck, the beautiful Victory Memorial Bridge was thrown across this tyrant of the prairies, whose passions and tempests must of necessity be obeyed when they declared "Thou shalt not pass." Today travelers anticipate the stretch that lies between Bismarck and Mandan. Six miles of beautiful paved road known as the Victory Memorial Highway makes the two cities almost as one connected by this interesting parkway through the trees of the River Bottoms and the scenic Bridge. From this place there are views to suit every mood; timber and color on the west; rolling hills and abrupt banks on the east; at evening the sun setting in glories multiplied in the reflection in the river, and then in the quiet of the reflective mind the great pageant of "The Once Upon a Time."

We who have lived in Dakota
We who have loved her right well,
We who have known her, and tried her,
Marvelous tales could we tell.

Huldah L. Winsted.

XII

THE KILLDEER MOUNTAINS

This is the place which the Indians called "Tahakouty" — the place where we kill the deer. It is in Dunn County at the edge of the Big Bad Lands, and has great scenic beauty and wide historic interest. Yet people in North Dakota will laughingly comment "Whoever heard of Killdeer Mountain — This is a prairie state."

Mr. T. LeRoy Evans of Halliday writes of this attitude of mind;

"Every American traveler has a more or less defined idea of his own country, its wealth, its rapid growth and its possibilities, but not one in a thousand has any conception of its beauty and its natural scenery. The careful money saver crosses the Atlantic in search of beauty and magnificence, and he returns home awed with the grandeur of the mountains of Wales and Switzerland, enraptured with the scenes along the Rhine, and tired with a trip across the African desert. Had he spent one-half the money and one-fourth the time in a tour of his own country, he would have found a greater diversity of scenery, mountains compared with which the Alps are insignificant and rivers whose grandeur outclasses the Rhine. Our own country is the most magnificent, most delightful, most picturesque of any on the face of the earth. The inveterant globe trotter does not have to go elsewhere than into Dunn County, and the Killdeer mountains to see one of North Dakota's most delightful and enticing natural playgrounds."



FANTASTIC CLAY FORMATIONS, MADE BY CENTURIES OF EROSION, BAD LANDS,
BAD LANDS



BUFFALO IN SULLY'S HILL NATIONAL PARK

Few sections in North Dakota have a more gripping historical background than these mountains.

Former County Supt. Merle L. Hill prepared the following bit of history for the schools of Dunn County:

"In the spring of 1864 two sections of the American army started on an expedition into what was then Dakota territory, in pursuit of the Sioux Indians who had been on the warpath since the uprising in 1862, which resulted in the terrible Minnesota massacre. One force left Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, the other left Sioux City, Iowa, and they united under General Sully at Fort Rice, near the juncture of the Cannon Ball and Missouri rivers, south of Mandan.

"Early in July General Sully learned that the Sioux were banded in force at a place known to the whites as Killdeer Mountain. On July 28th Sully came in contact with the Sioux near the base of these mountains and after a running fight, lasting all day, he finally brought his artillery to bear on their chief stronghold and put them to rout.

"Sully had 2,200 men fully armed. The Sioux forces were estimated to be between 5,000 and 6,000 and were in summer camp. The white troops lost two killed and seven wounded. The Indians left 150 dead upon the field, it is estimated that they had hundreds wounded."

A large oil painting of this battle hangs on the wall of the Minnesota House Chamber. All details are shown with great distinctness, even a bleached buffalo skull in the grass at the left.

Miss Hill's description continues:

The Killdeer mountains are a precipitous range of hills rising abruptly from the rolling plain, which surrounds them and which is characteristic of most of the country in North Dakota west of the Missouri

river, to a height of 900 feet above the level of the plain.

They extend in two ranges, known locally as the North and South mountains the general direction being from the northwest to the southeast. There is a distinct gap or break between the two mountains. The South mountain, ends in an abrupt, rock crowned, height at its easterly limit; a jagged jutting precipice like crag, sharply defined against the skyline.

This south range, a flat-topped plateau, varying from a few feet to a mile or more in width and from six to eight miles in length is the nearest approach to a mountain in the state. It rises nearly 500 feet, is more sharply defined and precipitous in its abrupt rise from the surrounding plain and has more the appearance of a mountain top, because of its many rock crowned ledges than any other height of land in North Dakota.

The rocky ledges, however, are merely outcroppings. The greater part of the mountain top is grass covered. Winding paths leading from the plains below, enable horses and cattle to get to the top of the plateaus where they find abundant pasture. It is said that this plateau was a favorite feeding ground for deer, and mountain sheep in the days when the Indians gave the spot its name.

Numerous springs gush from the sides of the mountains, and these have cut deep ravines, many of which are filled with trees, affording excellent protection for the game which once teemed about these mountain sides.

It was in one of these deep ravines or gulches that the Indians had built their great village, when Sully found them. There is an unusually fine spring here. The Indians called it Falling Spring and it furnished sufficient water for their entire village. This ravine has

been known since the battle as Dead Man's Gulch.

In addition to the historic interest which attaches to the mountains because of the battle, they have a number of curious or unusual features, which, when they become better known, will lure large numbers of tourists to the spot. On the rocky plateau, which marks the mountain top just above Dead Man's Gulch, the highest point of the whole mountain, there is a circular stone structure about three feet across. It is known as the "Lookout Signal" and was built by the Indians to warn the tribe of approaching danger or to carry any other message they might wish to send out across the plains.

A fire was kept burning in this small fireplace on the mountain top. During the day it was kept covered by a blanket. This blanket, when removed allowed a puff of smoke to escape and from the number of puffs the signal was recognized. At night flashes of flame, produced in the same way carried the message.

There is the "Medicine Hole," which gets its name from Indian lore. It is located only a few rods from the Lookout Signal. It is said that the Indians had a passage from this hole, at the top of the mountain leading out into Dead Man's Gulch but no white has been able to find it. It is possible that the lower passage has been closed up by reason of the fact that sightseers have thrown tons of rocks into the hole, to hear the gradually dying echoes, as the rocks rebound from side to side on their plunge into the heart of the mountain. Sightseers are also gradually carrying away the rocks from Lookout Signal, as souvenirs.

Medicine Hole has been explored to a depth of about 80 feet, but the explorers have quit there because of the difficulty of further descent and because of the intense cold, which grows more severe with the depth,

even in summer. A cool draft comes from the hole all summer.

Viewed from a distance on a clear day the mountain has a dignity and fascination which compels the watcher to draw nearer and experience the charm and beauty of closer acquaintanceship. In early morning or on gray days, the outline is hidden in mists and vapors till that moment when the King of Day commands nature's curtain to be drawn back, and they turn back upon their darker outside, snowy fluffy masses of vapor which roll and unroll and finally disappear leaving the mountain outlined against the deep blue sky — A real movie of the lines. "The clouds are rolled in splendor from the Beauty of the Hills."

In the summer and early fall the Killdeer mountains are indeed a sylvan paradise, and thousands of people visit them each year. Located at the foot of the mountains is a large enrollment book where visitors are requested to register. In it are names from almost every state in the Union.

As the tailor's family have no coats, and the shoemaker's children go bare-footed, and the prophet is not without honor save in his own country, so the places of greatest interest and charm are visited by those from afar, but unknown to those nearest at hand.

XIII

BLACK BUTTE

Standing a short mile distant from one of our main traveled highways is Black Butte sometimes called "H" (H. T.) Butte from the large Horse Ranch of which it was formerly a part. A day or more spent visiting this Butte or small mountain will put you in possession of unforgettable memories.

Outside of the Bad Lands valley on the surrounding prairie, there occasionally rears a small, mountain locally called a Butte, though of a different character than the Buttes of the Bad Lands. Such is Black Butte about eighteen miles north of Bowman and a mile west of the Black and White Trail that is the connecting trail here between the Red Trail and the Yellowstone Trail with Dickinson and Bowman at either main trail.

This Butte is the highest point in the State. When officially measured it is 58 feet higher than Sentinel Butte on the Yellowstone Trail.

The distance around the base is about eight miles, and two miles over the long way of the summit with a varying width of a mile. From the top one can see the "end o' the world" in every direction except east where the Chalky Buttes sometimes called White Buttes lie a few miles distant and are a wonderful sight in their great contrast throughout their six or seven miles of white serrated ridge and nakedness. Looking to the southwest one beholds "Round-Top," about six miles distant south are "Twin Buttes" with the little town of Bowman at their feet, northeast about thirty-

five miles distant are the "Rainy Buttes" with New England close to their feet and northwest approximately forty-five miles "Sentinel Butte" can be seen, while straight north is a beautiful distant view of the Bad Lands.

At the north corner of the top of this grass covered Butte is a hole about three feet long and at a depth of two feet it narrows to a width of six inches. Through this aperture is a slight draft of air. We have dropped pebbles down it and can hear them strike several times but not as if they had found bottom unless it were of mud. It would be interesting to try to measure the depth of this hole. At the western edge of the top which is the highest part, are a couple of pits four feet across and three deep, rock lined. We call them "Eagle Pits" from the fact that they were made by the Indians and used for the purpose of catching the spotted Eagle or "War Eagle" as they were to the Indians who used the wing and tail quills in their war-bonnets. The Indians often traded a pony for one of the quills. The procedure of catching the eagles consisted of a "Brave" hiding in one of the pits which would be covered with brush and baited above with raw meat to attract the eagles and when one alighted to feast on the meat the Indian would catch him, it being required that the eagle must be caught alive. It must be remembered too that the Indian was not armed with shooting irons in the early days and if he did have a rifle he was a notoriously poor marksman so that his bow and arrow had its limitations.

Not far from the "Eagle Pits" were several small mounds of stones, in fact there were many such along the edge of the top. None of these mounds were at all prominent being only two or three feet over and about eighteen inches high. We have dug open many of them

on this as well as on other buttes and never found anything in them except in a few at the southwest corner of Black Butte and in those we found some small pieces of scarlet flannel that had about a tablespoonful of some substance resembling tobacco which was pinched up in the center of the flannel and tied there. In the wrapping was included a loop of grass with the loop wound around with colored grass. We surmised that these were "Medicine bags" of the Indians who had died from some bad reason not understood by the Indians and they deemed the Indians thus dying to have had "bad medicine" so buried their "medicine bags" away from their bodies so as not to keep them from entering the "Happy Hunting Ground" or Indian heaven.

It was only a few miles southwest of here where about seven or eight hundred Indians attacked the "Fiske Expedition" in 1864 and very many Indians met their death from eating some hard bread or hard tack left at a camp site of the expedition. Later circumstances tended to indicate that the hard tack (a sort of everlasting cracker) had been poisoned by some of the emigrants with the expedition and purposely left to fall into their hands.

Of modern history there is also a Government monument put there by the Geodetic survey, which the ordinary public understands as little as they do the Indian mounds a few yards distant.

From under the cap-rock that crowns this Butte there gush many fine springs of the best water and these springs flow to the base before disappearing. There must be some strong internal pressure to force the water all the way up to the cap-rock which limits its further climb and forces it to find vent under it. All sides of the butte are covered from top to bottom

with all sizes of fragments of the cap-rock that have broken off and fallen with the erosion of time.

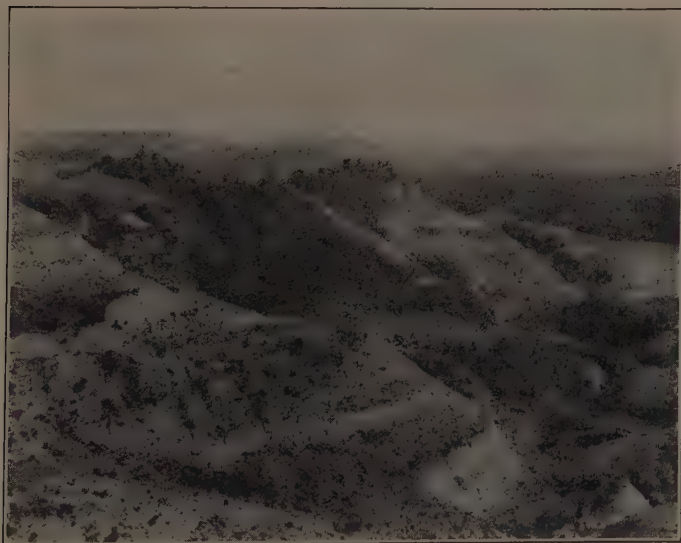
On the south side of the butte is what is called Snow Cave where the winter snows often lie till August. Always the last place where snow is in public view is just at the base of the cap-rock where there is ample opportunity for the winter gales to pile the snow in such vast depths that it takes much summer sunshine and rain to melt it all. The lower half of these great outstanding buttes contain much "black sunshine" in the form of lignite coal, our forests of the bygone ages.

On the north side is a place that may prove of interest to those studying the ancient extinct tribes. It is not at all prominent and most any one would be excused in passing it without notice, but to the observing eye it is distinctly visible. A more or less irregular square or space marked by a ridge of rock. It is about fifty paces across each way and was certainly of man's building, but how long ago? The location goes to show that it was not meant for fortification. As all through this western North Dakota there are circles of stone and mounds so ancient that our Indians have no lore touching them though calling them "Dirt Lodges", we must think that this stone wall belongs to the more ancient tribes. Around both Mandan and Mobridge are the best known mounds.

Scattered about the base of the Butte may be found other pits unlined by stone that were used by the Indians to smoke the skins they were tanning. Black Butte was a favorite camping ground for them with plenty of easily gotten fir wood from its bush draws, and the great springs of fine water, its high level top clothed in heavy grass made ideal pasture for their ponies above the level where flies and mosquitos were



A VIEW ALMOST ANYWHERE IN THE BAD LANDS, SHOWING THE CLAY FORMATIONS



BAD LAND COUNTRY IN THE PARK AREA

troublesome. Always the distant vision enabled them to sight friend, foe or game long in advance of their near approach.

Needless to say the rock brush covered sides have always been a friendly haven to the coyotes and in the past to their larger cousins, the gray wolf. Of course, buttes like these were used as look-outs by the cow-boys as well as by the Indians that they supplanted and also by our "dogs of prey." They would lie high up on the sides throughout the day and no one could approach without being seen, and then the coyotes would simply fade away among the gray rock masses. Visitors to Black Butte very often sight them as they are bold in the security of their environment.

XIV

"HT" RANCH

Scenery, more wierdly picturesque than that of the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri is seldom found. There, those master sculptors, wind and water, have carved the multi-colored clay into forms both beautiful and grotesque. But all the Bad Lands are by no means barren nor fantastically forbidding. Nestled away among the buttes are many beauty spots, charming groves and open places, carpeted with luxuriant grass and wild flowers. Such a spot as this is the valley where the buildings of the historic HT ranch are located, ten miles west of Amidon in Slope county.

The ranch, which still comprises over 5,000 acres, takes its name from the brand A. C. Huidekoper, the owner, used when it was one of the largest horse ranches in the northwest.

The site of the HT buildings is surrounded on all sides by scoria tinted hills. To the west a bluff rises sheerly from behind the "Dude House." Deep Creek twists leisurely through the valley, some of the ranch buildings lying on one side and some on the other side of the stream. The creek is bordered by trees, vines and many wild flowers. Just south of the "Dude House" is a beautiful grove, a mecca for picnic parties from miles around.

The large square, log house, with its picturesque outside chimneys and porch with rustic supports is known as the "Dude House," because of the many

easterners, called "dudes" by the cowboys, who were entertained there during the many years Mr. Huidekoper was on the ranch.

At that time there was no railroad nearer than the Northern Pacific, lying some fifty miles north of the ranch. The guests were met at Dickinson with a large tallyho, to which four "broncs" were harnessed, which, no doubt, after the way of western horses managed to make the homeward trip interesting for the visitors. The "Dude House" was ideal for house parties and the old-time cowboys, who have remained in the country still tell tales of the merry-makings held there.

The lower story of the house is taken up by the dining room and kitchen, the domain where Mr. Huidekoper's negro cook held sway. There is a small cabin on the hill behind the "Dude House" which was the place provided as living quarters for the cook. From the dining room, stairs lead up to the spacious living room, with its great fireplace and wide, comfortable window seats. There are three good sized bed rooms on this floor. On the third floor sleeping quarters are provided for a large number of guests.

The view from the porch is very beautiful. In the foreground lie the ranch buildings, the barns and the corrals. The eye traces the wooded course of Deep Creek and then away to the scoria tinted hills which rim the valley. To the south, a break in these hills frames a distant view of Black Butte, the highest point in North Dakota. It is a scene long to be remembered.

On a peninsula formed by Deep Creek and apart from the other barns, stands what is known as the "Dude Barn." This is a handsome building of logs and shingles, where Mr. Huidekoper kept his private riding and driving horses. Inside it is beautifully finished, showing Mr. Huidekoper to be a true lover of horses

with every thought for their comfort. In fact the HT ranch was famed for the fine type of pure-bred Percheron horses which bore the brand.

Across Deep Creek, which is spanned by two rustic bridges are the long low bunk houses used by the cowboys, the big ranch barn and a number of smaller buildings.

The HT ranch was started in the early Eighties as the Missouri Cattle Company. Later it was purchased by A. C. Huidekoper of Meadville, Pennsylvania, and operated personally by him for a number of years. It was he who had the "Dude House" built. Later it was owned by Fred Pabst, of brewery fame. The present owner is G. W. Conn.

Times change on the plains of Dakota as well as elsewhere. The homesteader has usurped the range of the cattle man and now many comfortable homes are located on the land once owned by one man. However, the days of the cowboys and ranchers form one of the most interesting and romantic chapters of the history of the west and as a monument to these by-gone days of the "cattle barons," stand the handsome ranch buildings of the HT.

XV

PEACEFUL VALLEY RANCH—MEDORA

"Medora! Medora!" calls the brakeman with the same inflection he would use if he were saying, "Is it Flora? It is Flora." This far the story is the same no matter which train brings you. Of course, if you come by car you hesitate only long enough to decide if you shall visit the Chateau de Mores over south of town now or do that on the return from Peaceful Valley Ranch.

But whichever you decide, you are only four and one-half miles from the place you want to see. Now four and one-half miles are not very far "as the crow flies" but this is different. A traveler in the mountains of North Carolina once asked an Uncle Ned, "how far to the next town." "Well, sah," said Uncle Ned, "if you goes straight ahead it am about six miles, but if you goes 'round, it's only four." And so it is with this road to Peaceful Valley, only one can't "go 'round" to make it shorter, for in every direction it is up and down.

How many people of North Dakota realize that we have a section containing some of the most wonderful scenery in the world. Almost every nation and a large number of our states can boast of wonderful mountains, and every one of them can show you beautiful spots that would please and delight any lover of nature, but North Dakota, along the Little Missouri River, rightly takes pride in claiming the only real BAD Lands on this earth.

The name was given to this region as being descriptive of its topography because it was and is difficult to travel over. There is no country that is exactly comparable to the Bad Lands. The only comparison ever advanced for the Bad Lands, by travelers who know, is to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and that only in a general sense, as they are viewed from the top of one of the higher buttes from which one can see on all sides, miles and miles of a conglomeration of small mountain ranges, beautiful little valleys, barren multi-colored clay buttes, grassy, thinly wooded creek bottoms, scoria topped buttes, and wooded river bottoms, grassy hills and sage brush flats, rugged rocky buttes, canyons, washouts, and small plateaus as smooth as a table top and as green as grass can make them, and everywhere, in every direction, in large patches and small ones, there is the dark green of our wonderful red cedars. And sometimes, "when the Sunset does his best, painting everlasting glory on the mountains of the west," it is hard to tell where the fantastically colored hills leave off and the sky begins. The wonderful sunsets of the region are rivaled only by the gorgeousness of the sunrises.

To us who have seen it seems almost lamentable that a country so picturesque and interesting should be so little known, when it ought to be the playground for thousands and thousands of weary people each year. To our knowledge there is only one summer resort in the entire Bad Lands, only one place where tourists may go at any time and feel welcome or where one may spend his entire vacation, roaming the hills at his leisure or on one of the sure-footed saddle horses of the country. This is the Peaceful Valley Ranch near Medora, on the Northern Pacific Railroad and the Red Trail or National Parks Highway. There is no hotel at

Peaceful Valley. It is just a homey place for those who love the great West as God made it, where a limited number may be cared for. The guests are housed in one-room cottages, which accommodate two, three and four persons. Although not elaborate, they are clean, comfortable and airy. The beds are all that can be desired. A bath house is at the disposal of the guests. Bathing in the river is usually very good. Meals are served in the old ranch house, family style. Good wholesome home cooking. The table is furnished in a large part from the ranch garden, dairy and poultry. The saddle horses are kind and gentle, the sure-footed cow ponies of the Bad Lands. It's just an old-time cow ranch, and you are the guests. You may not know them but "you are as welcome as the flowers in May."

The Petrified forest is inaccessible by automobile but is easily reached from the Ranch by team or saddle horse. The journey is short, taking about seven hours. A lunch for the noon hour is prepared at the Ranch House and taken along. Coffee is cooked in a fireplace made of petrified wood.

Scientists rarely agree in regard to the history and formation of the Bad Lands. Many theories are suggested. Some claim this to be the oldest part of the earth's surface. Others, that at one time this country was an extensive low level valley, subject, at different periods of ages, to a countless number of inundations. Sometime between these flood-periods there was interval enough for a seemingly tropical vegetation to spring up in such abundance as to form, when the next flood covered the valley with its deposit of soil carried down from the surrounding higher lands, veins of coal as much as sixty feet thick. Other shorter, or less productive periods are evidenced by the lesser veins of coal; some only a few inches in depth.

The latest vegetable growth of considerable size or amount to be buried by the flood deposits, instead of carbonizing to form coal became petrified. During this period this entire region was covered by a dense forest of mammoth trees. Nature has been kind for even though the living trees could not endure to the present time, they have been preserved, that their grandeur and magnitude might be known and appreciated. Throughout the entire length and breadth of the Bad Lands, wherever a certain stratum of soil appears, the petrified stumps or logs will be found in more or less abundance. Logs have been found that measure more than a hundred feet in length. Northwest of Medora about twelve miles is a veritable forest of these petrified tree stumps. One can stand at a number of different points and see stumps in every direction as far as the eye can discern or as far as the stumps can be distinguished. They lie in such profusion that, at these points, one may stand still and count stumps until he becomes weary of the task, or gives it up as hopeless when he compares the area covered by his count to the vast proportions of the unenumerated forest. And then how can anyone stand still and count when the others of his party are wandering about among the ghosts of these once giant trees, each proclaiming his find to be more wonderful than the others, all exclaiming and marveling at the degree of perfection in which the specimens are preserved. These stumps are apparently in their original position. A large number being erect, while others are prostrate, due to the action of the elements in wearing away the soil in which this prehistoric forest grew; and still others appear as huge mushrooms on pedestals of firmer soil. Even the leaves of this fossil forest are often found among the petrified stumps in a sort of shale rock. The stumps are rarely



A CORNER OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST AT PEACEFUL VALLEY, WHERE THE STUMPS ARE THICKEST



A CLOSE-UP OF PETRIFIED STUMPS IN THE PARK AREA

over eight feet tall but there is one that is fourteen feet in diameter, by actual measurement. It is claimed by some residents that they know of stumps standing from twenty to thirty feet tall and occasionally one is found on which there are stubs of branches. In extent and magnitude, there is no petrified forest in America that even rivals this.

Scattered all through the hills will be found pockets and strata of brilliantly colored paint. At one time, while digging post holes, a pocket of this paint containing almost every conceivable hue, was found at a depth of only a few feet. No doubt somewhere these mineral deposits will be found of sufficient proportions to be of commercial value. At any rate these paints contribute their share toward beautifying the landscape.

It is here that the Indians secured the brilliant war paints. There are no evidences of permanent Indian settlements in the Bad Lands, but they used to make yearly pilgrimages here to obtain their paint supplies and to hunt.

Only a few years ago a rancher, living about fifteen miles down the river from Medora, while one day roaming over the hills, discovered a small cave and therein found a really wonderful piece of old Indian pottery. This vessel is somewhat the shape of a large water bottle, except the neck is not so long or narrow. It measures seventeen inches in height, is of a very dark lead color and about the weight of an aluminum vessel of equal size.

After hours of tramping and climbing, and running headlong down paths, too steep to allow more dignified descent, after exclaiming again and again till one has used all descriptive adjectives at command, at last hushed into silence by sights too wonderful for words,

one is glad indeed to rest eyes and brain and muscles on the short drive back to the Ranch House. Here, tired, satisfied and ravenously hungry, everyone is ready for the delicious chicken dinner for which the Ranch is famous and Carl B. Olsen is responsible.

On August 4, 1921, a bill was introduced in Congress for the establishment of a National Park, (no action as yet having been taken on the bill,) comprising a most picturesque section of the Bad Lands, directly north of Medora and including the wonderful Petrified Forest, to be called "Roosevelt National Park," as a fit and lasting memorial to our late beloved President, as well as to preserve inviolate for future generations, a portion of this marvelous country as God made it.

These wonderlands of North Dakota make all who see them murmur consciously or unconsciously Tennyson's words, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me." And some who come this way have the words to express the thoughts which arise. Miss Roller, the National Organizer for the Delphian Chapter, who travels east and west and north and south, sojourned at Peaceful Valley and wrote,

Far, far in the "golden west,"
Lies this palace of peace and rest
Away from the world of strife,
Just a wee bit of the old-time life.
Who comes once, comes again
For it calls not to the lives,
But to the souls of men.

Another passing through has written,

PEACEFUL VALLEY

THE JEWEL OF THE BAD LANDS

Buttes striped like Indian blankets, with sands of many a shade,
Giant trees that the passing ages, To stone, their wood has
made.

"Hell Hole" with its awful beauty, The forgotten Teepee Ring,
Fossil leaves that are clay-imbedded, Wierd thoughts to you
will bring.

Chaotic, barren and desolate, Buttes rise on every hand,
Yet the ranch called "Peaceful Valley," nests in this burned-out
land.

'Tis here you'll find real contentment from rising sun 'till
shadows fall,
A sage-scented drowsy contentment, where you feel His hand
over all.

Here the green and tree shaded valley, with the river winding
through
Like an oasis in the desert, will share its Peace with you.

Here Life has a better meaning, frets and cares all fade away,
And Peace, passing all understanding, surrounds and blesses
each day.

Here the coyote and the wolf howl bring dreams of long ago,
Ere the pleasure-seeking paleface their lairs had come to know.

Here the vaulted starlit heavens at night seem close to earth,
Here the sunshine that seems brighter helps you count the day's
good worth.

For these Bad Lands of Dakota are the last stronghold of the
west,
Where sentinels of desolation have long guarded Nature's best.
— *Bessie Tisdale Smith.*

But it is our own James W. Foley who expresses the
feeling in the heart of every visitor who has come, seen
and been conquered by the bigness, the vastness, the
freeness—

There's a wholesomeness about it that I never could explain
Once you breathe its air you love it and you long for it again.
There's a tie you can't dis sever in the splendor of the sky,
It's just home to you forever, and I can't just tell you why.

XVI

THE BADLANDS

It is certainly no small undertaking to attempt to picture with words that of which Hon. Lewis F. Crawford in his "Badlands and Broncho Trails" says, "Unseen, cannot be imagined but once seen can neither be described nor forgotten."

One cannot be long in the State till this mysterious and unbelievable region is mentioned. But the name is unfortunate. They are simply "Bad" for traveling, but, so are mountains.

Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, who has lived all her life among them, says, "From a scenic or a historical viewpoint, they are marvelously interesting and to the artist's eye they are equally attractive with their haunting shapes and shades which cannot be reproduced on canvas. From a geologist's interest is a rich field with its bold exposed formations, many of which are rich in both flora and fauna fossil, but the scenic grandeur is what appeals to the majority of the travelers through the Bad Lands, whether they are of the home or touring class.

Always the feeling of unlimited space so vast that it makes one comprehend in more or less degree the infinitesimal and temporary atom the ordinary human being is.

The gray faced, red topped buttes are interspersed with small level bottoms clothed in the silver colored, sweet smelling sage brush and soft yellow green grasses. These flats are often threaded by gullies or

dry stream beds outlined with cotton woods and other soft bush growths, and the modest flowers have the refined delicacy of nearly all desert blooms. The cedars and the pines seem to choose the steep and nearby naked high butte sides for their habitat, while the uplands, called "prairies" outside the Bad Lands, and "plateaus" if inside their boundaries, do not have any tree or brush growth."

Mr. Crawford describes them in these words, "As one rides forward the view changes as a kaleidoscope—new colors, new shapes, new vistas that sometimes touch one feelingly and restfully or silence one by their allurements. There is entrancing charm in a region where nature is at her worst, where gullies are washed by the merciless surge of time, where buttes with sides covered by infinite corrugations are scattered in promiscuous disarrangement.

The buttes, when not wholly naked, are covered on their north sides at least with grass and, sometimes, trees—and are less steep—while the sunward-turned slopes are more precipitous and often aggressively sterile. When not capped with stone, buttes are often conical or pyramidal, erode rapidly, and are as barren and look not unlike huge stalagmites."

I have seen tall, slender pillars, broken pillars, broad pillars, sugar loaf crowns, abrupt and rugged edges—while in the midst of all these may be a huge irregular mass resembling a gigantic teakettle, a medium sized battleship, a kneeling camel, in fact such shapes that the fertile imagination places one in a land of the grotesque and impossible. As one draws near or changes the angle of approach the likeness is lost or changes to something very different.

Mr. Crawford continues: "Many of the buttes consist of pure clay without stones of any kind and where the

lignite is not burned out there will, of course, be an absence of scoria, as the scoria is produced by the burning lignite beds. Half way up the side of a butte is sometimes found the white petrified trunks of trees in splintered decay, or gnarled stumps, which have resisted the action of the weather. A butte may be capped with scoria, conglomerated clinkers, or sandstone, while at its base unlovely masses of all these mingle in happy-go-lucky decadence.

"Size is only one of the elements of grandeur. Beauty is usually made up of fine lines and rich colorings, and depends largely upon its transitoriness. It defies the camera."

Over all these strange and weird formations, the architecture of prehistoric ages, the lights and shadows of sunshine and clouds, deepened by distance and colored by atmosphere, plays with illusive tints and shades of all the hues in nature's inexhaustible color box—gray-blue and violet veils weave and intermingle, forming strands of gray-blue, gray-violet, and blue-violet, through which may be seen the green slopes, gray white buttes, yellow, orange and red scoria, all modified and changed into colors for which the tongue of man has no name, contrasted and emphasized by the black lines of out cropping veins of coal.

One reads that the Bad Lands are ever changing, never twice the same. The two descriptions you have read were written in 1922 and 1923. In 1885, Col. C. A. Lounsberry wrote of these same Bad Lands: "Sully describes them as 'resembling the bottom of hell, with the fires put out.' Looking upon them, here you see patches of slag, there great boulders, showing unmistakable evidences of great heat, and on every hand, scoria, or burned clay, resembling broken brick. Where the fires were checked by the caving earth, and the

coal did not burn, mounds two or three hundred feet in height, stand. Some of them contain several acres of level prairie on their top, and have the same grasses and vegetation, and are the same height as the tablelands on either side of the Bad Lands. Some of the mounds are conical shaped, and some resemble old castles or monasteries in ruins. At other points there are simply huge piles of clay, and at others great bars of gravel, scoria or sand, without a particle of vegetation. At some points the craters formed by the burning coal beds have been filled with drift or wash, and you find from ten to forty acres of the richest patches of pasture lands. Standing upon the tablelands you look down upon the Bad Lands, and if you see them in the moonlight, you are reminded of a city in ruins. You note the resemblance to broken walls and tottering chimneys, the blackened piles of rubbish, the broken brick and mortar, with occasional grass plats. As you contemplate the scene and take in its grandeur, you cannot fail to see how they have been formed. Perhaps someone familiar with the country will take you to the burning buttes, where you can watch the process of Bad Land formation. Within the writer's knowledge those near Medora have been burning for the past eleven years, and during that time only a few hundred feet of the butte has disappeared. The butte or bluff has been burned up, carried away in dust by the wind, or washed away, leaving an additional section of the Bad Lands, presenting all of the characteristics of those formed ages ago. Where the mounds are, the coal did not burn, and may now be mined. The Bad Lands are full of rich plateaus and afford the best of shelter for stock."

Mr. W. A. Fleming of Scranton has written of a visit to this same subterranean fire. He says: "As we

drove to the Burning Coal Mine our host remarked that we would see 'the Bad Lands in the making.' We were not disappointed.

"The mine is about twelve miles north and west from Amidon, the county seat of Slope County. The vein of lignite coal runs between twelve and twenty feet in thickness at this point, and has been burning for over fifty years. (This coincides with Mr. Lounsberry's statement.) The fire is in the form of a semi-circle and continues to eat its way farther and farther into the vein of coal. After the coal is burned out the earth on top caves in. In most places the fire appears a dull cherry red but in places where the earth has caved in over the fire and left chimney-like craters, it burns with an intense white heat. We had several blankets and robes in the car. We got up as close to the fire as possible and dug a hole about a foot deep in the ground, put potatoes in and covered them over with dirt. We then spread our blankets on the ground just a few feet back from the hole and waited while the potatoes baked. We went into the brush and cut two or three long poles, to one of which we wired the popcorn popper which our hostess had thoughtfully provided and as we sat there we popped corn. We also toasted weiners at the same time by the same method. While we were there several places in the semi-circle caved in and the spray of fire that went up into the night was wonderful to behold.

"To anyone who has not seen this Burning Coal Mine at night, it is worth the trip across the state. It is right in the edge of the famous Bad Lands, and they themselves are one of the real scenic beauty spots of North Dakota. If a person has visited this Burning Coal Mine as we did, he will be an enthusiastic supporter of the campaign to 'See North Dakota First.'"

The pictures which accompany this story of the Bad Lands must be without the colors, and color is the life of the whole view. But if each one reading this and looking at the pictures will imagine the blues and grays and violets which each person has tried to find words to express, some faint idea may be had of the thrilling, awe-inspiring but soul-satisfying treat which awaits any one who will make the trip to experience it.

Make your imagination work as you listen to Mrs. Robert's closing description, "Just to view and contemplate the Bad Lands from the edge of the prairie, to look down upon the painted and ridged buttes with their age-wrinkled faces veiled with the blending colors ranging through gray and yellow drab of clays, gray to black and purple of coal and its ashes, streaked often in deep reds and yellows, and crowning numerous buttes the varying red of scoria or burnt clay set with the dark green gems of the cedars and the pines, while their feet stand in the silvery sage, gives one the exalted sense of being in a great church where the worshippers are a mere multitude.

"The open faced buttes invite you to read the story of the ages if you have the understanding — or just to admire and marvel."

The "Bad Lands" are indeed misnamed. As the traveler contemplates the view spread out before him, or turns to left or right to behold something more different than unaided imagination can picture, or thinking back over the experience, nothing "Bad" comes to mind, only fantastic or rugged shapes sharply outlined, against sky or cliff, or softly pillowed in evergreen or sage brush, seen through marvels of color shifting and ever changing, — not Bad Lands but "Wonderlands."

Badger Clark says of them:

I don't need no art exhibits
When the sunset does her best,
Paintin' everlastin' glory
On the mountains to the west.
And your opery looks foolish
When the night bird starts his tune
And the desert's silver mounted
By the touches of the moon."

"Wonderlands," indeed!

XVII

THE LEGEND OF MINNEWAUKAN; HOW DEVILS LAKE DERIVED ITS NAME

Long before pioneers immigrated to the Dakotas, they heard from the Chippewas of a race of Indians hitherto unknown. They learned of the deadly and unceasing enmity and of the continuous warfare between the two nations. They were warned of the ferocity and prowess of these hated tribes, whom the Chippewas called "Nadonessieux or Enemies". However, as the pioneers moved westward, they discovered that these Sioux Indians, or Dacotahs, though hostile to the Chippewas, were willing and even anxious to trade with the whites. These Indians lived a nomadic life on the plains in summer and in winter built lodges in the wooded lands scattered here and there between the Mississippi and Montana.

In the course of their wanderings one band of these Sioux or Dacotahs came upon a miniature ocean of salt water in the heart of North Dakota. They named it Minnewaukan — Minn (water) and Waukan (spirit) or Spirit Lake. Along one shore were stretches of fertile pasture where the buffalo herded and grazed in luxury. On another were wooded hills and valleys with crystal springs; knotted oaks and graceful elms gave pleasant shade in summer, and in winter broke the force of the terrible northern winds. Not only was the wild game plentiful, but there was an abundance of plums and berries of all kinds, and the lake was filled with fish.

The chiefs declared this was the ideal camping

ground, so they pitched their tents on the shores of Minnewaukan and smoked their peace pipes in contentment all summer, while the young hunters tracked the woods for game. One evening, after several days hunt, they told how they had discovered a small band of the hated Chippewas who were preparing to set camp for the winter. The chiefs held council and decided war should be declared. The following weeks were busy ones for the arrow makers and boat builders and the maidens and women, who were fashioning their tribal ornaments of war for their braves.

So eager were they all for the fight that they scoffed at the warning of the Seer, Owanda. The unusual southward flight of the birds was but plentiful game sent by the Great Spirit in the time of need. The early reddening of the leaves was not an omen of bloody defeat or northern storms, but rather the radiant herald of victory. As the braves embarked on the great morning, they said the calm shining waters and the great stillness that seemed to be everywhere was but another sign of the Great Spirit's approval.

All day long in the haze of the late summer's calm, when the water drowsed glassily and the heat haze sewed lake to sky, the women and maidens with the old men watched on the shore for the returning boats.

Night came but the warriors returned not. Another day passed and the lake was occasionally ruffled with hissing, snaky ripples. Dark clouds were gathering in the east and the ominous rumbles of distant thunder broke the anxious stillness of the camp. The lake seemed to grow bloody-red from the reflection of the setting sun. All at once, Naddasa, "the chieftain's dark-eyed daughter," sighted far out, silhouetted against the murky sky, the boats of the returning braves. They were victorious, for from the prow of



ON TOP OF THE PEMBINA MOUNTAINS



THE WINDING MOUSE (OR SOURIS) RIVER

the boats were the waving scalps. Great was the joy in camp; fires were lighted, and peace pipes filled for the home-coming.

The sun faded, the once limped, lazy, azure-blue lake turned a livid green. The trees bowed and moaned, as the wind whistled through them. A blaze of fire from the heavens, a deafening crash, and the fury of the storm broke. All night long the tempest raged; the waves kept thundering out the mighty harmonies of the terrible storm. When morning came pieces of the shattered boats, with bits of hair and feathers hanging to them, drifted to shore and told the tale. The beautiful lake that now lay exhausted from the storm of the previous night had been angered by the blood spilled in hatred and had taken this method of avenging itself.

Nadassa, whose sweetheart, Watha, had been lost, cast herself into the water that she too might find rest beside her brave warrior.

For days the death song floated out over the lake, mournful, insistant, its rythmic lapping monotone broken now and then by the despairing wail of "Minnewaukan, Minnewaukan." For many years after, when ever the twilight was darkened by angry clouds and the waves rose in fury, the Dacotahs, watching from the shore, saw the faithful Nadassa and her lover Watha searching the lake for the lost warriors.

To this day the Indians are superstitious, and will not venture out upon the lake. With hundreds of them living on the southern shore, in 1897 a bridge was built across a narrow part of the lake to enable them to come to Devils Lake to trade.

When the whites first came the Indians said, "Minnewaukan Seche" Spirit Lake is bad, meaning the water was salty and not suitable for drinking, but it was mis-

interpreted. The only Bad Spirit the white man knew was His Satanic Majesty, hence the name Devils Lake.

If our scenic worth was properly advertised, North Dakota would be especially noted for two things, — the Bad Lands, which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world, and its sunsets which may be equaled but not surpassed by any sunset anywhere on this globe. California and Naples have advertised their skies and sunset hours till the ordinary traveler is afraid to declare that North Dakota's equal them in glory. But occasionally that honest person travels this way who speaks the truth. We who have lived here and grown up in the presence of their beauty are prone to take them for granted and refuse to thrill at the varied splendors they present at the close of each day — a wonderfulness which caused James W. Foley to write of them, —

At even time the splendors
Of the earth and sky and sod
Bids me bow the head in reverence
And in graditude to God.

Sunset on Devils Lake is worth traveling many miles to see — that one may enjoy and afterwards have the memories.

In 1893 the first Chautauqua Association in the State chose the south shore of one of the bays for its home. In the thirty years since then, thousands of persons have stood on those shores at the sunset hour. Each new visitor looks off over the miles of water, each hour in a different mood, to the miniature mountains on the western shore where the light of day is making a spectacular exit and declares, "I did not know there could be such a beautiful spot in North Dakota."

Within recent years this land, some 88 acres, has become the Devils Lake City Park. Hundreds of families spend the summer here in comfortable cottages.

Adjoining the City Park grounds on the south is the North Dakota Military Park, the camp and training grounds of the North Dakota National Guard. This park contains about 1200 acres mostly timber land, on which space has been cleared for Parade and Drill grounds. The land slopes to the lake here where the bathing is ideal — an added value for such a camp ground.

Directly across the lake to the south and west lie a number of high hills and a range of miniature mountains — Sully's Hill, Devil's Heart and Blue Hill are the most prominent.

We are likely to think that a beautiful sunset necessitates a clear day, but when the sun sinks behind banks of clouds, which roll and unroll to show to the silent watcher that of a truth every cloud has a silver lining, or to verify the poet when he said, "Behind the clouds the sun is still shining" — the view of the western sky whether gray or gay reflected in the waters of the lake, either as in a mirror or if roughened by winds, resembling a tapestry of rare weave, one is moved to uncover and breathe reverently, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handwork."

Sully's Hill National Park now comprises 800 acres of what was the Fort Totten Indian Reservation. Elk, deer and buffalo are protected here and the herds are growing rapidly.

At the north end of the Sully's Hill lies historic Fort Totten, the buildings erected for war time purposes now used to house a government school. Every foot of ground for many miles in every direction could tell

stories of Indian civilization, the coming of the white trappers and hunters, the conquest of the country, tales of military expeditories (troops from Fort Totten went out with Custer) of freighter wagon trains, and pony and dog mail routes, before the days of the railroad and the steamboat — could tell these tales, had they human tongues, or we the ears to hear the stories whispered by the remembering breezes, or eyes to read the records on Nature's pages.

In the heart of North Dakota lies the island sea, Devils Lake, extending in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction for about thirty miles. The outline is very irregular and a line through its center between the extremes covers a distance of nearly sixty miles. The shore line is broken by numerous arms and bays from a few rods to a dozen miles in length, giving a beach line of nearly three hundred miles. Devils Lake at its widest point is about ten miles. Thus we have picturesque bays, narrow straits, wide gravelly beaches, foaming surf and a broad expanse of water whose waves at times have all the grandeur of the old ocean. At other times the surface of the lake is like a mirror, without a ripple. At some points the shores are steep and rocky; again they recede in bluffs rising gradually to a height of several hundred feet, while at other points, we find meadows, extending for miles from the borders.

The lake is 1480 feet above the level of the sea. Its water varies in depth from a few feet to over one hundred and its surfaces covers an area of about one hundred square miles. There are no islands in it, although some of its numerous peninsulas are known as islands, and undoubtedly were such at an earlier period. Devils Lake was once connected with Stump Lake some distance to the east.

The lake has no visible outlet but its surplus water probably finds its way through subterranean passages to the basins of the Sheyenne, James and Red River Valleys.

The water is clear as crystal, and very much resembles the water of the ocean. For bathing its equal can not be found in any other interior body of water in the country.

Among the legends and stories which cling about the lake are two which hold especial interest for the visitor — he hopes to see evidences of the Sea Serpent and to hear an eye witness relate the experience of seeing the Phantom Ship.

Many different tales of many different ships are told. This experience told by J. Morley Wyard of Park River is typical:

"A short time ago the writer crossed Devils Lake in the 'good ship' *Minnie H.*, from the Chautauqua grounds to Fort Totten, and witnessed two most interesting appearances of the much talked of but rare illusion, the Phantom Ship. July 17th, the closing day of the Chautauqua program, 1893, was a typical North Dakota summer day. The Spirit Water could not have wooed its devotees more enchantingly. It was just such a morning when even the least imaginative might expect to see sirens sporting in the pellucid depths, or mermaids embayed in the secluded nooks coyly combing their tresses as their beauty was reflected from the silver mirror. There was not a fleck of cloud upon the sky or a ripple on the lake. Overhead the gulls swept by. Around the boat the terns and looms merrily played their antics. Along the shore the trees in summer beauty were reproduced in the crystal surface. The glamor of the mirage was over all. When the boat was well out in the center of the bay, sud-

denly there appeared on the southern shore, westward of the fort, what looked like the hull of a large vessel, without mast or spar or sail, and the color of new timber. Motionless it lay, distinctly in view, apparently a half dozen miles away, until, as the boat drew nearer to the fort, the Point of Rocks intervened between the vessel and the vision, and the spectre vanished.

"The steamer waited only a few minutes at the fort, but on the return trip nothing could be seen where half an hour before the phantom had seemed so substantial — only the dark foliage of the trees contrasting with the brightness of the water. But, far down the strait that separates Graham's Island from the southern shore, there appeared the glint of a sail, that, emerging from the distant outlet, came more clearly into sight. Though the air was breathless, the fairy craft swept along with wonderful rapidity, until it might have covered ten miles in about as many minutes. Its rapid flight could be definitely measured. Upon the shore the taller trees were outlined against the sky, and the mystic yacht sped past them close under the land, until it, too, like the sailless and motionless hull of the earlier trip, disappeared at the Boulder point near Fort Totten. All melted into air, like the baseless fabric of a vision.

"The whole spectacle was so beautiful that it would be a pity to spoil the memory of it with the materiality of any scientific explanation. It is no wonder that 'Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind saw God in clouds, and heard Him in the winds,' should fear to launch his bark upon a watery world where spirits held such bewildering and inexplicable revelry."

I have not attempted to describe sunrise on the lake, for I know I have no words which would induce anyone to leave a comfortable couch to see the Sun bring

Day to a sleeping world. Neither have I described moonlight on the water, for if visitors but witness the end of the day, inclination will keep them for the witching hours that follow.

Spring, Summer, Autumn — each season has its golden days there set with jeweled hours reflecting emeralds and sapphires, amber and rubies, but in winter when the Frost King reigns the diamonds sparkle from every blade and twig and the waters so restless and sparkling during the other seasons, lie quiet and deep resting under the protecting blankets of ice and snow, as they have rested every winter during years unnumbered to waken again in the spring to delight all who come to revel in the waters themselves or in the splendors of nature all about them.

THE LEGEND OF MINNEWAUKAN

By RENA PERCIVAL, now

MRS. JOHN MACNEE, Minneapolis.

(Daughter of John A. Percival, first Register of Deeds of Ramsey County)

By the lake's yet heaving waters, on the rocks beside the strand.
Crouched the women, wildly wailing, one despairing sobbing band:

For those waters now so smiling, tossing sportive at their feet,
Had in cruel wrath bereft them, had engulfed their homing fleet.
Thus the death song each still ending, waxing wistful o'er the brine,

"Minnewaukan! Spirit Water! Cause of woe to me and mine!"

Stood the chieftain's dark-eyed daughter 'mid the women of her tribe,

Wild she gazed across those waters that nor tear nor vow could bribe,

As they mourned the ne'er returning, gave to grief an utterance free.

For a father wept Nadassa, for her love, for bretheren three.

"Watha!" cried she, "Mighty hunter! Bravest of a mighty line!

Whelmed in Meda's bitter waters, cruel e'er to me and mine."

Dimmed, her eyes see not the splendor of that wood embosomed
gem,
Not the hills, blue in the distance, with their sylvan diadem,
Not the crested, sage-green waters, dancing in the western sun,
Not a sunlit stately pinewood, backed by rising vapors dun;
But the dirge with bitter wailing sang she with the suns' decline.
"Minnewaukan! Haunted Water! Name of woe to me and
mine!"

"Vain! Ah, vain," she cried, the warnings of Owanda, gifted
seer,
Made to meet the hated foeman, caution the despised as fear,
Eager courage, slighted counsel, laughed the wisard's words to
scorn,
Dreams and Omens disregarded, spirit voices ceased to warn.
All too late they saw their error, struggling mid the seething
brine,
In dread Meda's fatal waters, baneful e'er to me and mine.

What availed the foeman vanquished? What availed the victor's
song.
Raised by chieftains famed in battle, raised by warriors brave
and strong?
When like seamens o'er the waters homeward sped each swift
canoe,
Then the vengeful water-spirit raised her awful form to view.
Ah, why heard they not the warning uttered by the voice
divine?
"Minnewaukan! Mystic Water! Woeful, weird to me and mine."

Still the legend's unforgotten of that fair but dreadful lake
Where Nadassa threw her headlong, courting death for Watha's
sake,
Still, beside the nightly camp-fire warriors tell with bated
breath
How their forms are seen to hover, undivided, e'er in death,
When the storm begins to mutter, when the sun has veiled his
face
O'er dark Meda's haunted waters, shunned by all Dacotah's
race.



DEVILS LAKE--"THEN"



AND "NOW"

PART TWO

PARKS AND PARK SYSTEMS

XVIII

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND RESERVES

A park is a tract of land, either ornamentally laid out or kept in its natural state for some special purpose, as for game, riding, or especially for recreation.

The people of North Dakota are so utilitarian in their activities and pursuits that it is hard to imagine them deliberately dedicating tracts of land to sport and recreation; — just as hard as to develop the habit of thought that when they want to see something beautiful and wonderful from the hand of Mother Nature, that beauty and wonder can be found within our own boundaries and not so many miles from home at that.

For a young state North Dakota is well supplied with parks and park material. We have two National Game Reserves, two National Parks, and one marvelous tract proposed for National Reservation. The State Historical Society holds deeds for a large number of park sites varying in size from a few square rods to many acres, each one of which is rich in association of early days in this Northwest territory. Several counties own centrally located tracts of land possessing characteristic natural beauty, to which have been added improvements and conveniences in the form of drives, recreation grounds and buildings. All of our cities and very many of our small towns have, or are developing parks and park systems which would be a credit to much older organizations.

SULLY'S HILL NATIONAL PARK

This tract of 800 acres was created a National Park by an act of Congress, April 27, 1904. It is enclosed by a strong ornamental iron fence and contains various types of surface suitable for several park purposes. The entire tract lies along the south shore of Devils Lake where the hill from which the park takes its name rises gracefully 275 feet above the surface of the lake. The entire tract is composed of rolling hills between which are irregular mirror-like lakes reflecting the heavy fringe of shrubs and the timber-covered bluffs which enclose them on all sides.

Sixty acres of shade trees and silver lakes are reserved for picnic parties. Here the underbrush has been cleared away; rustic seats, tables and work tables set up in natural places; stone and brick fireplaces built for convenience and safety, while well-constructed roads wind in and out among the large overhanging trees, and graveled foot paths follow the line of the lake shores.

The Federal Government has erected a delightfully artistic Rest House on the main entrance drive which has been furnished by the Sully's Hill Chapter of the D. A. R. which is located at Devils Lake. A wide graveled road leads from Fort Totten to the imposing entrance gate built from natural prairie boulders.

The other 760 acres of the reserve are the feeding grounds for herds of bison, elk, and white-tail deer. In March, 1917, a herd of thirteen elk from Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, was brought here which has increased to forty. Four white-tailed deer came from the Agricultural College at Fargo in May of the same year. Because of the dense woods it is impossible to estimate the number in the herd now. A herd of six

bison was liberated in November, 1918. There are now thirteen. During the winter time these animals are fed hay each day and become very tame.

The Park may be reached by winding picturesque roads from Devils Lake, New Rockford and Oberon. It is an ideal place in summer. Fine groves of oak, elm, linden, birch and cottonwood grow on the bluffs and in the hollows, so that trees for every purpose are provided by Mother Nature. The oaks furnish shade for the rest after hearty lunch in the open air; the lindens give another perfume to the summer breezes; the cottonwoods look and sound cool on a warm day; the birches add grace and delicate beauty to hillslope or roadside, and the elm leads the eye upward to meet the arching branches whose lines of strength were the inspiration of the builders of long ago who designed the great cathedrals that are the wonder and admiration of our modern builders. It seems hardly possible that here in North Dakota, always designated as a prairie state, there is a place where huge trees are found that it is possible to walk for long distances in their shade and silence, and realize the spirit of Bryant's "Forest Hymn":

The Groves were God's first temples, Ere man learned
To hue the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthem; in the darkling wood
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and sup-
plication.

There is something about trees or even a tree that leads the thoughts to the wonder of creation. As one looks at the accompanying pictures, or better still spends a few hours walking about in this peaceful

quiet out-of-doors one envies the bison and elk and deer.

Many beautiful views are had from different approaches. One looks along the rock-covered beach, out over the expanse of water and in imagination sees the approach of Indian war canoes, or fishing parties. If the sky is gray and the waves come rolling in to break in angry foam against the rocky shore one calls to mind the lament of the Indian women in the "Legend"

Minnewaukan! Spirit water!
Cause of woe to me and mine!

But if the day is sunny the eyes turn to the green upholstered bluff lying in contented comfort along the shore of the lake, viewing its own graceful reflection in the quiet waters.

Another view is from the west looking over the north and of Sully's hill out over the open lake to the wooded shore line of the old Chautauqua Point twelve or fifteen miles away. From the sparkling, dimpling expanse of blue the eye slowly returns to the irregular line of the bay on the near shore, the green plush of shrubs and bushes, the white dots of prairie bowlders here and there, and an occasional tree which has persisted in its present location and stands now in solitary dignity, symmetrical in shape and outline; a typical growth according to its nature. Such an independent growth inspired Joyce Kimer to write:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts its leafy arms to pray.

* * * * *

Poems were made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree.

If one visits the Park in the late fall after all things green and gold have lain down to sleep, the charm of winding roads, tan and russet hill slopes and the deep neutral colors of naked tree trunks and shrubs are all blended in the gray and blue of depth and distance, and everywhere there is color, not the fresh greens of spring and summer, and the brilliant hues of autumn, but the soft yellows of dull green in the low plains, the burnt sienna of frosted leaves by the road, and on the hill sides the roots of grasses wrapped in their dark red winter flannels. The center of every clump of willows is red-violet, the shadows in the woods are blue-violet, while the lowering sun causes veils of royal purple to settle in all low places and clothe the hills and valleys with a majesty all their own. The people of North Dakota should not go elsewhere for quiet natural beauty, but visit Sully's Hill National Park.

THE PROPOSED ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL NATIONAL PARK

Whether or not Congress takes the action necessary to make this interesting tract of land a National Park, the scenery still will be wild and rugged, the formations peculiar and grotesque, the views magnificent and awe-inspiring while the sun when rising and setting will spread over all the miles of this Wonderland of Western North Dakota a dreamy and magical light as mysterious as it is beautiful.

This tract of land was described by the early French settlers when they attempted to cross it with their wagons as "bad lands to travel through". Any one who since then has attempted to do what they did will make the same remarks. But we do not travel that way to-day, nor do we traverse that country for the sole purpose of reaching the other side. The name probably

will never be changed and it remains to be seen if public opinion as expressed by constantly increasing numbers of tourists will give a different meaning to the two words we employ now — The Bad Lands.

This great natural curiosity of Mother Nature's stretches for 158 miles from the "Grand Canyon of the Little Missouri" in McKenzie County to south of the Milwaukee Railroad in Northwestern Bowman County, and is probably some forty miles wide. In this territory are the little Grand Canyon, the Peaceful Valley Ranch, Medora, The Chateau de Mores, The Chimney Butte, The Custer Trail and HT Ranches of the early days, Black Butte, — 3468 feet, — the highest point in the state, the burning coal mine, Camel's Hump, Sentinel Butte, the Killdeer Mountains and many other lesser and quite unknown heights and curious formations which delight the eye and cause exclamations of wonder and admiration.

The gem of the collection is the valley in the midst of the Petrified Forest which is reached from The Peace Valley Ranch, four miles north of Medora. The thrills begin before reaching the ranch — a very few minutes after driving out the east road from Medora when the car suddenly tops the first irregularity and one looks down an almost impossibly steep road which winds far down and then up an incline which is gentle compared with the one just descended. Each hill and turn in these four miles opens up a new vista of delight. But this ride is but a preparation for what is coming in the forest a few hours later.

Scientists, geographers and world travelers have visited the forest to admire, exclaim, explain, and discuss and at least to leave again, declaring there is nothing like it yet found elsewhere in the world.

The continual use of the words "petrified forest"

gives the impression that a wide territory is covered with standing trees of stone. But there is no shade in this "forest," the trees long since have ceased to shed their leaves. Each of the two words apply to periods far separated in time. These ancient monarch of a "dead past," — these giants whose branches once waved in the breezes of the Cretaceous Age have fallen and their immense trunks and stumps now strew the ground and lie buried in the soil mutely testifying to a glory long past, — of a "forest primeval." Of these it may be said truly,

This was the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, distinct in the
twilight,
Stood like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stood like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Who can say what mighty forces have been active during the unnumbered ages since then. The size of the trunks and stumps tell the ages the trees were growing; the composition and formations of the ground now tell that it was at least once at the bottom of the sea level. The stumps lie in uttermost confusion in and upon the irregular sides of the canyon. Their positions and the details of the clay surface are continually changing by reason of the action of wind and rain, which causes those stumps most exposed finally to be washed out and to roll down the hillside, other stumps to become exposed which in time change their position as the confining clay is washed away day by day, month by month, year by year. The stump-studded sides of the canyon lying like a yawning crack in the earth's surface is a sight to stir the imagination:

In the high and far off times before the years were numbered, Mother Earth evolved a preparation for the

enjoyment of her children's children unto the nth generations. She carefully mixed together the finest of clays which she "creamed" for endless ages adding from time to time instead of nuts and bits of spice, tree trunks and stumps which during the process of time absorbed elements from the general mass which changed entirely the original substances. In the processes of development came the "testing-time" and here in this particular canyon the huge "loaf" was broken open, and in the crack thus made are displayed to the eyes of the astonished "children" the broken irregular surface filled, not with nuts and bits of spice, but with stumps and logs of stone having the exact form and structure of the original, but coming to light in every position and attitude — right side up, upside down, sideways and at right angles, which positions are being continually shifted and changed by the forces of nature, even as nuts and bits of spice fall from the exposed break in a toothsome loaf cake and roll to the lowest level. A giant nut cake of the "stone age" exhibited for our wonder and which makes us murmur "There were, indeed, giants in those days!" The forces of nature are still at work about us but because the mass is so great the action is scarcely noticeable in an ordinary life-time.

Many different visitors have paid tribute to the Bad Lands by attempting to describe what has been seen. But each description is but a picture of some particular place or view till the results reminds one of the old story of the five blind men of India who went to "see" the elephant; One felt of the trunk and returned to his place to ponder upon the revelation; the second felt of the tusk, the third of the animal's side, the fourth of a leg, and the fifth of his tail. The five then began to congratulate each other upon their good fortune in



SUNSET ON SPIRITWOOD LAKE IN STUTSMAN COUNTY



WALHALLA STATE PARK

having seen such a marvelous beast, till the first one remarked: "But I never imagined an elephant was so like a rubber hose." "Hose," exclaimed the second "why he is just like a pointed javelin." Whereat the third declared, "You are all crazy, an elephant is like the side of a house," and the fourth maintained he was like a huge tree trunk, while the fifth said he was "exactly like a rope with a frayed out end." While they couldn't agree upon the exact form they did agree that the elephant was a most marvelous animal.

When people visit the Bad Lands they "see" different phases: Some are impressed with fear of going over "those awful roads," to some the grotesque formations are "odd," "queer," or "funny"; others wonder continually how the formations have been caused, while others search for likenesses to familiar objects and find many; some are intoxicated with the color impressions and tell only of that phase; General Sully wrote they "resembled the bottom of Hell with the fires put out." At the end of her school term, a teacher said: "They may be beautiful to look at, but they are awful to live with," and a driver after listening to the exclamations of a visitor remarked, "I don't know what you're talking about, its all so ugly to me." Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "We may search the world over for beauty, but we shall not find it unless we carry it with us."

No two parties of visitors see the Bad Lands under the same conditions or with the same background for comparison, or with the same fund of information for interpretation. Some see them under gray skies and through clinging mists; some under blue skies and in bright sunshine; some with the freshness of spring greens in the Canyons and water courses against the yellows and reds of the natural and burned clays; and

some are thrilled with the riot of autumn hues intensified by the colors of the clay. And always, everywhere the dull grays, drabs and buffs are contrasted by bands of sombre brown and black seams of coal, all of which is the background for the artist hand which has used yellows, rich reds and purples, dull green buffalo grass, silver sage, and blue green juniper in lavish profusion.

The description of The Killdeer Mountains, Black Butte, and the burning coal mine already have been published; Sunset from Sentinel Butte is another story.

The proposed Park has one great advantage in that it can be reached from four railroad lines: The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul takes one to Marmarth; The Great Northern to Watford City, and the Soo to Sanish. Marmarth and Medora are in the Bad Lands; Watford City and Sanish within a short distance as we measure distance today. Three highways lead to the Park territory: The Yellow Trail; The Parks Highway, formerly the Red Trail; and the Theodore Roosevelt International Highway. In addition to these already existing it is planned to have a highway following the line of the canyon of the Little Missouri from Marmarth to Watford City.

Besides the scenic beauty and natural wonders of this park region the romance of history and adventure electrifies the very atmosphere. Through this country General Sully traveled and General Custer marched on his campaign against Sitting Bull to his last fight in the valley of the Little Big Horn. The hills around Medora witnessed the rise and fall of that prince of adventures, the Marquis de Mores, and here, too, our own Great American for whom it is proposed to name the Park, breathed in the sunshine, slept under the open skies, rode over the then pathless hills and can-

yons and developed a strength of mind and body as characteristic as his surroundings.

It was of a country such as this that Badger Clark, South Dakota's cowboy poet wrote,

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,
I loved creation better as it stood
That day you finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down thru tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small,
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

No matter where "home" is in our state, if one obeys the impulse and takes Horace Greeley's advise given so long ago, "Go West," one eventually will enter the land of adventure at the end of the rainbow, a trip through the Bad Lands in the proposed Roosevelt Memorial National Park.

VERENDRYE NATIONAL PARK

About a mile and a half southwest of Sanish in Mountrail County, overlooking the Missouri River, is

a tract of land set aside by the National Government in commemoration of the camp site of the first white explorer in what is now North Dakota land.

The significance of this national monument, established June 29, 1917, is that it marks the spot on the left bank of the upper Missouri River where the sons of the celebrated French explorer, Verendrye, camped during their explorations in 1742, more than 60 years prior to the expedition of Lewis and Clark. It is associated with the first explorations of North Dakota and the interior of the Northwest. The records of their journeys are the subject of conflicting interpretations, but there is no question that the elder Verendrye was the first to enter North Dakota, this being in 1738, when he approached within a day's journey of the upper Missouri. Thus it is that picturesque Crow-Flies-High Butte, comprising 307 acres and rising 565 feet above the river on its left bank and the central feature of the monument, is one of the most important landmarks associated with the Verendrye explorations.

Starting from his trading post on the Assiniboine River, Fort La Reine, the site of the present city of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada, the elder Verendrye and one son started on an overland journey to reach the western sea. Going southwest to Turtle Mountains and continuing the party arrived in December at an Indian village a day's journey from the Missouri, the residents of which he called the Mantannes. This was the terminus of the 1738 journey, as the whole party returned to Fort La Reine the following February. It was, however, the first recorded visit of white men in North Dakota.

In 1742 two sons of Verendrye led another exploring expedition, leaving Fort La Reine in April and reaching a Mantanne Indian village on the Missouri in less

than a month at the point where is now located the town of Sanish, North Dakota. Here they remained for two months before crossing. Journeying westward and southwestward between the Yellowstone and Little Missouri Rivers, they were finally turned back by a range of mountains, which in all probability was the Big Horn Range of the Rocky Mountains in northern Wyoming. Their return has resulted in conflicting interpretations of the route followed, but they reached the Mantanne village in May, 1743, rejoining their father at Fort La Reine on July 2. Like La Salle's imperial dream of French colonization, Verendrye planned and partly completed a fur-trade empire of continental dimensions, but like La Salle's it crumbled away to nothing. But Verendrye's journeyings, his discoveries, his plans and failures have an abiding place in western history.

Old Crossing at the Mantanne village became one of the most important fords of the Missouri and a highway of exploration and early trade. The monument lands were formerly included in the Fort Berthold Indian Reservation, the eastern part of which was opened to settlement in 1911. Payment for the lands included in the monument was made in 1921, when Congress appropriated funds to reimburse the Indians. The State Historical Society of North Dakota was largely instrumental in having the monument established to commemorate the Verendrye expedition to the upper Missouri. The new and growing town of Sanish, which adjoins the monument, is the terminus of a branch line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Sault Ste. Marie Railroad. Sanish may be reached by motorists from the Theodore Roosevelt International Highway crossing the northern part of the state by a side trip from Stanley, North Dakota.

Adolph Larsen, of Sanish, is custodian of the monument.

NATIONAL BIRD RESERVES

June 28, 1906 by act of Congress two national bird reserves were created in North Dakota.

STUMP LAKE reservation in Nelson County set aside the islands in the lake consisting of 27.39 acres. This was done March 9. Ducks, cormorants and other water fowl nest there.

August 28, 1908, CHASE LAKE reservation was created in Stutsman County. This reserve is larger than the one in Stump Lake. It lies in the top of the range of hills which crosses the western edge of the county north of Medina. The lake is surrounded by a thick fringe of timber and undergrowth of shrubs which together with the islands in the lake form an ideal place for both land and water birds. About twenty different kinds of birds nest here each year.

XIX

THE STATE PARKS OF NORTH DAKOTA

Many people will be surprised to know that we have a system of parks in the state arranged for by the legislature with a constitution which provides for increases and the up-keep of the tracts of land when deeded to the State Historical Society, which is the custodian provided by the law.

These facts regarding the parks I have received from the publications of the State Historical Society, from correspondence and personal conversations with Dr. O. G. Libby, Hon. L. F. Crawford, and Major Dana Wright, as well as through personal visits to the park places themselves, where I met and talked with others who could give me information. The following is a composite of many conversations, letters and personal visits.

The preamble to the constitution for the State Parks of North Dakota contains these words: "It is the purpose of the State Park System to secure the preservation of places of historical interest and to commemorate the events that occurred at these points by markers or by monuments with appropriate inscriptions. In the management of the State Parks it shall be the policy of each commission to use only native flora, the trees, flowers, and shrubs that belong to the general region to which each park belongs.

"It is very desirable, as soon as practicable, that the State Parks be used for the preservation and study of such wild animals as can be cared for within their

limits, "that for a few months each year provision be made within the park for the residence there of an Indian family or some individual versed in Indian customs, both from the point of view of care of the park and of the educational value to the public."

A good beginning has been made toward such a park system, in that the State Historical Society which is by law custodian of these parks now holds the deeds to a large number of sites, which have historic interest. Some of these are large enough to answer all the purposes which are mentioned in the preamble above: others are only large enough to contain a marker with bronze tablet to tell why this spot is a historic monument.

Of the seven sites which first came under the direction of the State Historical Society, only two have been developed up to this time, the ones at Pembina and at Abercrombie. The other five are in their original state, awaiting such time as the Society shall have the means and the inspiration at the same time.

THE WALHALLA STATE PARK

is beautifully located on the Pembina River. It contains a part of the original log building erected by Norman W. Kittson for a trading post in 1843; also the excavation made in 1801 by Alexander Henry, Jr. for the earliest trading post located on Dakota land. There is a heavy growth of timber along the river, and altogether the situation is ideal for establishing the purposes outlined in the preamble of the constitution for the State Park System.

FT. ABERCROMBIE STATE PARK

This plot of six and a quarter acres contains a portion of the military reserve upon which was built in

1858 the first Federal fort within the limits of the state. The site is just east and adjoining the town. The land lies in a bend of the Red River of the North and was on the Old Cart Trail from Winnipeg to St. Paul. As many as 600 carts have come in on one train. The fort was in a very important position and the troops quartered there experienced many stirring adventures. Fort Abercrombie was located where the West began in those days. Here four troops of soldiers wintered in 1873 on their way to join Custer at Fort A. Lincoln on the Missouri. In 1874, 1800 mules were kept there in eleven big barns, to be sent on to Fort Totten in the spring. This was the transportation depot for all points west: shops of all kinds were maintained here, among them a saddler and a wheelwright. Today the park in memory of the times long past is a quiet peaceful grass-grown tract enclosed by an iron fence. Some two hundred trees have been set out, and are growing in ornamental clumps about the ground. A log house has been erected for museum and social purposes: one solitary Red River cart stands between two sentinel trees, a lonely reminder of the hundreds which once came that way; a government wagon stands beside it for company, but each represents a different age and a different use.

FT. A. LINCOLN STATE PARK

This reserve includes a part of the old Fort A. Lincoln military grounds and the top of the high bluff overlooking the Missouri River about six miles south of Mandan. If the visitor is very ambitious he will climb to the top of the hill and locate the old buildings which were one time the infantry post of Fort McKean. This post was abandoned when General Custer came out in 1873 and established the Cavalry

post at the foot of the hill where the broad flat offered an ideal drill and parade ground for horses and men.

This reserve also includes the site of an ancient Indian village. The lodge circles can be traced on the sloping hillside east of the auto road where the descent begins. There are seventy-five and one-half acres in this reserve.

FORT RICE STATE PARK

Some twenty or twenty-five miles south of the A. Lincoln site is the Fort Rice, also close to the Missouri River. The site is off the main traveled road and the visitor must hunt for what he wants to find. There is no mistaking the place when he arrives: Two small cannon and a few balls marks the place over which is a huge poster which announces in two directions at the same time.

FORT RICE

ESTABLISHED BY GEN. SULLY IN 1864.

RELINQUISHED IN 1884. SITE DEDICATED

TO STATE BY CITIZENS, JULY 27, 1913.

The scars which indicate the positions of the fort buildings are very much in evidence, but there is nothing to tell what the different buildings were.

ARIKARA INDIAN VILLAGE STATE PARK

This tract of land lies between the track of the Northern Pacific Railroad and the Missouri River, a half mile south of Huff. The site is enclosed by a pasture fence, but it is worth rolling under the three or four barbed wires to take a walk over the old "streets." The lodge circles are quite perfect so that one can easily count the number of families in the end of the village which has now been converted into a cornfield.



THE MARKER ON THE OLD RED RIVER OX-CART TRAIL



THE MARKER AND GUNS OF '64 ON SITE OF FT. RICE

Each circle has an opening to the east where the doorway was closed with a tanned animal skin: thus there was no earth embankment there, the ruins of the earth covered walls having made the circles. In the center of each circle may be found the depression which was the fireplace. We found charcoal in one such depression. At the southeast corner of the embankment which marks the stockade there is a well-defined path leading down to the river. This may have been the very path used by the village when they carried up water in pots, and which has been kept open by cattle and other animals. The lookout stations along the stockade are easily located.

THE CAVALIER STATE PARK

This plot of land is located on O'Brien's Coulee one mile west of the village of Olga. It is the site of one of the many battles fought in 1848 between the buffalo hunters from Canada and the Sioux. The old embankment which was the defence of the hunters is still to be seen.

THE PEMBINA STATE PARK

The citizens of Pembina realizing the importance of preserving and suitably marking that tract of land within its city limits which has been occupied since the first white man came to the great Northwest, deeded to the State Historical Society land beautifully located between the Pembina and Red Rivers.

Here the white man first began his conquest of the Red River Valley. Here were the early settlements, forts, schools, and trading posts in this section of the United States. As early as 1734 French traders came up the Red River to this point of land and traded with

the Indians for the country was noted as a famous hunting ground. On this point of land in 1797, Chaboillez built the first trading post in this state. At a point directly opposite across the Pembina River was the site of the trading post and stockade built by Alexander Henry, Jr. in 1801.

Here in 1806 the Selkirk settlers established winter quarters and built a fort called Fort Daer. They built their huts, surrounded by a stockade on the south bank of the Pembina River where it empties into the Red River and lived in them for many winters.

In 1818 the Roman Catholic Church was established here. The Scotch Presbyterian Church and the Church of England had missionaries here as early as 1820 or 1821.

On the north bank of the Pembina River, the first military fort in this portion of the state was erected in 1863 by Hatch's Battalion. Here were erected the warehouses of James J. Hill and his associates in the pioneer days of steamboating on the Red River.

Many of the citizens of Pembina are devoting time and money in planting the park to native flora and shrubs. It is now known as Pembina State Park, and in memory of the Selkirk settlers the roadway which circles the park is called Selkirk Drive. In 1924 the citizens of Pembina township erected a beautiful monument in the park in honor of the soldier boys of this immediate vicinity who lost their lives in the World War.

At the present time a bridge is being erected over the Red River at this point. It will be the second largest bridge in the state and the highway leading to and from it will pass directly through the State Park. Along this roadway will be planted stately elms, and when all of the work contemplated has been carried

to completion, this famous tract of ground will have been converted into a beauty spot of which the state and the people of Pembina might well be proud.

The State Legislature makes an appropriation of \$1500 for two years for one-half of the upkeep of these parks; the other half of the amount and as much more as may be desired is raised by the local community.

THE NEWER STATE PARKS

Under the provisions of the law governing the acquiring of new tracts of land to be reserved for State Park sites by reason of some historical interest or event, connected with the development of the state, the State Historical Society has received since 1921 deeds to a number of small tracts, and on several of these, markers have been set up, which contain the reasons for making the reservation.

Aside from having visited in person some of these places, my information is had from the records of the Historical Society, and from conversations with Major Dana Wright, who personally made the investigations for the Society.

HOMER STATE PARK

Five acres in Homer township in Stutsman County, lying along the James River between the Midland Continental tracks and the road has been located as the scene of old Indian camps, and is believed to have been the place where a sharp battle between soldiers and Indians took place. A number of rifle stocks, brass buttons, bridle pieces marked "U. S. A.," and other things indicate that a battle has been fought there. In 1873 when an excavation for a cellar was made, the bones of several Indians were uncovered. This tract has been part of the property of the State Hos-

pital, but its administration has been transferred to the State Historical Society.

STREETER STATE PARK

A tract of 62.9 acres about six miles northwest of Streeter, which includes the south shore of Lake George or Salt Lake in Kidder County, has been deeded to the state by the citizens of this community as a Memorial to the service men from Streeter who served in the World War.

This beautiful sand beach on a deep salt water lake is much used by the people from the three nearby counties.

The park was created in 1922. Efforts are being made to encourage tree planting, and other improvements will be made.

FRED SMITH STATE PARK

This tract of land containing about two acres is of rather unusual interest, but of no historical significance. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith, Sr., deeded the land to the State Historical Society as a memorial to their son, Fred Smith, Jr., who died following his return from military camp, June 3, 1917.

The park site lies in a ravine some three or four miles south and east of Jamestown, south of the Midland Railway where the road runs under the railway bridge.

The site is an irregular shaped piece, and is valuable to the state for the wide range of native plant life it contains. These plants will be protected and preserved and other specimens added. The park was dedicated July 3, 1924, at which time little LaVerne Smith unveiled the granite marker which was raised to the memory of her uncle.

STATE PARK SITES ALONG THE SIBLEY TRAIL

During the summer of 1863 Gen. Sibley conducted quite an extensive campaign in the southeastern part of our state where his name carries historical significance to Sibley Island, in the Missouri River east of the site of Fort A. Lincoln, the Sibley Hotel in Dawson, and Lake Sibley in Griggs County. On Apple Creek south of Bismarck, a memorial tablet has been placed to mark the site where the first Masonic Lodge was convened for the burial of Lieutenant Beever who was a member of General Sibley's staff, and who was killed here the last of July 1863. (See Monuments and Memorials.)

Beginning in southern Sargent County, the pictures show that the army chose a beautiful route along the shores of Lakes Kandiotia and Storm where they would have cool breezes from the water; the crossings on the Sheyenne are real beauty spots; one can easily imagine that the men were in no hurry to move on, but the locations of the camps from night to night determined from old descriptive records and the grass-grown remains of the sod embankments built up each night as a protection from possible attacks from the unfriendly Indians, prove that they did not linger along the way.

While the Trail has been followed and identified and the pictures taken, the first granite marker has been set up on a little mound in the center of the site of CAMP WEISER one mile southeast of Eastedge in Barnes County on the farm of Mr. Edward Storhoff. The marker bears this inscription:

SIBLEY TRAIL
CAMP J. S. WEISER
JULY 13-14
1863

A few of the old trenches may still be found where the army rested during the night of July 13-14. Mr. Storhoff has deeded to the Society a tract of land 33 feet square in the center of the old camp, which was named for the surgeon with the expedition who was killed ten days later north of Tappen in Kidder County.

There are no markers at Sibley Crossing or Camp Corning in northern Barnes County where the Society holds a deed for forty-nine square rods.

John Thune of Binford on whose land Camp Atcheson (July 18) was located has erected a signboard giving a brief history of that camp. This park contains about two-fifths of an acre.

On July 22-23 Camp Kimball was established about three miles northeast of the Hawks Nest Hill, along the Pipestone River. This park is four rods wide and five long. The owners who live in Chicago have donated this tract to the Society.

On the top of the McPhail Butte in central Kidder County is a marker which reads:

SIBLEY TRAIL
McPHAIL'S BUTTE
JULY 24, 1863

This marks the place where Colonel Samuel McPhail stood while he commanded his regiment during the battle of Big Mound on the above date. The butte overlooks the battlefield and the Indian camp ground. The park contains about one-third acre.

The John Burman State Park is named for the man who donated the bit of land on which is placed the marker which carries this inscription:

SIBLEY TRAIL
DR. J. S. WEISER
KILLED HERE BY INDIANS
JULY 24, 1863

It is not claimed that the huge prairie boulder which supports the marker is on the exact spot where Dr. Weiser fell, but it is as near as it is possible to place it after the sixty years since the shooting. Dr. Weiser's body lies in a nearby pasture under a mound of stones with a simple marble marker, "Dr. J. S. Weiser, 1863."

The last point which has been established marking the incidents in the Sibley campaign is Chaska Memorial Park in Burleigh County, north of Driscoll, where the Sioux Scout "Chaska" is buried. Chaska was one of the most intelligent and reliable of the scouts who helped guide the expedition from Minnesota to the Missouri. It was on the return trip from the river in camp on the night of August 2, that the good scout was taken ill with convulsions and died in a few hours. It is thought he accidentally drank poison instead of medicine for which he had asked.

There are still many other points of interest to be located and marked. This work is being done as rapidly as the State Historical Society funds will allow.

XX

COUNTY PARKS

LAMOURE COUNTY MEMORIAL PARK AT GRAND RAPIDS

As the name suggests, this park of fifty acres of beautiful woodland lying in the very arms of the James River one mile north of Grand Rapids, has been set aside by the people of LaMoure County in memory of their boys who sleep in Flanders Fields.

The land aside from its present value has an historical interest for the "old timers" of LaMoure County, for the reason that Major "Cap." Elliott of the 124 Illinois Infantry was detailed in 1878, because of his keen sense for directions, by the federal authorities to hunt for the notorious Jesse James who was somewhere in this northwest territory. He was in great demand also to locate settlers in this new country.

In the spring of 1879 he located a Mrs. Allen on a beautiful farm in the James River Valley, a mile north of the present site of Grand Rapids. The lumber to build the first house in LaMoure County was floated down the river on rafts from Jamestown. This house still stands. Mrs. Allen later became Mrs. "Cap." Elliott.

A part of this first "improved" homestead in LaMoure County was formally dedicated on September 20, 1920, to the soldiers who served in the World War. A visitor to the park describes it thus:

"A meeting place where people from the town and country may meet; a meeting place where closer bonds



ON McPHAIL'S BUTTE



IN CHAUTAUQUA PARK, VALLEY CITY

of friendship may be made; a meeting place where people may be taught to realize the pleasure and profit of play — with each other."

This is the profound ideal of supporters and workers of the LaMoure County Memorial Park — the only park of its type in North Dakota. That the project is successful is attested by the fact that each agreeable summer day sees hundreds of picnickers and visitors from this and surrounding counties meet in the shade protected park grounds.

The tract of land was purchased by the citizens of LaMoure County in 1919 for the purpose of erecting a memorial to those who participated in the World War, a memorial which has some utilitarian value and which isn't erected merely to inspire awe and invoke admiration. This memorial was created with the idea of establishing a much needed amusement center in the county, a place which would be open to all and one in which every one was vitally interested.

One of the first improvements was the erection of an auditorium. During the spring of 1921 plans for this began to materialize. The site chosen for the building seemed especially designed for the purpose by nature, for it is a beautiful spot and at the same time it is partially isolated making it possible to hold entertainments in it without being annoyed by the confusion and noise of the children who are making use of the playground or the grown folks on or around the baseball diamond. The auditorium is equipped with sliding doors, so although only 1440 persons can be seated, it is possible for 3000 to see and to hear.

A full time resident caretaker superintends the park, and for him a stuccoed cottage and garage was built. In its selection of superintendents the county has secured reliable men who live in the park the entire year.

Under their careful supervision, roads have been marked off in such a way that the traffic may be handled with ease on the days when the park is filled with cars. Permanent fences have been erected to keep cars from entering the space set aside for the children, and also where the roads and playground are near the river's bank. Formal entrance gates have been constructed; a metal flag post set in concrete is near the entrance as well as a small cannon. This gives the proper military setting, and tends to remind one of the origin of the purchase and creation of this memorial.

The park seems a paradise to the children, a veritable fairy land. For here are sand boxes, swings, teeters, giant strides, and slides. There are places to play ball and refreshment stands. But it is not only a paradise for the children. Some of the old grey haired men make one ringer after another, while at the old game of horseshoe, three greens having been fixed up. Then there is the baseball diamond in the open space in the eastern part laid out according to baseball regulations and surrounded by a high woven-wire fence. For those who are not inclined to be so active, havens of rest are easily found. There are innumerable places to picnic. Six wells of good water, fire places, piles of wood, benches and tables, located in sheltered spots, are a few of the conveniences which entice the people to return after they have once visited the park.

The beauty of the place is that one may enjoy himself whether he feels like being exclusive or one of the hilarious crowd. There are quiet secluded spots where one can sleep, read or chat. Then one has always the opportunity to wander around, mix with the crowd, meet old friends and make new ones.

Tennis courts have been laid out, but they are not yet completed. Plans for a swimming pool are brewing. There is also talk of purchasing more land and enlarging the park. These are just a few of the many things that will be done "in the near future."

STUMP LAKE—NELSON COUNTY'S PARK

Stump Lake is certainly not an attractive name, but like the term "Bad Lands" it is descriptive of the one phase of that with which it has become associated, and is now used to name it. The lake lies about fourteen miles straight south of Lakota. It was at one time connected with Devils Lake, being eight or ten miles west of it, and had an outlet into the Sheyenne River, a bend of which runs but five or six miles farther south.

The unattractive name comes from the large number of stumps which are to be seen in the now dry bed, and when the water is very shallow, in the old bottom, some fifty feet below the one-time outlet. There is a story told by the oldest Indians that in the days when all this country was their undisputed territory the present stumpy lake bottom was a thick forest of goodly trees. One fall the Indians who hunted here left this forest land during a period of warfare and did not return till spring, when they found the forest had been swallowed up by the lake which is to be seen today. I have been unable to find any reference to such a happening in any study that has been made of the Devils Lake region, but there are innumerable dead stumps standing in this part of the lake, and water-washed logs of every size strew the ground; all of which gives reason for such a story if there be no truth in the tale itself.

Sometime in 1919 the point of land at the east end

of the lake was laid out for a pleasure and recreation park, and dedicated as a War Memorial under the name of Nelson County Memorial Park which is much more inviting than the lake name, although the sunken forest of stumps remains one of the attractions of the place.

The park place has been improved by care but has lost none of its natural beauty. The underbrush has been cleared for play grounds, ball park, and picnic purposes. An auditorium and pavilion has been erected and some apparatus for the play grounds supplied, while bath and boat houses have been built at the water's edge. Row boats and motor launches are on the water, and a wonderful bathing beach delights the visitors. County Play Day, Fourth of July, and all high days and holidays during the summer are observed here, also programs and lectures of wide interest.

In the early '80's the village of Wamduska stood on the north shore of the lake. It was thought the Great Northern Railroad would be laid straight west from Grand Forks, and the village grew in this anticipation; but when the railroad went north of Devils Lake, Wamduska faded away. The only evidence of the settlement is the Wamduska Hotel, a frame building with brick veneer of seventy-five rooms which is a farm storehouse today — the evidence of a dream that did not come true.

March 9, 1905, Congress set aside the islands in the southwest bay of the lake from which was created the Stump Lake Bird Reserve of 27.39 acres, where hundreds of ducks, cormorants and other water fowl nest every year.

All the adventures of legend and story can not supply the past history of Stump Lake with a more satisfactory chapter than is being written there today: the

islands in the lake furnish a haven of safety and natural habitation for the water birds of that region, where they may nest, raise their young and come and go as Mother Nature dictates, protected by the highest laws of the land. At the other end of the lake is the gathering place for those who also need the recreation afforded by the water, the open air, the trees and the grass, the flowers and the birds, where they too, may come and go at will with the opportunity of indulging in such sports and pleasures for the time that when the sterner duties and concerns of life are again taken up the tasks are approached with rested bodies, minds, and souls.

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday,
Among the hills, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing herds
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

THE MOUSE RIVER PARK

This park is located thirteen miles west and two miles north of Mohall in Renville County. The property lies along the graceful, grassy banks of a loop in the Mouse River which in many places are hidden completely by the willows and other over-hanging shrubs. The trees along here are of good size. The Renville County Chautauqua holds its programs here each summer where a half hundred cottages have been erected and three times as many tents are in use.

The Mouse River is wide enough to permit of all sorts of water sports. Row boats and launches are in continual use; a splendid ball park is laid out and com-

fortable picnic grounds are well kept. The Mouse River Park is the playground of the northwest corner of the state. Indeed this river is responsible for many Beauty Spots which bring joy and happy days to the people who live within reasonable driving distance. The Beautiful Park System at Minot owes its site to the Mouse as does the Velva City in McHenry County.

When the mind thinks back over the ages to the time when the melting ice sheet which covered all this county a half mile deep and supplied such a volume of water that the swift flowing stream wore the great valley whose sides now form picturesque backgrounds for quiet peaceful farm buildings, it is almost impossible to realize that the fierce aggressor of so long ago is the ancestor of the gently flowing Mouse that follows in the old channel with quiet murmur instead of turbulent roar.

Some of the first settlements in Renville County were close to the site of the Mouse River Park. The building of vertical logs which was a part of the original equipment of the McKinney and Young Cattle Ranch built in 1884, is an interesting "exhibit" as is the old flour mill built in 1903 by W. J. Peff.

In years to come these relics of the days that are gone, may be decorated with bronze plates, and surrounded by protecting iron chains, while curious and admiring crowds of tourists stand about to listen to a professional guide tell of the customs of the people who lived back in the XIX century when they built houses of logs and where water furnished power for grinding grain into flour. But in the meantime they furnish points of interest which are objectives for the visitors who look for "something to see" when they visit The Mouse River Park.

STUTSMAN COUNTY PARK AT SPIRITWOOD

About ten miles north and east of Jamestown is Spiritwood, a fresh-water, spring-fed lake lying like a sapphire in a setting of emerald. The trees and shrubs grow close to the water's edge and rolling hills rise beyond on all sides. The shore line is several miles in extent. A number of permanent buildings have been put up—bath houses, lunch room, auditorium, dance pavilion, besides a number of cottages. Chautauqua programs have been held here for many years. It is the recreation resort for people from all parts of Stutsman and from the adjoining counties.

The Indian name for the lake is Minneskaya. A few years ago the Jamestown Alert printed the following item of interest regarding the Indian name:

"Some time ago Dana Wright found on an old government map of trails through Dakota the original Indian name of Spiritwood Lake. This name which the Indians applied to the lake has a meaning all of its own.

"Mr. Wright communicated his discovery with Dr. A. McG. Beede, county judge at Fort Yates, who is familiar with Indian lore and languages in this state. Dr. Beede in replying to questions about the meaning of the Indian name of the lake, said that the Western Sioux knew all about Spiritwood Lake, particularly the old ones, as they do of most of the other lakes 'west of the water shed.' He states that the meaning of Minneskaya, a word in common use among the western Sioux, is water foaming, with white foam on top. It is applied especially to fresh and not to brackish water. It refers, particularly to water that is wholesome to drink. It has been applied by the Indians to the water of Missouri where it has a pleasant white froth upon it in cool eddies. Minnetaga means the foam or froth

itself, Minneskaya means the water with the foam or froth upon it."

The water of Spiritwood Lake is among the freshest and most wholesome of any lake in North Dakota, as it is fed constantly by springs that must have a tremendous capacity. The unusual rise of the lake the past season is due entirely to this supply of spring water from sources more or less remote.

XXI

CITY PARKS

THE PARKS OF VALLEY CITY

The Sheyenne River which furnishes the setting for the parks of Valley City today was the beginning, and is a part of what now remains of old Lake Agassiz. The changes in the life history of this river are as varied as those of a butterfly: it began with the beginning of Lake Agassiz, then when that body covered 110,000 square miles it was the connection between the lake and Lake Souris. But like Rome its greatness is now past, and it is content to flow peacefully and quietly between its green banks, murmuring of the glory that has been, for the ears of those who understand.

Today we say the Sheyenne rises in Sheridan County, only a few miles west of the place where the James River has its beginning in Wells County, and follows practically the same direction as the James, till a few miles south of Lisbon where the course changes to the east and northeast until it joins the Red River of the North, a few miles north of Fargo, continuing on its northern way till at last by way of Hudson Bay its waters mingle with those of the stormy Atlantic. So it would be possible for two drops of water to fall within a few miles of each other in a certain given area in North Dakota, and one by way of the James River and the southern route, the other by way of the Sheyenne River and the northern route meet in the great expanse of ocean. But what has this story to do with the parks of Valley City? Nothing, and everything. It

always adds to the immediate interest to know something of the what and where and when and why that have gone before.

Valley City boasts six park sites under the supervision of a City Park Board, the members of which are D. W. Clark, president; John D. Gray, F. W. Heidel, Hugh McDonald, and S. D. Ellis, with W. T. Craswell, clerk.

The oldest site is the City Park, near the center of the residential section. The original tract was acquired in 1882. It has since been enlarged to thirteen acres which, lying in the graceful curves of the river, have been cleared and improved, and beautified with flower beds and carefully cared-for grass plots and a zoo. Recently a bandstand has been erected where the Municipal Band on Sunday afternoon gives concerts during the summer months. The Zoo, at present, consists of pheasants, eagles and geese; and bear, deer, badgers and other animals, most of which are native to the state. Some playground apparatus for children has been provided.

The park is a natural beauty spot, and with electric lights and police supervision at night it is a Sunday attraction for the people in near-by towns.

The Chautauqua Park north of the city was acquired at the time of the organization of the Chautauqua Association in 1910. This tract of twenty-one acres lies in a broad bend of the Sheyenne River, which is here deep and wide enough for motor and sail boats. The grounds have been cleared and extensive improvements made; a \$20,000 auditorium to seat 3000 people, and a suspension bridge to connect with the golf links, have been built; also bath houses where a splendid swimming pool has been provided. This park is used for the conferences held by several different religious denomina-



WADING POOL AT OAK PARK, MINOT



NATURE'S MIRROR ON BEAVER CREEK IN SEEMAN PARK

tions, and a number of families spend the summer weeks here. Plans are under way to erect kitchen and dining room accommodations for the conventions and those who live there during the summer.

In 1920 the Tourist Park in the east end of the city was established and equipped with bath house and hot and cold running water for both men and women, a kitchen and electric stove, tables for serving meals, and the service of full-time police supervision. Thousands of visitors are entertained here annually. A guest's register is maintained which contains this voluntary comment, written very frequently, "The best camp we have found."

The smaller parks, "each in its separate place," give a service of beauty to gladden the eye, or an opportunity for healthful happy sport.

Well laid out driveways follow the river, of which wonderfully beautiful views may be had from various points, showing the heavy foliage along the banks, bending down to the water to kiss the equally beautiful reflections, the artistic bridges built for beauty as well as use, and here and there over-hanging trees which serve as a frame to enhance the picture beyond. No drive is complete that does not take the visitor up to the top of the hill which years ago was the bank of the river from where the whole valley lies spread out like a giant garden spot. The view from the Northern Pacific Hi-line appears to the imagination; the city with all its comforts are but as pebbles in the valley which was once the bed through which rolled a mighty river, many times the size of the present steam, filling all the space now crossed by the N. P. bridge, and kept at flood for no one knows how long by the waters of the great melting Ice Sheet, during the closing stages of the Glacial Period. Those waters carved the walls

of the broad channel in which now lies peace and comfort and happiness, and bore the material thus eroded, together with sand and finer rock material into Lake Agassiz and there built up the great delta where are now the wonderfully fertile fields of the southeastern part of our state. And today all that we see of this tremendous force of nature is the story written on the hills, and the gentle streams that makes happy all who come within reach of its charm.

CAVALIER CITY PARK

Cavalier, in Pembina County, chose for its location a bend in the Tongue River which is a tributary of the Pembina River. The people of Cavalier chose the woods along the Tongue and along its tributary, Horse Shoe Coulee, which lies directly north of the west end of the town, for their park site.

The first plot of territory was surveyed and set aside for park purposes in the spring of 1914. Since then at different times small tracts have been added to the original site till now about six acres are included in the rambling irregular property which constitutes "The Park."

The trees are unusually wide and branching and stand close together. The underbrush has been cleared out, but rose bushes and other wild shrubs have been left here and there for the softness of outline they add. Trees have grown in the coulee, a part of which is dry several months of the year. An artistic rustic foot-bridge has been built by the Civitas Club over that part of the coulee where there is always water. Nothing prettier can be imagined than the view down toward this bridge, guarded by over-hanging trees and banked by shrubs, with bridge, trees and shrubs, all reflected in the water below.

The space south of the heaviest timber has been cleaned for Chautauqua purposes, and the whole grounds equipped with electric lights.

In spring and summer the grass under the trees is a real carpet of velvety green which extends to the very water's edge, broken occasionally by a tree growth which has been washed from its original place by the high water and taken root and grown out from the bank in a graceful upward curve. In places the stream is so narrow the branches of the trees on each bank meet above, forming miniature gothic arches which with the reflections below give the appearance of great space, while the shadows make the water seem very deep and mysterious; in other places the stream is broad enough for the sun to make great patches of golden light on the blue surface causing the depths to appear green which darkens away into the shadows where the green foliage on the banks is reflected.

During the autumn days the leaves are changing from greens to yellows and russet, while each day the graceful limbs of the trees are displayed more and more to the view.—

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods for winter waiting.

The people of Cavalier make much of their park. It is so close in that this bit of out-of-doors can be enjoyed for short walks "just in passing" and all the rest of the day made happier and easier for a few minutes close to nature. We cannot all be poets and blessed with the ability to put into words what we see and hear and feel; but we all can enjoy the things which the poets call to our attention. It was of a place like this that Helen Hunt Jackson wrote —

I never knew before what beds
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as thru the forest sweep
When all wild things lie down to sleep.

SEEMAN PARK AT LINTON

It is no unusual thing for people to live close to beauty and never see what is at hand either because the eyes do not know the beautiful or because the mind is so intent on some material task that all things which do not contribute to this one end pass unnoticed. But fortunately "we are made so that" when our attention is called to the beautiful wherever it may be "we love things we have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

This trait of the human nature is exemplified in the following story of the "discovering" by the people of Emmons county of a Beauty Spot in their midst, when L. D. Seeman of Linton gave to the city a tract of forty-seven acres, a mile and a half from town. However, the wise giver required that the city provide the improvements and maintenance. It is human nature to value more that which is not given outright.

The following information is supplied by Mrs. Henry H. Hanson of Linton:

Seeman Park, so named in honor of the donor, L. D. Seeman, a resident, was given to the City of Linton during the spring of 1919, provided that the park would be improved and maintained for public use. This "beauty spot" comprising about 47 acres is located about one and one-half miles southeast of Linton. A stream of water, the Big Beaver, a tributary to the Missouri, flows through the park thus affording visi-

tors a choice of either fishing, boating or swimming. For the latter, bath houses and diving boards are provided.

Across the stream from the bath houses is the ball park and play grounds. These are accessible from the new federal highway built through east of the park during the summer of 1923. As this highway connects the Red Trail of North Dakota with the Yellowstone Trail of South Dakota this park affords a pleasant refreshing stopping place enroute. On the ball grounds the baseball fans of Linton and the neighboring towns contest for the honors of the season each summer.

About \$6000 are invested in buildings and other improvements. Included in the buildings is a large pavilion having a floor 60 x 80 feet. Between the pavilion and the creek is a large picnic grove provided with tables and seats. A well of excellent drinking water beside the pavilion further provides the traveler or visitor with the necessary conveniences for enjoying a day there. The wooded banks of the creek not only offer comfort and beauty but many of the wild fruit varieties of shrubs contribute their share in attracting many there for the purpose of berry picking.

In this park the Annual County Play Day and Eighth Grade Commencement is held, usually during the first week in June. On June 4, 1923, over 100 graduates were seated on the large platform. The interest in these annual affairs as well as in having a holiday is shown by the large crowds in attendance from all parts of the county.

For years the people of Linton and vicinity little realized that such a "beauty spot" was within easy reach. At night the electric lights gleaming through the trees invite all who will to the restfulness of Emmons County's central point of attraction—Seeman Park.

THE PARKS OF JAMESTOWN

The James River which furnishes the setting for the Parks of Jamestown, and presumably the name for the city — is all that is now left of Lake Dakota, which was in its time an enlargement on a very large scale of this same river. On many of the maps the name "Dakota" is still used: on others the river is designated the "Dakota or James" River.

This quiet stream of water at no place large or important, nevertheless holds a world record — it is the longest unnavigable stream on this old globe. Rising in Wells County, northwest of Hurdsfield, it flows continually south with only enough east and west wandering to vary the monotony, for some five hundred miles, where it joins the Missouri on the southern boundary of South Dakota, its waters continuing on their southern way till they mingle with those of the stormy Atlantic.

But on their way to the great ocean they lend themselves in passing to beautify the city and to give pleasure in both summer and winter to the people of Jamestown.

The Park spirit had been abroad here since 1900 when title was acquired to the City Park property of fifty-two acres south of town. About eighteen acres are timber and the James River touches it on the south and west sides. The County Fair Association has several buildings and a race track on the untimbered space. The baseball ground and grandstand serve also for school athletics and out-door exhibitions. The Tourist Camp with artistic and convenient accommodations is located here most attractively and comfortably.

The second acquirement was Nickeus Park contain-

ing a little more than six acres, situated in the north part of town. The fountain erected in this tract is a memorial by Mrs. Fannie B. Nickeus to her husband, Johnson Nickeus, who was one of the early lawyers in Jamestown. The property was conveyed to the city in 1907 and is under the direction of the City Park Commission.

The third park property was acquired in the same year, being conveyed to the city by the heirs as a memorial to Anton Klaus, "The Father of Jamestown," a pioneer and builder. He built the Gladstone Hotel and the first flour mill. One of the old mill stones used for grinding flour in those early days is preserved in the park as a relic of days and times that are gone. This tract contains twenty-seven acres heavily timbered except for an open place ideal for playgrounds.

Both of these parks are equipped with apparatus for play, and athletic fields. The river has been deepened and graveled for bathing, and bath house accommodations provided. During the summer months a play ground director is in charge of all activities. Both places are used freely by both children and adults. Winding graveled driveways have been laid out which lead along the river banks and back under the trees so that several miles may be traversed in the cool shade and among the ancient, friendly, faithful trees. If these comfortable friends could talk to the visitors resting or being recreated or otherwise enjoying themselves in the fresh air, the sunshine and the shade what tales they could tell of the changes that untold years have brought to pass in this quiet valley that now lies so peacefully and beautifully between the sheltering banks which rise nearly 150 feet to the level of the prairie surrounding, but that once confined a broad and uncontrollable torrent. Our minds can think

back only a few minutes comparatively, to the coming of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and before that the troops of Generals Sully and Sibley. What did they see here? And to the days when before that the original happy and contented owners and inhabitants were startled by the sight of an occasional "paleface" — and before that — ?

The water which glistens in the sunlight and shadow, and slips by with unheeded murmurs could tell, if our ears but understood, of the adventures between the far off times when it came down to swell the volume of Lake Dakota and now as it quietly does its part to make happy the play fellows of this age as it flows to answer Nature's summons:

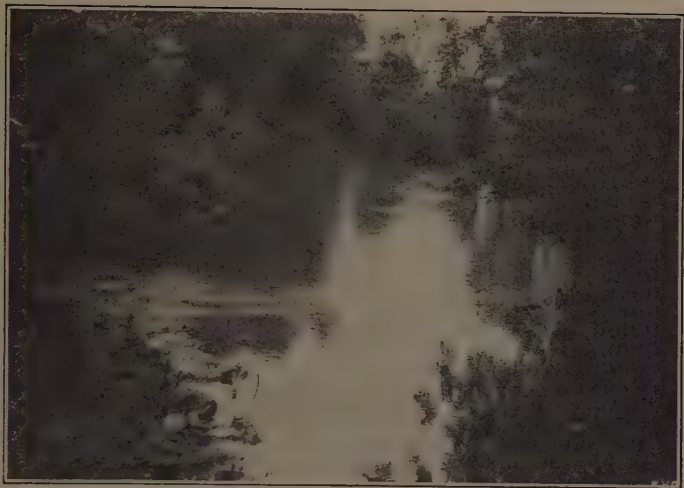
... I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls . . .

LAKEWOOD PARK, DEVILS LAKE

By the lake's still shining waters, on the rocks beside the strand
Are the bathers gaily laughing,—one delighted happy band.
For these waters still so smiling tossing sportive at their feet,
Have for years been softly sighing, happy mortals here to greet.

Something like this might be the beginning of a new "Legend of Minnewaukan" which would recount happiness instead of sorrow; for that part of the lake which now forms the beach at Lakewood Park has for more than thirty years been greeting happy bathers who came there from all parts of the state.

It has been Lakewood Park but a few years, but the bathing beach is familiar to those who love the water for



SIBLEY'S CROSSING ON THE SHEYENNE, TEN MILES SOUTHEAST OF LISBON



SIBLEY MARCHED ALONG THE SHORE OF LAKE KANDIOTTA, SARGENT COUNTY

it was a part of the popular Devils Lake Chautauqua Grounds which association was organized in 1893.

There are one hundred acres of heavy timber with a half mile of lake front. The grounds in the past years have been carefully laid out with open driveways to reach every part of the grounds, and convenient foot paths wherever necessary. There are ideal tennis courts and athletic fields; rustic seats and comfortable benches in the most desirable places. A three-story hotel building, pavilion, store, restaurant, lunch rooms, and ice cream stands give excellent service. There are many permanent cottages on the grounds; a few families live there the year round.

A 3000 capacity auditorium was erected years ago which is used during the ten-day Chautauqua season which is provided every summer.

Within the last few years the Devils Lake Boat and Yacht Club has erected a club house on the shore and established a fleet of pleasure boats.

The beach is ideal for bathing purposes, while the sandy slope from the bathhouse to the edge of the water is an ideal place for children to play and nothing could be more convenient and comfortable for "sun baths."

The breeze from the wide expanse of water stretching to the south and west is always cool on the very hottest day.

Although the park grounds are four miles from the city of Devils Lake, the excellent road makes it possible to measure the distance in minutes rather than miles. The drive through the woods, and along the lake shore is wonderfully interesting. The trees of oak and elm are large and overhanging, so that the glimpses of the lake under the branches afford a real moving picture.

The north shore of Creel's Bay, as this arm of the lake is called, is much higher than the park shore on the south side of the Bay. This gives the park visitors an unusual nature picture, — the waters of the Bay being completely bottled up between the high wooded bluffs. This Bay is the setting of many of the "sea serpent" and "phantom ship" stories which are attached to the lake; but beyond the legends and tales, it has historic interest as the water highway to and from Fort Totten on the south shore of the "Big Lake" from 1882 to 1909. Fort Totten was established by the government in 1867 but was reached before 1882 by team from St. Cloud, then when the Northern Pacific railroad came to Jamestown, by team from there.

When the Great Northern Railroad came from Larimore on to Creel City in the summer of 1883, Captain E. E. Heerman, the James J. Hill of the Devils Lake region, had his steamer the "Minnie H" ready to meet that first train on July 4 and take the settlers down this Bay and across the lake to the lands for which they were looking.

History was made rapidly in those days: Creel City disappeared in a night and the next day the town of Devils Lake was in evidence a mile or two west of where Creel City had been. One boat could not handle the passengers and freight and mail, so Captain Heerman supplied two more, the "Rock Island" and the "Maria Teresa." These boats made regular trips from Devils Lake to Fort Totten never missing a day for twenty-seven years, from the time the ice went out in the spring till it was frozen again in the fall. As many as 1400 tons of coal would be moved in one season, 500 passengers in a single trip, and the first year the Chautauqua was organized they carried 3000 tourists and settlers during the two-week season.

A few of the visitors who throng the Lakewood beach will remember the days when the deep-throated whistle of the "Minnie H" was a signal for everyone to go down to the dock to "see the boat come" and if possible to greet "The Captain" who was always the gracious, kindly, courteous host as long as the boats were on the water.

Captain Heerman is a story by himself, and the story of Captain Heerman is the story of the growth of the Devils Lake region. No one among the old timers can think of the lake without seeing the "Minnie H" move sedately across the mental picture, the smoke trailing from the two stacks on either side of the pilot house, and the paddle wheels turning out a row of even waves on each side which kept their place till they broke on the opposite shores.

But instead of the whistle of the steamboat, the woods and hills now echo the "put-put" of motor driven crafts, and the honk of the auto; the eyes no longer strain to follow the trail of the sea serpent, or the phantom ship, but are startled by the unexpected glare of twin lights from the shadows of the road. The lake itself is changing as is evidenced by the lowered water line which leaves a wider strip of white boulders along the shore, and more sand in which to play or take sun baths.

But the water is still blue, and green, and shining, and when the breezes blow ever so lightly, the "cats paws" chase each other out over the surface causing ripples, to gather here and there; and when the breeze increases to a light wind, and the ripples become larger, "every little wavelet puts its night cap on," and the quiet becomes a restless heaving which however may be only the "sea serpent" turning over, — one of those strange unexplainable happenings which

made the Indians in the old days call it "Minnewaukan," "Spirit Water."

Devils Lake, the Lake Superior of North Dakota, has no value now as a commercial highway; the shoreline which once nearly touched the post of Fort Totten, the outskirts of Minnewaukan, and was within the present city limits of Devils Lake has receded some two miles from the Fort, eight miles from Minnewaukan and five miles from Devils Lake. The "Minnie H" and the "Rock Island" have long been dismantled and few are left to recall with Captain Heerman the old days. Two bridges have been built across the narrow strait south of the city which shorten the distance and the time to Fort Totten. The Fort itself is but a name for the buildings and grounds which once resounded to bugle call and military tread of soldiers' feet, now re-echo to children's voices and drills for physical exercises.

Although the shore line of the lake is receding, there are many, many years yet in which visitors to Lakewood Park may enjoy the boat rides in sunshine and by moonlight, swim and dive in the buoyant waters and enjoy the sun baths in the warm sand and so build up another legend about the lake which shall read:

Entranced her eyes behold the splendor of that wood embosomed
gem.

See the hills, blue in the distance, with their sylvan diadem,
See the crested, sage-green waters, dancing in the western sun
See a sunlit statley pine wood, backed by rising vapors dim;
And this song, with silver laughter, sang she with the suns
decline,

Minnewaukan! Spirit Water! Cause of joy to me and mine.

A BEAUTY SPOT IN CRARY

This beauty spot is so unusual in its location and in the glory of its presence in the center of a small town

that the continued comments of tourists who enjoyed it as they passed by, finally made it "news" to the extent that a few lines in fine print in the largest daily in the state made its existence known to all who read the papers.

This little triangular park is another example of what one person with an idea can do: a small old frame church going to decay occupied this spot in the center of the town. Mr. B. A. Reiter was the man with the idea. This idea grew till it was instrumental in moving the remains of the church, building a low cement wall about the plot and filling the place with new soil. By this time two other people had come in contact with the germ and had well-developed cases: Mrs. Edgar Anderson and Mr. F. R. Stevens were the victims. Grass seed was planted and honeysuckles and spirea shrubs set out.

By now the germs had attacked the members of the village board, all of whom had well-developed cases. The ground was carefully prepared for hollyhocks and larkspur. Mr. Henry Medelman developed one of the most serious cases of the park idea, for he had worked diligently in giving careful attention to all details, covering the plants in the fall and removing the mulch in the spring with the result that during the summer months the three hundred people who live in Crary and the other hundreds who go through on their way somewhere have been delighted with this beautiful spot which is a mass of gorgeous bloom from June to November.

Many of the people who go by are affected by the germ, for there have been many requests for seeds and inquiries as to how it was done.

This little plot about three by five rods in size filled with a riot of color is a demonstration of the fact that

the small town should be a garden spot and occupy the same place in our North Dakota landscape that the village does in an English landscape.

Crary has grown successfully tulips, peonies, lilies, oriental poppies, Shasta daisy, columbine, delphinium, spirea, lilacs, phlox, iris, ferns, golden glow, bitter-spirea, syringa, hollyhocks, sweet william, and others which with some intelligent care live from year to year. To all who have seen the results of an epidemic of the park idea in Crary we are tempted to say "Go thou and do likewise."

CUSTER PARK, BISMARCK

It makes no difference which direction one takes going out of Bismarck, one is sure to meet something of historic interest, and very shortly to come upon a beautiful view; go south and come to the buildings of Fort Lincoln with the valley of Apple Creek just beyond; go east and come to the grounds and buildings of the State Penitentiary, thought-provoking if not beautiful; go north to the Capitol Building and to the hill beyond for wonderful views of the city and the rolling country farther north; go west and feast the eye upon the panorama spread out for all who will see, — the great bridges over the Missouri, the hills and plains to the southwest and finally the old river bottoms and the blue hills far in the distance. Perhaps all these views, so close to the city are the reason there was no effort to have a City Park till so long after the city became a city.

It was in 1908 that the first meeting was held to form a Civic organization which resulted in The Civic Improvement League. Definite plans for a park began in 1910. Today the city boasts Custer Park, which has literally grown from a ravine of waste land in the

western half of the town to a thing of beauty, enjoyed by everyone who passes by. It is an irregular shaped piece of land over four blocks long and varying from the width of a street to nearly a block wide and containing about four acres.

The park is an example of what a group of women can do when they are united on a project to beautify the city, and then keep at it.

The purchase price of the land was raised by personal subscription from the citizens; money for the improvements and upkeep was raised by every means possible. The land when acquired was covered with brush and weeds: it was necessary to cultivate it before grass could be sowed, so the ladies planted vegetables there and sold them in the summer and maintained a skating rink in the winter.

When the ground was in the proper condition, a landscape architect, employed by the City Park Board of St. Paul, was secured to make a planting plan. The first tree was planted by the President of the League, Mrs. C. M. Dahl, to whose large vision and untiring efforts the result is largely due. The park was dedicated to General Custer and the anniversary of his leaving for the last campaign, May 17, is observed as Planting Day, when trees, shrubs, and flower beds according to the original plan have been set out and cultivated. On Planting Day 1921, a northern spruce was set out to the memory of Mark Kellogg, the reporter who went with the Custer expedition to the Little Big Horn; on another Planting Day a flower bed was planted to Captain Grant Marsh, who brought the river steamer the "Far West" on its record making trip down the Big Horn, Yellowstone, and Missouri Rivers, carrying the wounded from that last terrible fight.

In 1922, the Elks built a \$10,000 swimming pool on

the south end of the park grounds. A place is designated for a band stand, and another, for a statue of General Custer, but these are future improvements. Today there are more than 400 trees, 150 shrubs, and 13 flower beds; the place is a riot of bloom from June till November.

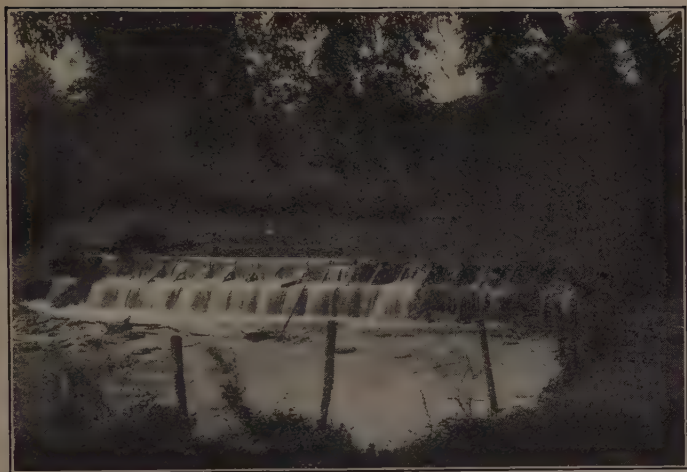
The little park of which everyone is now so proud, was the cause of many activities, as such a movement always is. The members of the League were not all for it, it was for years a matter of contention in the city commission. At one time it was the cause of a Supreme Court decision, but today everyone is proud to have it and everyone says "our park."

Everyone who visits Custer Park at this time must be convinced that its success as a Beauty Spot and Recreation Center is assured, and as such the city should take great pride in preserving and maintaining it: it is not only the gift of generous citizens, but will remain always as fitting memorial to the public spirit, energy, and unselfishness of a small group of Bismarck women.

MINOT, THE PARK CITY OF THE NORTHWEST

When standing on either the North or the South Hill to overlook Minot, one is surprised to find that a great part of the city is hid from sight by the heavy growth of great oaks and elms along the Mouse River. From either hill the city is seen against the background of the opposite hill. The whole view is so beautiful and unexpected in a flat level prairie state like North Dakota that one is led to exclaim: "The whole city is itself a park."

The hills on each side rise 150 to 200 feet to the level of the adjacent prairie. The slopes are cut by little coulees where the rains have flowed down, making it



THE MILL DAM, WALHALLA



HARRIS' FORD ON THE SHEYENNE, BETWEEN FT. RANSOM AND FT. ABERCROMBIE

look as though a giant hand had drawn a coarse comb across the hillsides.

The Valley of the Mouse is here more than a mile wide. The river itself is now small but winds and turns so many times that fourteen miles of water flow within the city limits.

The system of parks which has been developing the past ten years is not only the most improved in the state, but the finest of any city of its size in the United States according to a representative of the Board of the National Association of Recreational Activities.

Riverside Park in southeast Minot, on the Roosevelt Highway containing 80 acres, and Oak Park in west Minot containing 60 acres, are connected by the Mouse River which is crossed by many picturesque bridges so placed that they add to the general beauty of the city outside of the park area. Lincoln park of 15 acres is in northeast Minot, while smaller parks, parkways and drives add some 50 acres more, making a total of 200 acres of carefully developed and cared-for space. The principles followed by the Park Board seems to be the slogan of the city for at street intersections one reads these words, "Go slow, Keep Right." This slogan is recommended for other activities than developing parks.

The Parks of Minot maintain every accomodation for comfort, recreation and rest: There is a commodious bathhouse of latest design and best sanitary arrangements, with an out-door concrete swimming pool 180 x 200 feet, having a capacity of over 500,000 gallons. This provides for swimming and diving. There are also wading pools for children.

In the large open spaces have been laid out athletic fields for baseball, football, volley ball and courts for tennis and horse shoe pitching. Near the Roosevelt

Highway are semi-formal gardens which surprise and delight the eyes of travelers.

Oak Park is Minot's Picnic Place, with excellent opportunities for boating and canoeing. The free camp for tourists is in a splendid natural grove with free wood and water, fireplaces, electric light, modern accommodations, and police protection at night.

But the especial attraction is the Zoological Garden, in Roosevelt. Twenty acres are devoted to this feature. In the near approach one comes upon the "ruins" of a miniature stone castle with fluted turrets, narrow Norman windows and iron doors partially hidden by tall trees and shrubs — viewed from the opposite side, however, it is a bear den of "natural" rock caves with a waterfall, where several bears enjoy all the comforts, accommodations, and pleasures of captivity, among which is the entertainment furnished to a crowd of curious and delighted spectators kept at a safe distance by an ornamental iron fence. In the spacious enclosed pasture woodland roam bison, elk and deer, who are too comfortable to move just for the admiration of the ever-present visitors. Monkeys, porcupines, and many small animals are to be seen in their roomy, wire cages pacing back and forth, up and down, or stretched at length in the sun or shade.

A very special feature is the large exhibit of graceful and gorgeous pheasants, and the interesting and attractive collection of beautiful wild ducks. These ducks have been secured from their native haunts in the small lakes, sloughs and marshes in the northwestern part of the state. At present there are fourteen species of native ducks and four foreign, besides geese, coots, gulls and other waterfowl. During the summer months a large lagoon is their special preserve where they feed and nest. In the winter the birds and ani-

imals are housed in a completely equipped zoological building. It is not only an unexpected pleasure but a liberal education to visit the Minot Zoo.

In 1919 when the Wonder-land Trail became the Theodore Roosevelt Highway the name of this east park was changed from Riverside to Roosevelt. This name was additionally appropriate when in 1924 Dr. Henry Waldo Coe of Portland, Oregon, presented to the city a large bronze equestrian statue of our Great American. A certain open space which may be viewed from the Roosevelt Highway, the North Star Trail, the Soo Railroad, and the Mouse River was chosen as the site for the statue which stands slightly more than thirteen feet above the concrete base, which is created to represent the peculiar earth and rock formations of the Bad Lands district of North Dakota. The figure is the work of A. Phimister Procter, a New York sculptor, who has presented a typical American horse with his rider clothed in the regular army uniform of the days of the Spanish American war, and the hat worn in the characteristic Roosevelt style. The animal appears to have been reined in suddenly and both horse and rider are looking intently at something in the distance.

The Minot Daily News says of this monument: —
“Facing the direction of the setting sun, banked in the rear by the beautiful woods of the Mouse River and surrounded for the most part by the creations of nature, the statue stands as a remarkable tribute to the memory of the ex-president, statesman and one-time citizen of the commonwealth of North Dakota.”

While special mention is made to all these “improvements” and “additions” the real attraction of these Beauty Spots were not planned by the Park Superin-

tendent, approved by the Board of Commissioners and paid for by the people; the two real features which make the park a beautiful park are the quiet Mouse, mouse indeed — flowing between its steep grass-covered banks, and the oaks and elms which lend so graciously and prodigally their shade and beauty of growth and foliage.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
 'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
 From a wrinkled seed in the earth-bound clod,
 A column, an arch in the Temple of God,
 A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
 A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!

* * * * *

I open my window and make salute:
 "God bless thy branches and feed thy root;
 Thou hast lived before, live after me,
 Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

To follow the one way drive, or to take one of the foot paths that wind and wind, stopping here and there to exclaim as a lovely vista opens around a turn by a hedge or clump of flowering shrubs, or to stop to fix in mind the mystery of the lights and shadows of the reflection in the river, will always quiet ragged nerves or renew the spirit for the coming tasks, for there is nothing so truly restful as to take advantage of the fact that

Nature is a picture book
 In which all of us may look;
 Fleecy cloud and azure sky,
 Little rivers running by,
 Tiny country in the grass,
 Where the jewelled beetles pass—
 Free to all these pictures be
 Blessed those who learned to see.

THE PARK DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF FARGO

It was during one noon intermission on a State Federation program that Mrs. F. J. Thompson asked me to drive with her through the Park to rest after I had pleaded to being too tired to each luncheon. I did not know what Fargo called "The Park," but it sounded restful, peaceful, and quiet, so I gladly accepted this invitation and sank gratefully into the comfortable cushions of the coupe. Mrs. Thompson stepped on the starter as though there were really some place to go, and we were off.

"October's bright blue weather" was rivaling "the sun and skies and clouds of June." The frost had not yet killed the blossoms in window boxes and flower gardens, although the trees along the streets were showing advance autumn colors. In a few minutes we had left all the residences behind us, and the wheels of the little car were scattering the rustling yellow leaves from the road while ahead of us there opened up a real natural woods of large trees. I sat up suddenly and exclaimed, "Where are we?" Mrs. Thompson replied, "In Oak Park. Have you never been here before?" I never had. But since then I have been in all the different parks and over the several miles of driveways which are beautiful at all seasons of the year; in the spring when the ice is breaking out of the river and the naked tree trunks are reflected once more in the water; a little later when "the green gets back on the trees"; during the summer days when the canopy of branches makes the shade under the trees along the Red River the only cool place within the city limits; and later when

October gave her party
And the leaves by hundreds came,
The elms and oaks and maples—
And leaves of every name.

The parks of the city of Fargo comprise nearly 300 acres, practically all covered with native timber and connected by picturesque drives which follow the natural open places along the river and through the woods.

Island Park at the foot of Broadway was first owned and planted by the Northern Pacific Railway Company and by them dedicated to the city for park purposes. This was the first ground acquired, containing forty acres, and because of its situation in the heart of the city is in use both summer and winter. The park is a natural circular rise, covered with small oak trees which have been carefully trimmed and cared for. The Red River of the North touches the park on the east side where bridges cross to the Minnesota shore. Rustic shaded seats have been provided for visitors, and beds of brilliant flowers add the necessary touches of color. At the south end the tennis courts are screened by willows and hedges of foliage. Convenient foot paths lead in different directions so that some people are always enjoying this beauty spot as they go to and fro about their business.

There are two statues in the park: the G. A. R. Memorial at the north entrance, and the monument to Henrick Wergeland, the "lyric poet, Father of Norwegian Literature," which was presented to the State of North Dakota by the people of Norway in 1908.

In the winter the low ground on the west side is flooded for a skating rink and when illuminated by red, green, and yellow electric lights there is no gayer, happier or healthier place in North Dakota than Island Park.

Oak Park was the first purchase made by the Park Board. It consists of 20.7 acres in the northeastern part of the city lying along the river, and next to Island Park is the most used. This park is kept largely in its natural state. Here are the ball park, open court

with flag pole, and picnic grounds with tables, seats, stove, fireplaces and rustic shelters, while aside from these are great stretches of wild places showing inviting vistas among the trees.

Darling Drive and New North Drive, almost a hundred acres, lie along the river connecting the different park places, and are wonderfully beautiful. The road winds in and out among the oak, ash, elm, willow, birch, and maple trees, which disport themselves in most unconventional and artistic attitudes. Here, the soft earth in the river bank has allowed the weight of a tree to make it lie almost horizontal with the surface of the water where the trunk forms a rustic seat shaded by its own branches; there, some force has caused a tree when young to overhang the place where the road now passes over a rustic culvert of natural stones through which flows a lazy stream. The trees and bushes reflected in the water on the Minnesota side afford an ever changing picture of line and mass and color from Mother Nature's sketch book for all who have eyes to see and the soul to enjoy.

At the extreme south end of this splendid drive is Linden Woods, 73 acres, in which is situated the Tourist Camp, large, well-equipped, and beautifully located on a graceful bend in the river under attractive old oaks and elms. During the summer months a policeman is kept here not only to preserve order but also to welcome the guests of the city.

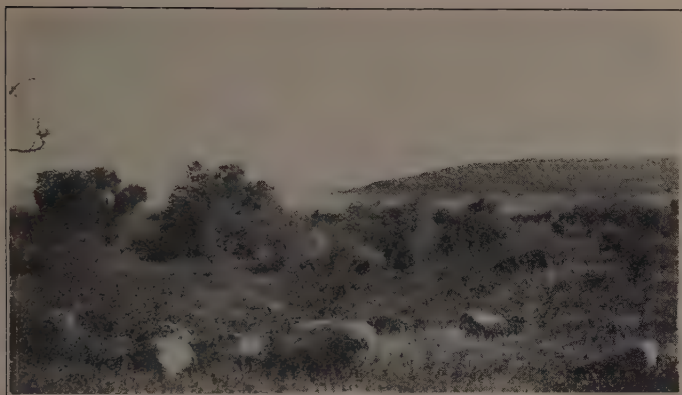
Chapin Field in the west side of the city is used for playground purposes and Pershing Park furnishes the north side a skating rink. In the fall of 1910 the Park District of the City of Fargo was organized to take over the management of the parks which ever since have been and now are under the control of the Board of Park Commissioners. There have been but infre-

quent changes in the personnel of the Board which at present consists of C. B. Waldron, President; W. P. Porterfield, F. H. Chaney, H. E. Howland, and P. L. E. Goodwin with W. J. Clapp as secretary, and C. L. Meller, Superintendent.

In a story of the Parks of Fargo mention must be made of three under private ownership: the garden spot at the Northern Pacific Depot with its cool splashing fountain; the well kept grass plot by the Great Northern Station, containing the commanding bronze figure which commemorates the activities and influence of the first Norman, Rollo, and his descendants on the development of Europe with a logical bearing on emigration to this country; and the El Zagal Park, lately acquired Masonic property with its natural amphitheater, golf links and athletic field. This spot is delightfully secluded even now before the planted trees have time to be an effective screen from the public highway. Looking toward the city, the sky line of smoking chimneys and tall business houses where the cares and worries are left seem as far away as the city noises which are but faint echoes out here under the open sky in the fresh breezes "far from the maddening crowd."

The parks are beautiful in all seasons of the year. We think of spring and summer and autumn especially because of the wealth of foliage and color, but the warm heart within glows when

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As thru the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."



▲ SHORE LINE IN LAKEWOOD PARK ON DEVILS LAKE



WRITING ROCK, DIVIDE COUNTY

But the gladdest, merriest time of all the year awaits
till after one of those days "when all the air a solemn
stillness holds" and when we venture forth again into
our favorite haunts, lo,

The old familiar sights of ours
Have marvelous shapes, strange domes and towers.

* * * * *

A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road.

The parks of the city are God's beautiful out-of-
doors at all seasons of the year causing cares to flee
away and furnishing rest to weary minds and bodies
and souls.

PART THREE

MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS

XXII

MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS

After having looked at the pictures of these monuments and memorials, some as bad as the worst, and some as good as the best, these questions come to the mind, "What makes a Memorial good? When is a Memorial bad?"

Cecilia Beaux answers the question "*what* are memorials," in these words, "They are a tangible and should be a permanent and obvious form of recognition of those who, not only have served, but have sacrificed." This definition needs no comment.

The next question is as to the *form* of memorials. A survey of the subject shows many forms. The Tablet in walls, indoors and out, in shafts and boulders; Portrait statues: Flag Sticks, single or two or three; Bridges: Fountains which gush and others that trickle; Gate ways with gates or posts; Parks, spacious and elaborate or simply a village green. Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens says, "It is not what you do, it is the way you do it that counts."

Statues, tablets, bridges, fountains, shafts are all forms of artistic expression and should be handled individually by an artist's mind. A Memorial must be individual not general. Mr. Cass Gilbert has pointed out that:

"The most impressive monument is one which appeals to the imagination alone, which rests not upon its material use, but upon its idealism. From such a monument flows the impulse for great and heroic action, for

devotion to duty and for love of country. The Arch of Triumph in Paris, the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial are examples of such monuments. They are devoid of practical utility, but they minister to a much higher use; they compel contemplation of the great men and ideals which they commemorate; they elevate the thoughts of all beholders; they arouse and make effective the finest impulses of humanity. They are the visible symbols of the aspirations of the race."

"The spirit may be the same whether the monument is large or small; a little roadside shrine or cross, a village fountain or a memorial tablet, speaks the same message as the majestic arch or shaft or temple, and both messages will be pure and fine and perhaps equally far-reaching, if the form of that message is appealing and beautiful."

"The sum and substance of the memorials matter seems to be that communities may express their ideals in any one of many ways, provided always that in whatever they do the memorial spirit prevails. The memorial spirit originates only in the mind of the artist. He is and must be the leader. No layman is fitted for leadership — if he were, he would not be a layman, but an artist. We shall have more indifferent memorials than great ones, because few artists rise into the realms of genius. But there is no reason to despair. If we can put an effectual ban on the stock soldier, the stock tablet, the stock anything, we shall take a long step forward. We can accomplish this result only by impressing on communities that each memorial shall be a separate, distinct creation of an artist."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether a memorial should be useful or only remindful but all

are agreed that memories should be roused at sight.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer says of the appropriateness of the monument: "The first thing that should be impressed upon our public with regard to the memorials already talked about in many places is that in every case, no matter how small the community, how modest the contemplated monument, an artist should not only execute the work, but advise in advance as to its character and its placing."

An artist, I confess, is not certain to make a success of such a task. But he is the only one from whom success may be expected. Even more than in other kinds of work, from war to dressmaking, we may safely depend where art is concerned only upon the trained mind and the trained hand. Compare the deplorable army of soldiers in stone and bronze and baser metals scattered through our country as memorials to the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion with figures as French's "Minute Man" at Concord, Macmonnies' "Nathan Hale" in New York, Saint-Gaudens' "Lincoln" in Chicago, and the wisdom of employing an artist properly so called, and not an employee of a commercial company, however highly lauded by his employers, will be clearly apparent.

It is the same with a more ambitious monument, like a memorial building or a park, and it is the same with a less ambitious one — a small fountain, perhaps, an inscribed shaft, or that bronze tablet which, set up indoors or out, will often be a more suitable choice than anything else. Lettering, which may seem a simple and easy thing, is in fact a difficult thing and a highly important one in monumental work.

Appropriateness to site and surrounding will hardly be disregarded. Everyone must know that it would be as great a mistake to put a large elaborate monument

in a village as to set a boulder bearing a bronze tablet on a city street corner. But what I may call appropriateness in meaning, in feeling, should also be considered. We must make up our minds what it is we wish to commemorate. I think we shall decide that it is our soldiers and the sacrifice they made to secure freedom and peace for the world, and not their military triumphs as such, not the alleged "glory of war."

There is much more to be said upon this interesting subject, but I believe the matter has been opened up, so that all who have read this discussion will realize that the subject is one for careful consideration. Wherever a memorial is being considered, an artist and not a commercial house should be consulted if the Spirits of Service and Sacrifice are to be memorialized to those who behold, and those Spirits spread their influence over all who come within the shadow of their representation.

THE SOLDIERS MONUMENT, LISBON

Stands in the center of Oakwood Cemetery. The figure, facing south, represents a soldier in Civil War uniform sounding "Taps." The man 6 feet 9 inches high is carved from a solid block of stone and weighs a ton. The entire height of the monument is 24 feet and the entire weight 10½ tons.

This memorial to the Soldiers and Sailors of 1861-1865 was dedicated at the regular services May 30, 1905. The plan was made by Col. J. W. Carrol, Commander for many years of the Soldiers Home at Lisbon, and Maj. J. D. Black, at one time chairman of the Board of Trustees.

The statue is the work of The Guido Brothers, West-erly, R. I. The entire cost was \$3500. The bill for the appropriation was introduced by Maj. C. W. Buttz of

Buttsville, and was passed by the 1903 session of the State Legislature.

These facts are contributed by County Supt. Elfie Freeman of Lisbon.

G. A. R. MONUMENT, DEVILS LAKE

Stands at the east end of the G. A. R. cemetery. The statue represents an Infantry Soldier about 21 years old in the uniform of the Civil War — overcoat with short cape and straight peaked cap — armed with a rifle, standing at "Parade Rest." The pedestal of it is polished granite with the ribbon, emblem and letters "G. A. R." in bronze on its face. The entire height is about 18 feet.

This Memorial to the Soldiers of the Union Army was erected by public subscription, and was presented to General Crook Post Grand Army of the Republic on behalf of the subscribers by the Mayor and City Council of Devils Lake, May 30, 1907. Hon. Henry Hale made the address. His statement of presentation was:

"Commander: In commemoration of the unselfish devotion and patriotism of your comrades who laid down their lives to maintain the National Unity of our Country, the people of Devils Lake and Ramsey County have erected this beautiful monument and at the request of your Honored Mayor and the donors thereof, I present it to General Crook Post No. 33, Grand Army of the Republic."

These facts are contributed by Hon. Henry Hale of Devils Lake.

MONUMENT TO SAKAKAWEA, BISMARCK

This statue facing west stands just east of the Capitol Building between 6th and 7th Streets, north of the city of Bismarck.

The figure represents the Indian woman who guided Lewis and Clark across the Continent in 1803, as she appeared when she began to recognize land marks and knew that she was on ground familiar to her in childhood days.

The memorial is to the woman who guided a party which justified the greatest real estate transaction recorded in history and which gave to the world riches beyond comprehension.

The State Federation of Women's Clubs and the school children raised the funds for the statue, \$3500. The total cost was \$4073. The entire height is 13 feet. It was presented to the state October 14, 1910.

Sakakawea was a Shoshone woman. The model for the statue was Mrs. Hannah Leaving Grant of Elbowoods. The artist is Leonard Crunelle of Chicago.

These facts are contributed by Mrs. N. C. Young of Fargo, Mr. Joseph Packineau of Elbowoods and Mrs. Florence Davis of Bismarck.

THE SOLDIERS MONUMENT, GRAND FORKS

Stands at the intersection of Sixth Street South and Belmont Avenue.

The figure surmounting the shaft represents a typical infantry soldier of the Civil War period, standing at "Rest." The entire height is 23 feet and cost \$4,400.

This memorial to the Civil War Veterans of Willis A. Gorman Post, Grand Army of the Republic, Grand Forks, was presented by George B. Winship. The bronze tablet contains the names of 168 members of the Post.

The presentation and dedication occurred June 21, 1913. The Mayor, City Council, G. A. R., North Dakota Newspaper Association and hundreds of citizens participated.



RELIEF OF BJORNSEN, BY PAUL FJELDE, ERECTED AT MAYVILLE

These facts are contributed by Hon. George B. Winship, now of San Diego, California, through the kindness of County Supt. M. Beatrice Johnstone of Grand Forks.

MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS, WALHALLA

Southwest of the town on a naturally wooded slope facing east stands this granite memorial to Christian Missionaries who were killed here by the Indians in 1852. For many years the graves were in a low valley but the citizens of Walhalla had them moved to this wonderfully beautiful site overlooking the town and the valley stretching east for many miles.

The site was dedicated and monuments were unveiled July 2, 1914.

BJORNSON BAUTA, MAYVILLE

The Stone stands in the railroad park east of the Great Northern Depot, in the center of the city. The granite shaft contains a bronze portrait tablet and the name "Bjornson." The portrait is by Paul Fjelde of New York City, a former North Dakota boy.

Bjornson is Norway's most loved and most widely read writer and statesman. He gave his country its National song and throughout his life fought for a free and independent Norway.

The Sons of Norway Lodge of Mayville and admirers of the great man erected this monument to his memory.

It was dedicated June 7, 1916, when Waldemar Ager spoke in Norwegian and Hon. John G. Halland of Fargo, in English on "The Life of Bjornson."

These facts are contributed by Mrs. G. L. Elkin of Mayville.

BUST OF "LINCOLN", HILLSBORO

Stands in the northeast corner of the grounds of Traill County Court House.

The bust is a U. S. bronze by Paul Fjelde, a former North Dakota boy, and is a replica of the one presented by the people of North Dakota to the people of Norway upon the 100th celebration of their independence in 1914. The base of red St. Cloud granite is eight feet high.

This is the only Memorial to Lincoln in the state although plaster casts of this stand in the State Capitol at Bismarck, and in the Chapel at State Teachers College in Valley City.

The funds for the monument came from school children and individuals of Traill County, the entire cost being \$1,857.

Senator Theodore Kaldor was the originator of the movement, and presided at the dedication September 8, 1918. Chief Justice Andrew A. Bruce of the Supreme Court of North Dakota made the address.

These facts are contributed by Miss Nestoss and Hon. Theodore Kaldor.

MASONIC TABLET, PEMBINA

Grand Lodge dedicated a marker and tablet in Pembina on the site of the building in which the first regularly organized Masonic lodge met during the winter of 1863-64. This marker is a gray granite stone carrying a bronze tablet which recounts the story of this old lodge which received its dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Minnesota in the fall of 1863. The dispensation was given to a group of Masons who were soldiers in Hatches' battalion. This battalion was being sent to Pembina to garrison this post. They

reached Pembina late in the fall and during the winter the lodge met regularly in this old building and quite a number of men, most of them stationed at old Fort Gary, now Winnipeg, Manitoba, came down and received their Masonic degrees. The lodge was known as Northern Lights Lodge. During 1864 Hatches' battalion was removed and the dispensation was reissued to those members of the lodge who lived at Fort Gary. The lodge was opened in the fall of 1864 at Fort Gary and continued for several years. A charter was granted to this lodge but was never delivered. A little later, before 1870, the charter was cancelled. However, this old lodge marks the beginning of Freemasonry not only in North Dakota, but in Manitoba and the Canadian northwest. The dedication of this marker, June 8, 1921, was the occasion of a fine international Masonic celebration participated in by the Grand Lodges of Minnesota, Manitoba and North Dakota. Some two thousand Masons gathered and it was an occasion long to be remembered.

This information is contributed by Hon. W. L. Stockwell, Fargo.

DR. WEISER'S GRAVE, KIDDER COUNTY

Ten miles directly north of Tappen in NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of 32-141-70, in a pasture overgrown by weeds and grass, and trampled by horses and cattle is the grave of a patriot pioneer of the North West — Dr. J. S. Weiser of the First Minnesota Mounted Rangers.

Dr. Weiser was on a peace mission when he was shot by an Indian, July 24, 1863.

After the Sibly campaign during which he was killed, a mound of prairie boulders was raised over the spot with a simple marker, "J. S. Weiser 1863."

Neighboring folk say that school children of the

township have visited the spot from time to time, have cut the weeds and placed flowers and flags there on Memorial Day, but otherwise this historic spot has been neglected to this time.

These facts are contributed by Maj. Dana Wright of Jamestown.

MASONIC TABLET, APPLE CREEK, BISMARCK

The first definite account of Masonic history in North Dakota is of the opening of an emergency Lodge in connection with General H. H. Sibley's expedition against the Sioux Indians in 1863. During a skirmish with the Indians along Apple Creek near Bismarck, Lieut. Beever, an English gentleman and an Oxford graduate who had joined Gen. Sibley's staff on this expedition for adventure and without pay, was killed. Lieut. Beever was a Mason. The Deputy Grand Master of Minnesota, John C. Whipple, was a member of this expedition, and on the last Sunday in July, 1863, convened a lodge from among the soldier Masons. This constituted the Lodge of Master Masons which consigned to Mother Earth the mortal remains of this brother. J. G. Braden, who was a captain in Sibley's expedition, afterwards Grand Master of Minnesota, speaks of this meeting as the first Masonic service in Dakota Territory.

The body of Lieut. Beever was taken up about 1876 and removed to St. Cloud.

The monument at Apple Creek is a prairie boulder carrying a bronze tablet which recites the circumstance. The stone was dedicated June 1, 1921.

This information is contributed by Hon. Walter L. Stockwell, Fargo.

SOLDIERS MEMORIAL, LEEDS

Stands in Memorial Park just south and west of the

Depot on right of way of the Great Northern Railway Company.

This memorial to the men who served in the World War is of stucco granite and supports a bronze tablet facing south which contains the names of the soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses who went into service from Leeds. The entire height is about 6 feet.

The monument was designed by George Glynquist of Leeds, erected by the War Mothers and dedicated in 1921. The entire cost was about \$700.

These facts are contributed by Hon. Victor Wardrope of Leeds.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL FOUNDATION, MEDORA

In the public square in the center of the town a concrete platform upheld by petrified stumps and logs awaits a suitable memorial to the citizen whose four-year residence there has made the name of Medora known all over the country.

The monument to be erected here is the gift of the National Editorial Association and the citizens of Medora.

The special train bearing 175 members of the association to their 37th annual convention at Missoula, Mont., stopped at Medora, July 11, 1922, to assist in the dedication of this foundation.

The picture shows Governor Nestos welcoming the members of the N. E. A. to North Dakota and to Medora, the former home of "Theodore Roosevelt, her most distinguished son." The Governor said in closing, "Of him I believe the prophet would again say, 'One man among a thousand have I found.'" Dr. V. H. Stickney made the address for the occasion. Dr. Stickney's closing paragraph was this story of Roosevelt. "He was with me when a wild stampede was checked

and he said, 'Do you know that three times in the history of the world men have been free and equal — once in Paradise before the fall, once in the Declaration of Independence, and once in the cow country before the fence.' "

These facts are contributed by Gov. R. A. Nestos and Mr. Geo. D. Mann of the Bismarck "Tribune."

THE STANDING ROCK, FT. YATES

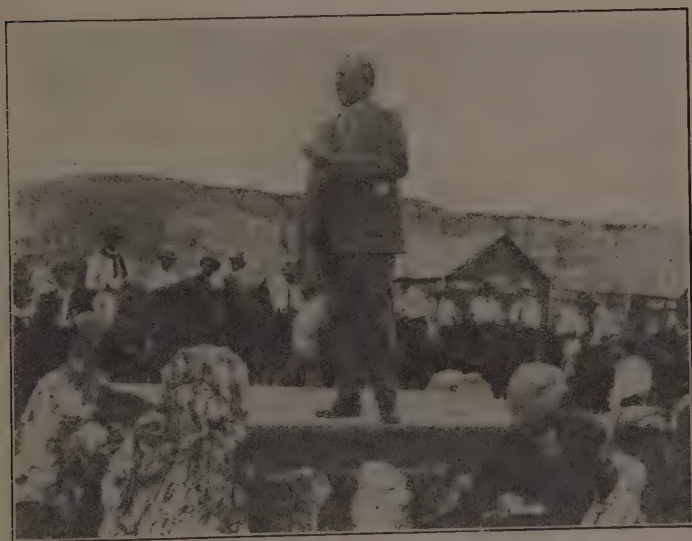
The Rock is now surmounting a brick shaft which stands on the bluff on the west bank of the Missouri, north and east of the Agency Building on the east side of Fort Yates.

Mr. Wm. V. Wade of Shields tells that during a hunting trip in 1873 he came upon a rock, which was decorated with ribbons, paints, beads and some sugar near in a tin cup. No one knew what it meant. Late in July of that year the Government Agency was removed from Grand River to be located near "Standing Rock," the decorated stone he had found in the spring.

He has written me this Indian legend of it. "The Rees were once camped near the Missouri River. One of the young ladies was very beautiful, and had many suitors. A young Sioux came who was so swift he could catch the swiftest antelope, deer or wolf, and so strong he could throw the largest buffalo to the ground. But her stern father said 'No,' and he returned to his people. She went out on the prairie, sat down and wept for two days and two nights. So loud were her cries that she kept the whole camp awake. The third morning the weeping was heard no more. Her mother went to the spot and found her blanket. She raised it only to learn that her beautiful daughter had turned into a stone. I have been told the tale a little different, three ways, but they all wind up the same."



MEMORIAL OF THE WORLD WAR VETERANS, LEEDS



ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL, GOV. NESTOS MAKING DEDICATORY ADDRESS

"CO. D." MONUMENT, DEVILS LAKE

This plain granite shaft is in the center of a plat dedicated by the members of Company "D," 1st North Dakota Regiment of National Guard in memory of comrades who served in the Phillipines, and who died in service.

The graves shown are those of Corporal Jack Byron, the only member of Company "D" killed in the Phillipines, and of First Sergeant Phil Short and his wife.

The only inscription is as shown in the above picture, the letters cut into the granite "Co. 'D,' N. D. N. G."

These facts are contributed by Hon. Henry Hale of Devils Lake.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL, GRAFTON

This monument stands on the north side of the County Courthouse grounds. On the east side of the base are these words, "Erected by Walsh County and its citizens, A. D. 1900, in honor of their heroic dead."

The shaft is of mottled gray granite in the form of a cannon barrel pointing upward, resting upon a square base. This is surmounted by the bronze figure of a soldier dressed in the uniform of that time, equipped for service. The figure faces west. Directly beneath it is this inscription, the words attributed to General Lawton, "You can't Stampede the 1st North Dakota." On the north side are the names of the five members of the company who were killed in action and the three members who died later.

These facts are contributed by Co. Supt. W. E. Hoover of Grafton.

VICTORY MEMORIAL LIBRARY, BISMARCK

This building is the first unit of the group of buildings proposed to house the offices of the State of North Dakota. It stands east and slightly south of the present State House, facing west. It is proposed to add new buildings to form a definitely planned group as the needs of the state require. The Statue of Sakkawea can be seen to the north.

The foundation is of granite; the superstructure and pillars of white Bedford sandstone.

At the back of the building is a huge well to be filled with steel book stacks. This building will contain the offices and libraries of the State Historical Society. The Library Commission and the Chambers and Library of the Supreme Court. The Adjutant General's Department will also be housed here.

The 1919 session of the Legislature appropriated \$200,000 for this building. The 1921 and 1923 sessions appropriated \$100,000 and \$150,000 respectively. This does not provide any furniture or furnishings.

WHITESTONE HILL

The Hill which takes its name from the large white boulders at its base is about eight miles south and west of Merricourt in Dickey County.

The base is of Barre granite surmounted by the figure of a Cavalry Bugler. The entire monument is about 25 feet high. The immediate base is surrounded by the graves of the 21 soldiers killed in the battle each marked by a government stone.

The battle on this field was fought September 3-5, 1863, when Gen. Sully's Cavalry scattered a camp of several thousand Indian men, women and children.

The battle and site were forgotten and unknown for

more than 25 years. An investigation was started when human bones were discovered here by a homesteader in 1883. The Governor of the State appointed E. R. Kennedy, Theodore Northrop, and H. F. Eaton, a committee to investigate. With the aid of J. C. Luce of Groton, South Dakota, who took part in the fight, the facts and location have been established. Through the efforts of Hon. T. F. Marshall, Congress granted the state the section of land containing the Hill, with the right to sell 600 acres. With the proceeds of the sale, the grounds were beautified and the monument raised. The inscription reads, "In Memory of Soldiers of the 6th Iowa and 2nd Nebraska Cavalry, Killed on this ground in battle with Sioux Indians, September 3-5, 1863."

This information is contributed by Mr. F. T. Luce, brother of J. C. Luce, Groton, South Dakota.

LIBERTY MEMORIAL BRIDGE, MANDAN-BISMARCK

"North Dakota Federal Aid Project No. 100" is the name in the Records of the State Highway Commission and U. S. Bureau of Public Roads for the Bridge crossing the Missouri, one mile west of Bismarck and three miles east of Mandan.

The structure consists of three main spans, 481 feet each. The west piers are put down 85 feet below low water, the others were at lesser depth. The roadway is 28 feet wide with a six-foot walk on each side.

Twice the ice carried out the scaffolding. Once a workman fell from the floor approximately 50 feet above the frozen river but was not fatally injured.

The entire cost of the Bridge is \$1,358,000 which was borne by the Federal Government, the State, and Burleigh and Morton counties.

The Bridge was begun during the administration

of Governor Lynn J. Frazier. It was dedicated September 18, 19, 20, 1922, at which time Chief Engineer W. H. Robinson presented it to Governor R. A. Nestos who accepted it for the state and delivered the dedicatory address. People from all over the state attended the dedication and the Pageant of Progress which was presented at Bismarck and Mandan.

In the days of the Ferry the largest vehicle traffic recorded was 800 cars at the time President Wilson visited Bismarck. The Bridge has trebled the amount of travel. In September 1923 during the Mandan Fair by actual count, 2500 cars crossed east and west.

This information is contributed by the State Highway Commission.

ROOSEVELT CABIN, BISMARCK

This little log cabin stands east and south of the Capitol which stands on the hill north of Bismarck.

The cabin was the ranch home of Theodore Roosevelt during the years 1883-1885 when he spent the summers on the Maltese Cross Ranch south of Medora.

The cabin was shown at the St. Louis Fair in 1904. It was shown again at the Portland Fair. From there it was brought to its location on the Capitol Grounds where it stands as a memorial to the days the Great American was a resident of our state.

The log cabin stands in a remarkable contrast to the white sandstone Victory Memorial Library Building directly west of it.

SOLDIERS MEMORIAL, FARGO

This figure of a soldier of the Civil War stands in at the northwest entrance to Island Park.

It was erected in 1916 by the local post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and dedicated



ROOSEVELT CABIN, BISMARCK



GRAVE OF SITTING BULL, FT. GATES

"In Memory of our Comrades, 1861-1865.
To the dead a tribute
To the living a memory
To posterity an inspiration."

These facts are contributed by M. Evelyn Gorman of Fargo.

WERGELAND MONUMENT, FARGO

This statue stands in Island Park, west of the band stand and was presented to the State of North Dakota by the people of Norway in 1908, the Henrik Wergeland centenary.

It was dedicated to the "lyric poet, the Father of Norwegian Literature, Friend of the poor and oppressed, Champion of the weak against the strong."

Dr. H. O. Fjelde of Abercrombie, uncle of Paul Fjelde, the young sculptor, was to a very great extent responsible for securing this memorial for Fargo.

These facts are contributed by Mr. Paul Fjelde and Hon. J. G. Halland.

THE VIKING, ROLV, FARGO

Stands just west of the Great Northern depot.

Gange Rolv or Rollo entered France in 909, leading a band of Northmen who founded Rouen, and became the first Normans. This statue is a replica of the one presented by Norway to Rouen, France, and was erected in Fargo through the influence of Dr. H. O. Fjelde and Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson of Madison, Wis. This statue commemorates the activities and influence of Rollo and his descendants on the development of parts of Europe and England, with a logical bearing on emigration to this country. It was unveiled with suitable ceremonies a year after the 1000-year celebration of the founding of Normandy—1910.

These facts are contributed by Mr. Paul Fjelde and Hon. J. G. Halland.

BJORNSON BAUTA, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

This memorial to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Norway's famous patriot poet, representative of the common people and promoter of agriculture and country life in general, stands on the College Campus. It was erected May 17, 1905.

The rock of granite is imported from Norway, into which is set a medallion of Bjornson.

There was no special reason for the erection except that the Norwegians wanted to stimulate interest in agriculture, and also to utilize and communicate the enthusiasm of Bjornson and his followers for an enlightened country life.

These facts are contributed by Hon. J. G. Halland.

INDIAN POLICE, FT. YATES

These were killed at Grand River Indian Reservation December 15, 1890, in a battle with hostile Indians while arresting the noted chief SITTING BULL who was also killed in the fight. Forty-three policemen were opposed by 160 armed fanatical Ghost Dancers.

This granite shaft marks the place where six Indian police lie buried in one grave. They were sworn to serve the United States Government, and they died in the performance of their duty against one of their own nation.

This monument to faithful performance of duty stands in the Catholic cemetery at Fort Yates. The inscription is worded as shown above. The English names of two of the six are Shave Head and Bull Head.

THE ROCK THAT STANDS

Inyan Bosndata, the less known of two Standing Rocks in North Dakota — stones sacred to the surviving members of the Sioux nation—is located two miles south of the village of Eastedge on a hill just south of the line between Barnes and Ransom counties.

The stone is an oblong marker, three feet high, on the top of an artificial earth mound some five feet high and fifty feet in diameter. This mound is part of a low, broad ridge 250 yards long, hard and grass-grown, showing that ages have passed since it was built. It is too low for burial purposes and was probably built for ceremony or memorial purposes.

Old people of the Sioux shake their heads when asked by whom and for what this was raised. They agree it is very ancient and was old when their fathers hunted about it. It is Waukan: mysterious, spiritual and sacred. Either they do not know what it signifies or do not want to talk about it.

These facts are contributed by Maj. Dana Wright of Jamestown.

GRAVE OF SITTING BULL, FT. YATES

In an uncultivated, vacant block close to a field of waving grain on the north side of the road leading into Fort Yates from the west is the grave of Sitting Bull.

For many years it was entirely unmarked, but now a pile of prairie rocks enclosed by a woven iron fence marks the resting place of the last great Sioux Medicine man or Prophet who foresaw the passing of his great nation.

Frank Fiske in "The Taming of the Sioux" says of the burial: "There were not more than six men present, and the body was placed in a rough pine box and low-

ered in the grave as the darkness of the coming night was gathering about the lonesome spot so far from civilization. In the afternoon of the following day the Indian police, who so gallantly gave up their lives for the preservation of peace between their brethren and the whites, were buried with full military honors in the Catholic cemetery at Standing Rock Agency, the distance between the two cemeteries being about half a mile."

WORLD WAR MEMORIAL, PEMBINA

Stands in the center of Selkirk Park overlooking the junction of the Pembina and Red Rivers.

The granite column is mounted on a concrete base composed of six well-proportioned, graduated steps. The monument was erected in 1918 at a cost of \$1400 and was dedicated May 30, 1920. Governor Lynn J. Frazier delivered the address. The inscription reads:

Private Charles Edward Kern

Private John Severn Johnson

1918

On the opposite side is inscribed: "Erected by the people of Pembina Township to the memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice for Our Country in the great World War."

These facts were furnished by Mrs. C. B. Harris, Pembina, North Dakota.

WRITING ROCK, DIVIDE COUNTY

This rock is in Writing Rock township in southwestern Divide County. It is about five feet high by four wide. The north face has been smoothed to receive the hieroglyphics. The back shows an ordinary prairie boulder.

Nothing definite has been learned about its origin or significance, although the Blackfoot, Crow, and Sioux Indians of North and South Dakota and Montana are familiar with it, but they either do not know or do not care to tell about it.

The monument, if such it be, is on the summit of a series of hills some five miles long by one and a half wide. It is the only hill in the range from which there is an uninterrupted view in every direction.

The inscription has been painted for photographing which gives an artificial appearance to the picture.

This information is furnished by Mrs. E. T. Hooper of Grenora and Mrs. A. J. Darling of Crosby.

WAR MOTHER MEMORIALS, MANDAN-BISMARCK BRIDGE

Two huge granite boulders, one on the right when approaching the Bridge from the east, and the other on the right when approaching from the west, were erected by the North Dakota Chapter of War Mothers, July 3, 1924.

The bronze tablet on the rock at the east end of the bridge reads: "1917-1919. In Honor of our Sons and Daughters who offered their lives to their country in the World War." The one at the west end reads: "In Honor of our Sons and Daughters who gave their lives to their country in the World War that Liberty might live."

Mrs. A. C. McLean of Kenmare, State War Mother said, "The War Mothers have chosen from the prairies, natural boulders which have withstood the storms and stress of the ages as best typifying mother love."

Attorney General George Shafer delivered the dedicatory address; Major A. B. Welch of Mandan accepted the monument; Rev. Owen gave the benediction; the bugles sounded "taps."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, MINOT-MANDAN

The bronze equestrian statue was unveiled at Roosevelt Park, September 11, 1924. It stands on a most commanding site where it may be viewed from The Theodore Roosevelt International Highway, The North Star Highway, the Soo Railroad, and the Mouse River.

The statue, slightly more than thirteen feet high, is upon a rustic base created to represent the peculiar earth and rock formation in the Bad Lands district. Facing the direction of the setting sun, the charger appears as though the rider has suddenly reined him in at the top of the hill. The monument is a tribute to the memory of the ex-president, statesman, and one-time citizen of the commonwealth of North Dakota.

The statue is the gift of Dr. Henry Waldo Coe, friend of Theodore Roosevelt and former North Dakotan. It is the work of A. Phimester Procter, a New York sculptor.

A small bronze of this same figure stands in the Northern Pacific Railway Park at Mandan, just east of the depot. This was unveiled July 3, 1924. The inscription reads:

Theodore Roosevelt
Rough Rider

SOLDIER'S MEMORIAL, OBERON

This memorial to the men of Oberon who fought in the Great War stands in the village green just west of the Northern Pacific depot.

It is of solid concrete, stands seven feet high and contains in the south face a bronze tablet on which are the names of the sailors and soldiers who enlisted from this community. There are sixty names on the tablet.

The monument was erected by the Woman's Patri-



WAR MOTHER MEMORIAL, MANDAN-BISMARCK

otic Service Association. It was dedicated May 30, 1920, at which time Dr. Josephine Stickelberger made the address.

RED RIVER OXCART TRAIL MARKER, GRAND FORKS

This great natural granite boulder is placed just North of the city to designate a spot where the famous old Oxcart trail crossed on its devious way from Winnipeg to St. Paul.

The formal presentation of the bronze memorial to the pioneers was made by Mrs. Thomas F. Kane, Regent of the Red River Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution who have erected the marker. The memorial was accepted by Hon. D. M. Holmes. The ceremonial program took place October 22, 1924. One of the guests was Miss Lulah Cavalier whose father, Charles Cavalier, in 1851, became the first permanent white settler in North Dakota.

The inscription on the bronze tablet reads: "Here crossed the Old Red River Ox-cart Trail used from about 1810 to 1880."

VICTORY MEMORIAL HIGHWAY, BISMARCK-MANDAN

This beautiful concrete driveway extends over the six miles between the McKenzie Hotel in Bismarck and the Lewis and Clark Hotel in Mandan.

It was dedicated "To Those Who Served 1917-1919," by the American Legion Auxiliary on November 11, 1924. The Highway had been under construction for two years since the completion of the Victory Memorial Bridge over which the Highway passes. For perfect safety it was necessary for two underpasses to be built, one on each side of the River; in order to build the one just east of Mandan it was necessary to

raise the level of the road bed of the Northern Pacific Railway eleven feet.

The concrete paving which is 20 feet wide is three feet below the high water level of the Missouri River flood for 1910; only once since that time has the water been high enough to run over the paving had it been there, — in 1917.

The Drive is a series of wonderfully beautiful curves from the time it enters the underpass at the east till it emerges from the underpass at the west. One thousand, seven hundred elm and boxelder trees have been set out along the road which in addition to the natural timber in the River Bottoms will make the Drive, indeed, a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

THE VERENDRYE NATIONAL MONUMENT

The marker is one of three erected by the Federal Government, June 29, 1917, on the top of Crow-Flies-High Butte, a mile and a half southwest of Sanish in Mountrail county, to mark the camp site of the French explorer Louis Verendrye who came through here in 1742 more than 60 years before the famous Lewis and Clark expedition. They were looking for the water that flowed west into the Pacific Ocean. The top of Crow-Flies-High Butte is 565 feet above the level of the river which is seen flowing toward the southwest from this height. The explorers believed they saw the water which led to the Pacific so they rested here, and then returned to Canada.

The Butte is named for a prominent Gros Ventres Chief.

These facts are contributed by Mrs. W. M. Stenshoel of Van Hook.

PART FOUR

SOME OLD LANDMARKS

XXIII

SOME OLD LANDMARKS

There are still standing in different parts of the State old buildings, — in fact the first shelters which were built when the country was being settled.

These old buildings have an interest for every one who sees them, if it is known by whom and when they were put up. Some of these are still in use today.

COMMANDANT'S HOUSE AT FT. BUFORD

Fort Buford was established in 1868. Many years later when the Great Northern Railroad was built a number of the fort buildings were moved up to the town which grew up around the station, the other buildings being torn down, till now all that remains is this one big square military looking structure of twenty rooms which now serves as a farm home.

A glimpse at the interior calls to mind descriptions and pictures of Civil War days. The front door opens into a hall facing a wide, straight stairway. The crystal chandelier carries one back in imagination to the days when beautiful ladies in crinolines and curls floated gracefully down these stairs to be received in the hall below by handsome gallants in gold trimmed blue uniforms, and led into the ballroom at the right. A look into the ballroom reveals high windows and tall mirrors, a solitary piano and a floor that in these days is lonely for the touch of dainty slippers.

The large living room on the opposite side of the hall is equally reminiscent; glittering chandeliers, a

wide fireplace, tall windows, and built-in bookcases, the shelves of which are now almost empty. The rooms above are in suites, with more tall windows, and fireplaces. Two of these rooms have been converted into a Catholic chapel where mass is said once a month for the members of the family, by a visiting priest.

After a tour of the house one comes into the out-of-doors again with the same sensation one has after having lived for an hour in the pages of a book, and is suddenly called to come to dinner.

THE OLD WAMDUSKA HOTEL

In 1881 it was expected that the Great Northern Railroad would be laid straight west from Grand Forks. In anticipation of this, a prosperous village sprang up on the shores of Stump Lake and this three-story, 70-room Hotel was erected to care for the visitors who should come with the Railroad. There were three general stores and a restaurant, and the mail stage stopped there three times each week on the route from Fort Totten to Grand Forks.

But Robert Burns tells us what often becomes of the best laid plans of mice and men. When the Railroad surveyors reached the shore lines of old Lake Agassiz, they began to veer to the north, and so left Wamduska some fifteen miles too far south. Since the railroad did not come to the village, the village went to the railroad — all but the hotel. This was a frame building of brick veneer which could not be moved from its original location. It is now a well finished farm building, the rooms on the first floor being well adapted to its present use.

MCKINNEY AND YOUNG RANCH HOUSE

The log buildings of the first cattle ranch in what



OLD WAMDUSKA HOTEL



THE FIRST HOUSE IN NELSON COUNTY, BUILT BY FRANK MILLER IN 1878

is now Renville County were located five miles north of Tolley close to the Mouse River, in 1884. The logs were rough hewn and erected on end, stockade fashion.

KITTSON TRADING POST

When settlers were coming into Dakota land by way of the Red River of the North, Norman W. Kittson established a trading post in 1843, where Pembina now is. There were several additions in those days, at one time surrounded by a stockade. When Mr. Kittson was appointed postmaster shortly after, this building contained the postoffice. This much of the original building is now preserved on its original site in the Pembina County State Park.

FIRST HOUSE IN NELSON COUNTY

Mr. Frank Miller in October, 1878, built the first house in Nelson County on a rise of ground overlooking Stump Lake. The site today is so pretty it is to be regretted that someone has not restored the old building for a summer home or for a shooting lodge.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND

Mrs. M. J. Connolly sends the following story of this interesting and picturesque structure, —

"Here on the east bank of that tributary of the Missouri River known as the Cannonball, where it ambles leisurely just west of the little city of New England in Hettinger county, stands this quaint building, 18 by 18 feet, with walls built of rough unhewn rock, much of which is petrified wood. The windows are deep set in the walls which are over two feet in thickness. This small stone building is the only real monument left

standing to a brave little band of pioneers from the New England states, who, displaying the spirit of their Pilgrim ancestors, founded 'New England City,' Dakota Territory, in the year 1886. The building which housed the first bank of Hettinger County still stands, but it is a mere weather-beaten shell. A couple of houses which belonged to the original town have been included in other buildings of more recent date and have so lost their identity.

"During the outbreak of the Indians, known as the 'Messiah Craze' under the Prophet, Sitting Bull, in 1890, the alarmed settlers threw up earthen embankments around three sides of this stone building, planning to use it as a fort in case of need. The solidity of its walls, and its position, with the steep river bank just west of it, gave promise of safety in case of attack. The Indians did not reach New England City but a company of soldiers were stationed there during the winter."

"Besides being a residence, a town hall, a school, and a fort, this little stone building has been variously used as a dentist's office, a 'blind pig,' and a newspaper office. And a newspaper office it still is, having been since 1907 the home of the Hettinger County Herald. An addition has been made to the rear of the building."

OTHER OLD BUILDINGS

LaMoure County boasts the first house built by Mrs. Allen, later Mrs. "Cap" Elliott, north of Grand Rapids in 1879. The lumber for this was floated down the James River from Jamestown on rafts.

Medora is rich in old buildings. On the hill south of the town is the summer home of the Marquis de Mores

who adventured in this country and for whose wife the town was named. "The Stars and Stripes" and the French Tricolor still fly from the staff in the front yard during the days in the summer when entertainment is offered visitors at Chateau de Mores Tea Rooms. In the town itself is the little red brick chapel where Madam de Mores worshipped.

The Foley home, also of brick, is pointed out with pride as the place where J. W. Foley, poet laureate of North Dakota, lived as a boy.

These buildings date from the early "eighties" and were part of the original town. The most conspicuous is the tall angular red building with "gingerbread work" along the roof which was first used as "Bill William's saloon," later for various purposes. The "Company" stores built by the Marquis de Mores are still occupied. The tall brick chimney, all that is left of the de Mores' packing plant which was destroyed by fire several years ago, stands like a monument to the great but impractical dreamer, who built it.

Seven miles south of Medora lies the famous Custer Trail Ranch named from the fact that the Seventh Cavalry of General Custer camped here for some time, when on their fatal march to the Little Big Horn. It is now owned by Bill McCarty, one of the best known pioneers in this part of the country. This is the ranch which was operated as a "Dude Ranch" by the Eaton brothers.

From the bluffs near Medora looking south the curiously shaped Chimney Butte can be seen. It was at Chimney Butte "Ranch" that Ernest Thompson Seton stayed when gathering material for his "Coyotito, the story of a Coyote, who learned how." This is included in "Lives of Hunted."

FIRST BUILDING IN SLOPE COUNTY

"Somewhere" among the clay hills in Slope County there is still standing an old log ranch house, which was still in use as a school up to a few years ago when it housed the smallest High School in the State.

PART FIVE

NORTH DAKOTA ARTISTS

XXIV

NORTH DAKOTA'S ARTISTS

North Dakota is a young state as the ages of commonwealths are reckoned. This civilization is only in the second generation of the native born. As is true in any new country, life has not been easy; the united efforts of all the members of the family have been bent toward the one end of providing adequate shelter, comfortable clothing, and sufficient food. There has been little time for anyone to pursue the natural bent of inclination; the desirability of every occupation was judged by the number of dollars it would bring at the end of the month or the year. Therefore it is not surprising that we have produced only a small number of artists who since they are living and working now are not yet famous and well known even in our own state.

J. D. ALLEN

The scenes of Indian and buffalo and the environment of pioneer days offered the subjects which made possible the development of the natural instinct of J. D. Allen of Mandan to picture with the brush the things he saw about him. When a boy the desire to represent life caused young Allen to learn the art of taxidermy; at the same time he taught himself to draw. The call of the wild was upon him and from New York he drifted as far west as Denver practicing his profession for a living and painting for the love of it.

Mr. Allen came to Mandan in 1881 when the town

was but three years old and he a young fellow in his twenties seeking adventure. He went east in the next spring on the last train that crossed the Missouri River on the ice, but returned a year later and has remained ever since, practicing his profession in which he is known all over the Northwest. His workshop is a jungle of specimens, mounted and partly mounted: hides, robes, skins, bones, Indian relics, — a literal museum in fact, without form or order, and strong with the odor of chemicals and drying skins.

But Mr. Allen is more than a taxidermist; he is a pioneer, a naturalist, a philosopher and an artist. It is as an artist I present him to you in this story.

His paintings are of the life he knows; paintings that depict a day that has just passed in the drama of the old west. One of his pictures showing a bend of the Missouri River and an Indian teepee hangs in the Indian room of the State Historical collection where it is a contribution to North Dakota art, and an inspiration to boys and girls, both big and little, to know of the early history and romance of our own state.

Mr. Clell G. Gannon of Bismarck, a personal friend and admirer of Mr. Allen, and himself an artist with some years of technical study and training, has written the following sympathetic appreciation of the older man and his work:

“When I was a boy, my parents took me in 1911 to the North Dakota Industrial Exposition held in Bismarck. There I viewed the first oil painting I had ever seen, which pictured a bend in the Missouri River with a number of Indian teepees in the foreground, the carcass of a deer lying on the grass near one of the teepees, a few figures moving about and the ponies grazing in the background. It was just such a bend as I knew on my beloved river, and so I cherished the

picture and placed it in the gallery that is 'hung on memory's wall.'

"A number of years after, in company with Russell Reid, who was taking some bird specimens to be mounted for the State Historical collection I entered the basement of the workshop of J. D. Allen, the taxidermist at Mandan. There under the electric light a man with white hair sat at his workbench stuffing wads of cotton into the side of a Mallard duck. He greeted us, gave us chairs, and talked with us as he worked, about many things — taxidermy, birds, animals, Indians, painting, and Theodore Roosevelt. Afterward he led us upstairs and there among the others I saw again the painting of the bend in the river and the Indian teepees. It still held for me the thrill that it held for the boy and now I knew that it was truly a masterpiece. Today this picture hangs in the Indian room of the museum of the State Historical collection as a loan, and I hope that through purchase or gift it may ever hang there."

Born in New York state in the spring of 1851, J. D. Allen has never grown old. "When we are young," he said when questioned as to his age, "we always give our age at our last birthday, but when we become old we always give our age at our next birthday." — and so J. D. Allen is 74 years old. But he is still a boy, all the boys know him and like him — everybody likes him. He still rides a bicycle and shoots a bow and arrow, in fact he is quite an adept at archery, and owns a number of Indian bows and arrows as well as some good English bows, and shoots them so that the arrows hit the mark. At 74 Mr. Allen still enjoys living and working, and brings to his work a childlike enthusiasm, that has lost none of the glitter and shine of younger years.

It was on May 11th in 1881, that young Allen, seeking adventure and listening to the voice that spoke within him, arrived at Mandan. "When I came here in 1881," he told us, "there were buffalo killed on the Little Heart south of Mandan and one bull was killed north of the courthouse in 1883, although that of course was a straggler. An elk was killed at Little Heart in '83 by Ed Gibson who is still living north of town. Antelope were numerous ten or twenty miles north of Mandan and were plentiful in the New Salem country. There were mule deer in the rough country around Mandan and the white-tails were plentiful in the river bottoms. There were buffalo, wolves and coyotes as well as red and swift fox, although I haven't heard of a fox being taken for a good many years now. They seem to have completely disappeared."

It was during these years that he gained the knowledge and experience that has enabled him to paint with authority and truth the pictures he has made. A large number of these have been sold about the country and Mr. Allen does not attempt to keep track of them after they leave his studio, however he still has a number of paintings in his workshop in Mandan that we may consider representative of the artist. One of his pictures is an old buffalo defending himself against a pack of wolves, the old bull still shows fight, and one of the wolves lies dead on the ground nearby. However that has not weakened the morale of the remaining four. Reaching into the distance are the rolling plains dotted with herds of dark buffalo, and back of them the yellow-clay buttes, washes, and coulees fading away into the distant blue. It is a remarkable painting.

Another one quite as dramatic depicts the buffalo chase. The Indian has ridden his pony up near the

massive bulk of the running bull, one arrow has lodged just back of the shoulder and a second is ready to follow; in the background is the thundering herd rushing by in a cloud of smoking, yellow dust. In another picture the situation is reversed, the Indian hunter has lost his mount which is just disappearing over the rise, and the enraged buffalo with two arrows piercing his shoulder is giving the hunter a merry chase around a huge boulder, while over the sky-line a string of buffalo is taking a hurried departure.

But it is in the placid scenes that Mr. Allen excels. One of these pictures shows the buffalo in all its majesty and power, a scene which Mr. Allen has many times seen. In the foreground stands a huge bull, beautifully drawn. The only thing to disturb the perfect quietude is a buffalo in the middle distance pawing the dirt; and in the background the same characteristic landscape, washes, hills and prairies, with one lonely clump of trees — such a landscape as we may see anywhere west of Mandan in the slope country.

His favorite subject is the buffalo and after that the Indian teepee camp. His teepees are beautifully drawn and colored, one side catching the light, the other side in shadow and invariably the smoke-stained tops and the strings of beef drying in the sun nearby. There are camps on the plains and camps along the streams — each truthfully presented, and unmistakably true. His Heart River could be no other, his Missouri is the Missouri such as it is in Dakota, and so well has he caught the spirit of that landscape that one could not mistake it for anything but the slope country. His plains fairly shimmer with heat waves, they are dry and hot, and grass is scorched. Only through long association and accurate observation can such an abil-

ity be acquired. The eastern artists who come and go, in spite of careful training have invariably failed to catch the spirit of the western landscape.

Having been self taught Mr. Allen has succeeded to a marked degree in painting "the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are," as Kipling puts it. Thus, unhampered by tradition, untaught in any school save that of observation and hard work his art is individual and yet does not depart from the accepted academical standards of the masters. His pictures are realistic, finished very much in detail, sometimes slightly overdone but never labored and always refreshing. His style is indirect, arriving at his results by repeated glazings leaving no brush marks in the finished work. At times in his action pictures his drawing is a little faulty, showing the absence of sound academical training in construction and anatomy — but this can be overlooked for he is an artist born and not made and has achieved a certain result that no academical training can give.

His color is admirable — rich, fresh and harmonious. He prefers the warm tones and his pictures have a brilliancy and make you feel the things that they convey. His composition, location of mass, division of space and light and shade are excellent, for unknowingly he employs good methods of composition. There is little variety in his pictures, he paints the one phase of the plains landscape, but that one phase he has mastered as none but Charles Russell has done. It is needless to say, of course, that his paintings are original, in the sense that they are neither copies nor plagiaries.

It is an interesting fact that many of his best pictures were painted under artificial light after a hard day's labor in the workshop and often he has painted



TRADING POST BUILT ABOUT 1843 BY N. W. KITTSON, LOCATED IN STATE PARK



ONE OF J. D. ALLEN'S PAINTINGS PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUSSELL REID

far into the night burning the midnight oil, so compelling is his desire to paint.

Mr. Allen has never commercialized; he paints for the love of it, and sells his pictures when anyone cares to buy them for less money than he could have earned in the same time doing ordinary unskilled labor. He has found a happiness in life that money can neither buy nor sell. "If I didn't have to have money to buy my crackers," said Mr. Allen, "I wouldn't want it." And it may be partly because Mr. Allen has to have crackers and partly because he loves the work that most of his time is devoted to taxidermy. And after all is not taxidermy one of the fine arts. As he is a good artist, he is a good taxidermist, and has done work for many prominent people including Theodore Roosevelt, William T. Hornaday and Howard Eaton, and his work has gone across the sea to Germany, England, France and Ireland.

In addition to the fact that Mr. Allen is a great painter, his pictures have a historical value that will make them priceless in a few more years. Mr. Allen has lived through the most remarkable stage in the history of North Dakota and surely the most romantic. He knew the pioneers, the Indians and the buffalo and he saw them all pass like some great pageant, and today the pageant still lives as he has seen it, in the many paintings he has left and will continue to leave until the brush is stilled forever, when he has joined the procession of the Indian and the buffalo into the shadowland.

Mr. Allen has accomplished much, not because there are more than twenty-four hours in his day, but because he crowds them full and "fills the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distant run." He is a constant worker and I presume that when the

angel calls for J. D. Allen it will find him at his work-bench stuffing wads of cotton into Mallard ducks or sitting before his easel painting the plains and the buffalo as he knew them in the days gone by.

CLELL GOBEL GANNON, IDEALIST-ILLUSTRATOR

Some of us are made so that we can see things when we hear them described, and others of us must have descriptive words accompanied by real pictures before the words carry meaning for us. A long time ago Robert Browning wrote of such

We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

Blessed is he that hath eyes to see, and with his clever fingers the ability to help others to see also. This is the art of Clell Gobel Gannon.

One needs but to look at the pictured face to see that Mr. Gannon is an artist and therefore an idealist. His people have all been pioneers in the middle west, in Illinois, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Dakota: a great grandfather hunted and camped where Minneapolis now is: an uncle took part in the conquest of the Missouri between Sioux City and Fort Buford. The women of the family have lived in sod houses and traveled many miles behind ox teams. One held a claim in South Dakota where the Deadwood stage from Bismarck to the Black Hills forded the Grand River. His grandfather made his last move west where he "could drive across the prairies without opening gates."

Mr. Gannon inherits his love of God's out-of-doors; the prairies, the rivers, the skies, the flowers, the rolling hills and precipitous Bad Lands. Everything

speaks to him in its own language and he understands. To him Nature is God revealed; the truths of nature are the truths of the universe: God discloses Himself in His creations and the methods of His work: the passing of days and nights, the succession of the sun and moon and stars, the cycle of the seasons: the miracle of the flowers, the fruit and the seed. The existence of immortality is not only taught but proved in the return of Spring, in the tiny seed transformed into the rose, the acorn into the oak, the caterpillar into the butterfly.

Mr. Gannon was born in Nebraska in 1900 and came in 1908 with his people to a farm near Underwood in McLean County. The life of a boy on the farm gave him every opportunity to be in the environment he loved, the out-of-doors; he watched for the coming of spring, herded the cattle with his faithful pony, found the first pasque flowers, worked in the wheat fields, reveled in the sunsets, thrilled to the howl of the coyote, and counted it a glorious holiday to go down to the Misssouri River, fifteen miles away. Later came longer excursions on foot and on horse across the River. Everywhere the picturesque landscape, the smell of sagebrush, the sweep of grassy acres, the wheatfields, the suggestions of pioneer live with the attendant stories of early days fascinated him and gripped him and filled him with feelings and emotions which clamored for expression.

He completed the grades and high school at Underwood, and having definitely decided to become an artist he entered the Art Institute in Chicago where he reveled in the use of the colors which so appealed to him. But the damp climate of Chicago's lake front was a most unsatisfactory environment for a prairie grown boy, and in his second year he suffered a severe attack

of rheumatism which kept him in the hospital for many weary months.

But the urge of expression was always upon him. It became necessary for him to find a means of doing this which could be used in bed. He laid aside the brush and color box and turned to pen and ink, the tools of the illustrator. When he was able to leave the hospital, it became necessary for him to choose between being a commercial artist in a large eastern city or working at something out of his chosen line in the home state in the environment he loved. He chose the latter and went into the office of the Superintendent of the Soo Line in Bismarck.

But the urge that is within will not be quiet: every spare moment is devoted to the expression of the beautiful he sees around him. Added to the gift of expressing what he sees with pen and brush Mr. Gannon has the gift of song. He has just published a most attractive little book of lyrics, "Songs of the Bunch-Grass Acres" from the Gorham Press, Boston. In these pages he pictures our west, the sweeping acres, the sunshine, the windswept buttes, the glorious sunsets, and the spirit which is over it all, in sweet rythmic verses, illustrated most profusely with his pen pictures of hills and plains, buttes and bottoms, the characteristic river and its tributaries, the clouds and the grasses, the western architecture among the hills and all the hundred-and-one details which one finds nowhere else but in the west.

His pen has a sureness that is as true as color, when he sketches the clay buttes with the grass covered tops and cedar filled coulees; the greens of the tinted river bottoms and of the sage brush covered foot hills are unmistakable, while the clouds that roll themselves up from the valleys are fleecy and billowy, and

altogether real clouds: the lights and shades of sunshine and shadows over plains and running water are equally distinct and colorful, but without color.

Mr. Gannon has no sympathy with fads in art: art must be beautiful and that alone is sufficient reason for its existence. He feels that his work is here in Dakota, and his ambition is to devote his time and best energy to that instead of a bread and butter job alone. He says he writes not to be saying something, but because he can't keep from saying it. He draws what he sees and feels, because he feels as he does and loves what he sees. His subjects are all about him, — the grassy plains, the spring flowers, the buttes, and coulees and rolling hills, the birds, the sunshine, everything, everywhere.

The supreme test of every artist is to do the thing he does in his own way, to be himself, and to find the beautiful in the commonplace of his own environment.

He expresses the call that is on him in these words from one of his "Songs of the Bunch Grass Acres."

The Spring Blood runs in the greening grass
And the prairie hills are wet with rain
The free wind sings from the cedar pass
And call my name.

* * * * *

And I must obey the call
My pony waits at the cabin bars
The trail leads into the even fall
And meets the Stars.

JOSEPHINE WELCH GILCHRIST, MODELER

North Dakota has a native born artist, — an artist both by natural bent and by technical training. From earliest childhood Josephine Welch Gilchrist has been more interested in handling pencil and paper than toys,

and in attempting to reproduce likenesses of her playmates rather than in playing with them. During school days her drawings and paintings were always the admiration of the other members of the class and the delight of her teachers.

Mrs. Gilchrist was born on a ranch south of Bismarck. Her mother says she is destined to be heard from because like so many of our most noted people she first saw the light of day in a log house at a time when the family had very little of this world's goods. Josephine is the third in a family of four girls, all carefully trained by a conscientious mother. When the father was elected county sheriff, the family moved into Bismarck where the girls had the advantage of elementary and high school training.

The brush and pencil and charcoal had far more attraction for Josephine than History and Latin. Her eyes never had been strong and much night study and extra reading were very hard on them as well as on her general health. After graduation from high school the dream of her life came true; she was enrolled a student in Minneapolis School of Art. Her weak eyes were a great impediment to her progress in drawing and in color, but when she began work in clay she found her place.

Always the fascination of the mysteries of the human face, and the grace of the lines of the human figure appealed to her more than landscapes or flowers. So when she came to work in clay she found the delight of being able to model in three dimensions, the fascinating curves and planes far exceeded the pleasure of representing them on a flat surface.

The weak eyes had to learn to see things in a new way and the fingers had to be trained to touch instead of handle a brush or pencil. This came slowly at first,

but the fingers grew in strength and skill. During this time her instructor was Mr. Charles E. Wells, a former pupil of St. Gaudens and also of Carl Bitter. From both these masters he had brought to his classes a patience and philosophy which was inspiration and encouragement to those pupils who possessed the real spark.

Perhaps because of her eyes, Josephine received her greatest inspiration from listening to music which brought to her mind's eye forms of grace and beauty instead of harmonious sound.

One of her finest pieces "The Spirit of Classical Music" was the outgrowth of listening to a violin pupil from the McPhail School of Music who lived in the same apartment house; his hours for playing were the ones she spent in her room. A second source of inspiration was from the works of Mestrovic: she said she "needed" these lovely little figures about her and was lonely without them.

In her second and third years she exhibited in the Minneapolis State Artists' Annual Exhibit: The first piece was an idealized figure of "A Young Girl"; the second was the portrait bust of a fellow student. This year as a further honor she won the Addie M. Day scholarship which entitled her to a fourth year of her beloved modeling. During this "studio" year her work was quite independent: her noted piece was "The Burden," a mythical female figure carrying upon its shoulders that indefinite illusive weight from which no human being can escape.

Following her Minneapolis training she spent one year in that Mecca for artists, — New York City. Here she was a member of the Students' Art League and a pupil of Leo Lentelle. She not only won the admiration and approval of her teachers and fellow stu-

dents during this year, but the approbation of one fellow student in particular. Indeed their admiration for each other's work and for each other was mutual, so they decided to combine their talents and training.

Mrs. Gilchrist's work is distinguished for that mysterious quality designated as "feeling" rather than for craftsmanship or design. She works slowly, thoughtfully and painstakingly and the results are graceful, pleasing and satisfying. She works for the love of expression rather than for the aim of making something which will bring material gain. She has no desire for a career, but loves to express with her fingers the "feeling" for the beautiful which continually demands expression.

MARGARET KELLY CABLE, POTTER

She took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day;
And as her fingers pressed it still,
It bent and yielded to her will.

First it was a round bowl, then slowly it grew into a tall straight vase, then under the guidance of her fingers a slender neck was formed and finally a graceful flaring top, and then she made it again into another vessel. "It bent and yielded to her will." "It" was a piece of North Dakota high grade clay and "she" is Margaret Kelly Cable, professor of Ceramics, College of Engineering, University of North Dakota.

Miss Cable is an artist. We are prone to think the term applies only to those who paint: but the word is defined as "one who professes and practices an art in which imagination and taste preside over the execution; one who shows trained skill or rare taste in any art or occupation." If one has been so fortunate as to visit the ceramic laboratory at the University, or to

have seen Miss Cable demonstrate at the potter's wheel, then there is no doubt in the mind of such a one that the Miss Cable is an artist. The laboratory contains many examples of her handiwork which show that "imagination and taste preside over her execution," and to watch the clay change form under her fingers convinces one of her "trained skill."

Miss Cable is a potter. Her art is one of the oldest, if not the oldest art known to man. To see the clay under Miss Cable's fingers is to have a new understanding of the words, "and the Lord said to Jeremiah, Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in my hands, O, house of Israel."

In the fall of 1910, Miss Cable came to the University of North Dakota as an instructor in ceramic work, and to help in carrying further the practical investigation of the high grade clays of the state which had been started in the School of Mines under the direction of Dean Babcock.

In the southwestern part of our state there are found original deposits of high grade plastic potter's clay, which are of such vast extent and thickness that the supply may be called almost inexhaustible.

These preliminary investigations of the School of Mines made so evident the high quality of many of these clays that it seemed desirable to provide facilities for their more extended technical and practical study. As a result the Ceramic Department was established and Miss Cable is now at its head.

At the present time these wonderful clays are practically undeveloped. At two or three places in the clay fields are located brick plants which are manufacturing a very high grade brick, but aside from this no advantage is being taken of this great mineral asset. That these clays are suited to the making of a wide

variety of products is being proved beyond a doubt by the research work being carried on in the Ceramic Department.

As the pottery industry is one of the best illustrations of the combination of industry, science and art, its study is therefore very worthy of a place in a university curriculum. The students have taken a deep interest in the work because they are dealing with actual problems concerning the undeveloped resources of the state, and are led to see the direct application of science to this study and the really artistic and beautiful products which may be created by the application of technical methods combined with careful design and manipulation.

The result has been a much larger demand for the work than the department can accommodate. The enrollment in these various courses is over sixty, with a waiting list of nearly as many more.

Miss Cable is the daughter of a pioneer and is doing pioneer work in a pioneer art in a pioneer state. Her father was a medical missionary in western Minnesota in the days when that part of the country was "the west." He gave his life to his work, and after the daughter finished the grades and was graduated from Central High School in Minneapolis, it became necessary for her to help add to the family income. It was then that she began her career as a potter.

She says, "My feet just naturally strayed into a little by-path not often trod, which led to a group of craft-workers, people who created things of beauty and utility out of clay, copper, silver and leather — potters, metal-workers, jewelry makers, book binders, leather workers, — simple folk who loved beauty for beauty's sake, who wrought with their hands and hearts as well as their brains and who put into each creation a

bit of themselves." This was in the Pottery Shop of the Handicraft Guild of Minneapolis.

The work of the potter, especially the art potter, combined in an unusual way industry, science, art, and culture. It stimulates the love of labor, the quest of knowledge, the study of art and the joy of culture. So through work and study a course of training and intellectual growth outside of college halls became a substitute for college itself.

Miss Cable has spent a good deal of time in the large eastern potteries where she learned at first hand further details of the potter's art. She has been a pupil of two of the best known and most technically trained potters in America, Mr. Charles F. Binns, Director State School of Ceramics, Alfred University, Alfred, New York, and Mr. Frederick H. Rhead, Pottery Expert and Author. Miss Cable has also taken up advanced scientific work bearing directly upon her field of labor and has done a large amount of study in connection with her research and investigations of the clays of North Dakota and their adaptation to industrial utilization with and under the direction of Dean Babcock.

The potter's art usually "runs" in families, but Miss Cable is the only one in her family to become a professional potter, although there has been interest shown by members of the family on both sides. Her mother was Scotch-Irish and her father New England-Yankee. "A happy combination for one in my line of work," Miss Cable says. "The Scotch bids me be conservative, helps me stick to a problem and see it through with patience and perseverance in the face of many difficulties and problems which constantly arise in connection with my work and investigations, while the Irish helps me to laugh at the failures both in pots

and plans, and starts me on again for it is hard to squelch an Irishman; he is sure to bob up smiling. Perhaps my Yankee blood may tend to temper these two tendencies and stimulate enthusiasm in my work which is rather of a pioneering character."

A peep into the laboratory shows a most bewildering array of pottery of all shapes and sizes and colors: but a few minutes of careful study shows that everything is so carefully arranged that it is not hard to see the scope of the work done and the great variety of wares made under Miss Cable's direction: art bowls and vases of every graceful form, in tints and shades of browns and tans and blues and greens and rose, with every conceivable combination of these colors; the surfaces are plain and with decorations in low and medium relief, and in color with dull and with glazed finishes. The collection contains receptacles of all sorts for flowers and plants, and the bases for table lamps of all kinds. There are tea sets and chocolate sets, cups and saucers and plates, sugar and cream sets and tiles for the table. In another corner are mixing bowls and bean jars and all sorts of dishes for cooking and baking, while another exhibit shows stoneware jars, jugs and tiles and electrical insulating ware—all made from the natural clay deposits in our state.

An important part of Miss Cable's work has been to work out the different types of products for which the great variety of rare clays are fitted and develop the glaze for each one. After working out the type of pottery and the type of glaze, weeks of effort must be devoted to adapting one to the other. Such work demands infinite patience, energy and scientific skill. "The Gist of It" issued by the B. & P. W. Club of Grand Forks says of Miss Cable: "The record of her

work has been one of rapid and constant development. Discriminating shops and collectors from east and west regard her work very highly and are eager to secure pieces of her pottery. Numerous calls, not only from every section of North Dakota but from Canada and the entire United States come to her to talk and to demonstrate her work. Accompanied by her potter's wheel Miss Cable has appeared before very many audiences. Her talk and her demonstration are as artistic as the work of her hands.

The potter's wheel! Poets have sung of it and artists have delighted in its rhymic notion since the days of the Egyptians and the Babylonians. While Miss Cable "throws" the clay and fashions it with her skillful fingers as we watch, she tells with carefully chosen words and in soft musical tones something of the history of the art that was old in the days of Jeremiah, describes, and shows to the fascinated watchers the different stages through which the clay and vase must pass before it becomes the thing of beauty which every one who sees covets.

Turn, turn my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound;
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!
Thus sang the potter at his task
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey:

While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes
As a melodius interlude.

"Nothing could be simpler," she says, "than this 'throwing' or fashioning the clay as it spins upon the wheel and yet the forces which it represents, the hands as the centripetal, and the wheel as the centrifugal, are the same forces that hold the stars in their courses."

RUSSELL REID, NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER

One has only to look through a number of the excellent weekly and monthly publications we have today and the art sections of Sunday supplements to realize that the photography is already the well grown child of the Fine Arts family. Indeed we find volumes written on the subject as an art, and more volumes containing examples of the best work, while articles on every subject are made more valuable by photographic illustrations.

There are as many phases of photographic art as there are in the more generally accepted lines of art, painting, sculpture, etc., therefore I am very glad to present an art photographer among North Dakota artists, Russell Reid of Bismarck.

Russell Reid, nature photographer, is a product of North Dakota: He was born in 1900, has received his education here and here has gained the experience which has brought him before the public in his Art in these few years. He is shy and retiring with everyone and everything except his friends in the out-of-doors, and those to whom these friends introduce him.

He is now employed as assistant to Mr. L. F. Craw-

ford, Superintendent of the North Dakota Historical Society at Bismarck. Every ornithologist who goes to Bismarck hunts him up and in this way together with his connection with the Historical Society he has had rare opportunities of meeting many men of ability and from these he has absorbed much that is worth while. Among them might be mentioned Vernon Bailey, Chief Field Naturalist for the Bureau of the U. S. Biological Survey; H. C. Oberholser, Biologist of the U. S. Biological Survey; Dr. M. R. Gilmore, engaged in research work for the Museum of the American Indians at New York and formerly curator of the North Dakota Historical Museum; George Will of Bismarck, whose anthropological and archeological writings for the Peabody Museum of Harvard and for the American Museum of Natural History, New York, place him as an authority on Indians for this section of the country; E. T. Judd, State Game and Fish Commissioner; L. F. Crawford, well-known as a historian and writer. Mr. Crawford is authority for the statement that Russell Reid has the best library on birds that has ever been assembled in the State of North Dakota.

Since 1919 Mr. Reid has held membership in the American Ornithologists Union, the Wilson Ornithological Club, the Cooper Ornithological Club, American Society of Mammalogists, North Dakota Historical Society, and is State Vice-President of the North Dakota Audubon Society. He has written numerous newspaper articles on nature subjects.

For several years Mr. Reid has had for his close friend and associate Mr. Clell G. Gannon, also artist and nature lover. Mr. Gannon has accompanied him on field trips during these years and has written the following story of his friend and associate as no one else could do:

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

Such is Russell Reid. To him nature is an open book; every field, every woodland, ever marsh is wonderland and in every journey there is an adventure bordering on excitement.

Nature has a way of protecting her secrets and revealing them only to those who have the patience to seek them out. In the crudest of ore she hides her gold, in the roughest of quartz, her diamonds are found, and her pearls are hidden away in little shells under deep water. But Nature does not always hold herself in reserve; at times she shouts her splendors from the house-tops and says, "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Russell Reid is profoundly interested in all the outdoors, but especially his interest centers in birds, and that interest is deeper than a passing hobby. He says he has been interested in birds ever since he can remember, and his mother tells how he used to look forward to the coming of the packages of Arm & Hammer soda for the bird pictures that each contained.

Photography has furnished him the connection with nature that makes the result of his work comprehensible to others. I do not think that Photography as an end would have interested him, but as a means to an end he has taken every pains to secure the best in equipment that he could afford and has devoted long hours to study, experiment and practice to perfect that art. As a photographer of nature Russell Reid has arrived, but it remains to be seen to what limit he can go, or to what height he can attain. He has a way of getting on with the wildfolk that is truly marvelous. He will stalk up to a bird on its nest, a prairie dog at

its mound, or a live rattlesnake, so close that only the few inches necessary to focus the camera separates them.

He has secured many rare photographs of most of the native birds, particularly the wilder ones such as the waterfowl and shorebirds, showing the bird on the nest, the nest and eggs, or the birds themselves in their native haunts. It is interesting to note how he goes about to secure the picture of a wild bird sitting on its nest. The process is one that requires much care, patience, and unfailing determination. When he has located a nest that he wishes to photograph, he carefully sets up the camera at an advantageous location, and if possible where it will not be too conspicuous. Then with a string attached to the shutter he retreats a considerable distance, conceals himself and waits — minutes go by, sometimes hours, and then as the mother bird returns cautiously, he is on the alert ready to pull the string after the bird has resumed its position on the nest. Sometimes, however, the bird will not return so soon and if there is no way of hiding as in photographing nests on the prairie, he has a little mouse trap device which he uses. To the mouse trap he attaches a string placed in such a way that the bird brushes it enough when getting on the nest to spring the trap. The trap in turn sets off the shutter and the bird has taken its own picture. This however, is not so simple as one might at first think. Very often the result is not what is wanted. The bird may be in such a position that it does not show up well, the light may have shifted, the breeze may have blown up some grass blades to obstruct the view, or it may have even set off the delicate shutter device. Again the bird may not set off the string at the place planned for and the result would be a blurred picture out of focus. There are

a thousand-and-one things to spoil the theme, but constant effort brings a reward as is shown by the many excellent pictures that he has taken.

He has many remarkable landscape photographs of Dakota — remarkable in that they are true — pictures of slough, river and bad lands. His mother tells of how one day when he was about 15 years old he went down the river about seven miles, and while there a hard hail and rain storm came up, chilling and drenching him to the skin. Tramping all the way home through the mud and hail, he came in the door, splattered with mud and wet from head to foot "Mother," he exclaimed as he entered the room, "I had a fine time. I saw seven bull snakes."

He has done some splendid flower portraits — wild flowers, alive and growing in the sod — flowers in vases do not interest him. A flower enthusiast recently asked him what means he employed to overcome the wind, since the wind is constantly blowing and the slightest breeze will cause the flowers to move which will result in a blurred negative. He employs no tricks. I have seen him watch a flower for an hour with camera all ready waiting for that critical lull when the breeze would pause for a few seconds when failure resulted he would go back again until the result was a picture that satisfied him.

His photograph of the pasque flower is a classic; and has been copied extensively in the state. It has been published in the Dickinson (North Dakota) State Normal Annual; the State Department of Education has used it on one of their certificates, and Mr. Gilmore has it in his bookplate.

Many of his other photographs have been used in publications. Norman Wood of the University of Michigan in his "Preliminary Survey of the Birds of North

Dakota" has used a number of his photographs and throughout the text has quoted him as authority and drawn on his studies for much of the material in the text. The North Dakota Department of Agriculture has used his splendid photograph of a pintail duck on its nest in several of its publications. The 1924 Annual of the University of North Dakota entitled "Dakotah" has used several, and Florence Merriam Bailey, nationally known nature writer has secured a number of them for use in connection with her writings.

Spring to all of us is a paramount event and we anticipate its arrival with joy. But to the naturalist the wonder and the beauty of Spring is enhanced. Thus Russell Reid has said, "I begin to look forward to the coming of Spring in August." And much planning and preparation is made for that coming. Everything must be ready when the first goose honks northward, and when the first pasque flower protrudes from its northern slope.

There is much excitement when the birds begin their Spring migration, and he is alert to see them all. For years he has been in the habit of keeping complete data for all his photographs and notes of all his observations. His bird list numbers about 250 species, which includes only those which he has met alive in the field or seen shortly after death. With very few exceptions all these have been seen in North Dakota.

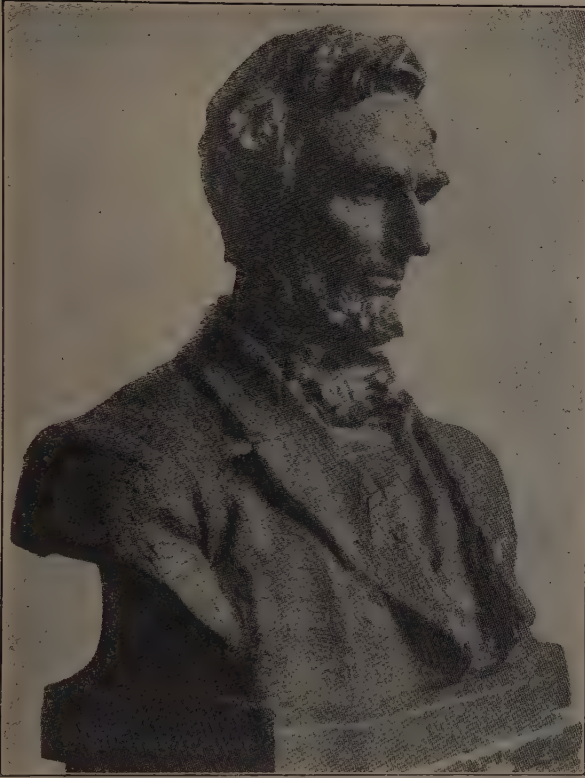
In this commercial and work-a-day world it is refreshing to come upon a lover and devotee of art for art's sake; and as Russell Reid is still young we may expect much in the future. Those of us who know his work hope that the day is not far distant when he may be able to devote his entire time to pursuing his nature studies—for as Thoreau said, "Into perfect work, time

does not enter." And if the story could all be told there would be a thrilling experience for every picture. There would be memories of the long road, the sunshine, the artemesia covered plains, the free wind singing through the grass, marshes with swarms of chattering blackbirds, the whirr of wings, the guttural sound of the bittern, the glimpse of a hawk wheeling far in the cloudless blue, and then the lengthening shadows, the stains of sunset fire, dusk with its mysterious light, and the cold twinkle of voiceless stars — and night!

PAUL FJELDE, SCULPTOR

Twenty-seven years ago there came to a farm in Burleigh County, near Wing, 45 miles northeast of Bismarck, a boy, four years old, who today is one of the recognized young Sculptors of the country, — Paul Fjelde of New York City now but thirty-one years of age.

This young man was born in Minneapolis. His father, Jacob Fjelde, was a sculptor of much promise in Norway before he came to Minneapolis in 1887 directly from several years of Art study in Copenhagen and Rome. The Twin Cities contain several pieces of Jacob Fjelde's work: "The Arts and Sciences" over the door of the Library Building of the University; Bust of Henrik Ibsen, St. Paul: "Hiawatha and Minnehaha in Minnehaha Park, and "Ole Bull" in Loring Park. His monument to "The First Minnesota Regiment" is erected on the field of Gettysburg. (See *Scandinavian Review*, page 268). Upon the death of the father in 1896, the mother brought her four young children to a homestead in North Dakota. Here Paul grew up under conditions not encouraging to his artistic ambitions. But his mother's faith and indomitable



BUST OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY PAUL FJELDE

will prevailed. She was a woman of great musical talent, fine education and broad social experience. She kept sculptor's clay always at hand and continually encouraged him in his efforts. A medallion of one sister and a bust of the other attest his ability as an artist during these days. Mrs. C. J. Kuehl of Wing, a neighbor to the Fjelde family during these days has written me: "We had a postoffice at Canfield then and Mrs. Fjelde's place was only a quarter of a mile south. One day when my mother was there, Paul took a lump of clay and made a small bust with a man's face. My mother watched him make it and when he got through he said, "You take that to Mr. Kuehl and tell him when he gets sick he is to look at that and it will make him well. That is the Doctor." We still have it.

They are not an ordinary family for they each have some special talent. Margaret, Paul and Astrid have certainly worked very hard to get their educations.

In 1911 the family moved to Valley City where the girls received instruction in music and Paul came under the influence of Mary G. Deem, Director of Art in the State Normal School. Miss Deem has written me of his progress there.

"His sister, who came into our school one summer, showed me some little things he had done, very crude, but tremendously promising. I was able to get him a place with a photographer where he could earn a little, and he entered school. I soon saw that I had nothing to offer him but sympathy and encouragement. I got Mr. Lorado Taft to take him, after he had been here only six months, during which time he had made remarkable growth. His progress was marked by leaps and bounds after he went to Mr. Taft, so that he was put to work on much of Mr. Taft's own work on the "Fountain of Time." As soon as he felt

secure in so doing he took a studio of his own in New York."

STORY OF LINCOLN BUST

In 1914 Norway celebrated the 100th anniversary of its independence as a Nation. The idea originated that the people of North Dakota should present to Norway some memorial of appreciation for the people who had come to us from that county. Hon. L. B. Hanna, Governor at that time, was largely instrumental in carrying out this idea. A part of Mr. Hanna's letter follows:

"The Legislature in 1913 authorized by statute the spending of \$10,000 by North Dakota at the Exposition which was to be held in Norway in 1914. Mr. Gabrielson was named secretary, and for the amount of money expended, made a very creditable showing at Christiania. Our idea was to show the Norwegian people what had been done in America, and especially in North Dakota by Norwegians.

In addition the Legislature authorized me, as Governor, to appoint a committee to present some kind of a memorial to Norway, for 1914 was the One Hundredth Anniversary of their independence as a nation. Pursuant to this resolution, I appointed a representative committee of men from over North Dakota. It was determined to raise money by voluntary subscription for the purpose of presenting something to Norway from North Dakota that might show to the people of Norway our friendly feeling and our appreciation for the sending by Norway to North Dakota of many splendid men and women.

Most of the correspondence was carried on through my office. Subscriptions from men and women of all classes and of all nationalities brought about \$5,000.

Then from our committee I appointed an executive committee which should determine what form the memorial should take.

In 1913 I had gone with some of the old soldiers from our State to the Reunion of the soldiers both from North and South on the battlefield of Gettysburg for the Fiftieth Anniversary. In the Cemetery where President Lincoln made his memorable address, I saw a monument that appealed to me. It was a bust of Lincoln surmounted on a granite tablet. Therefore when our Executive Committee met, I suggested something of that kind, as we wished to make it as typical as possible.

Young Paul Fjelde was just being heard of, being a student of Lorado Taft, the famous sculptor of Chicago. We called young Fjelde in and asked him whether he could model for us a heroic size bust of Abraham Lincoln. He said that he could do so, and did. We also had him model two tablets. The bust of Lincoln and the tablets were cast in bronze in Chicago. Upon one of the tablets is the following language: "That Government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the Earth." On the other tablet are the words, "Presented to the people of Norway by the People of North Dakota, U. S. A., July 4, 1914."

The granite for the statue we obtained in Norway but the bronze bust and the two tablets, were sent from Chicago. Just below the bust carved into the granite is the simple word "Lincoln."

My daughter, Dorothy L. Hanna, unveiled the bust and on behalf of the people of North Dakota and of the committee which had gone to Norway with my family and myself to present the statue, I presented it to the people of Norway. It was accepted by Mr.

Lovland, the head of the Norwegian Storthing. There was a large crowd present, estimated at thirty-five or forty thousand. The Norwegian Storthing attended in a body, and there were the ministers of all of the foreign countries accredited to Norway present. We had addresses, some in English and some in Norwegian. The Luther College Band from Decorah, Iowa, of one hundred pieces played and led the music; we had a chorus of one hundred and fifty men from Chicago and the Northwest, who led the singing. The National airs of both America and Norway were sung, led by the band and the company of Norwegian singers, the great multitude of people joining. Altogether it was a most memorable occasion.

The statue was erected in Frogner Park, Christiana, and I have been told that every year on July 4th they hold a ceremony at the statue.

In the evening of July 4, 1914, a great banquet was given to visiting Americans, our committee, and myself. The King of Norway was present and practically all of the notables of Norway and of those countries which were accredited by the various governments to Norway, for remember, that this was before the breaking out of the War.

In my party that went to Norway was Mr. Smith Stimmel of Fargo, who during the Civil War was a member of Abraham Lincoln's Guard and was with President Lincoln for two years. He said the bust was a most remarkable likeness."

The Lincoln bust is the work by which Fjelde is best known in North Dakota. Three copies of it are in the state; a bronze replica was placed in the yard of the Traill County Court House in Hillsboro in 1918; a plaster cast stands in the corridor on the second floor of the State House in Bismarck; another plaster cast is on

the east side of the stage in the auditorium of the State Teachers' College in Valley City.

Other works of Fjelde's in North Dakota are: Portrait tablet in Bjornson Bauta Stone in R. R. Park in Mayville. Portraits are owned as follows:

Tablet of self, Mrs. John L. Hughes, Bismarck.

Tablet of Dr. Geo. A. McFarland, S. T. C., Valley City.

Bust of Father, S. S. Tuttle, Valley City.

Bust of "Jimmy," J. J. Early, Valley City.

Tablet of "Nancy," Mrs. J. E. Feathestone, Valley City.

Tablet of "Helen," Mrs. J. E. Feathestone, Valley City.

Tablet of Dr. Platou, City Auditorium, Valley City.

In the Rotogravure section of the "New York Sunday Times" for Feb. 25, 1923, appeared a picture of his garden group "Pan and Owl." This piece was shown at the Current Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York.

Ours is a new state in which the people have been more interested in providing clothing, food and shelter for themselves and families than works of art for their cities. The name of Fjelde will always be connected with early story of Art in North Dakota. A brother of the artist's father, Dr. H. O. Fjelde, settled in Abercrombie, 30 miles south of Fargo where he practiced medicine for many years.

It was through the influence of Dr. Fjelde that at least two statues have been erected in the state, both in Fargo. In Island Park is a statue to Henrick Wergeland, Norwegian poet, patriot, humanitarian and popular leader in the early part of the nineteenth century. The monument was secured through the generosity of the sculptor, Gustav Vigeland, and various Norwegian societies. It was unveiled in the summer of 1908, the year of the poets' centenary.

In the park by the Great Northern depot is the

statue of Rollo, a replica of the monument presented by Norway to the city of Rouen, France, in memory of the leader of the North men who went down into Northern France in 909 and there became the first Norman. This statue was unveiled the year after the 1000-year celebration of the founding of Normandy in France—1910.

These two statues and the Bjornson Bauta at Mayville are the evidences that North Dakota's Scandinavian citizens have erected in this new land monuments to the ideals and thoughts of the land of their origin which are in line with the best thought of this country in art, patriotism and democracy.

What a wonderful opportunity for the people from Scotland, England, France and other countries to follow the example set by the descendants of the forward looking Vikings to bring the symbols of the best thought and ideals in art and citizenship of the Homeland before the growing citizens of this "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

MARGARETHE E. HEISSER, PORTRAIT PAINTER

The name of Margarethe E. Heisser is remembered by only a few of her closest friends, but because of the number of pictures by her in the state and the wonderful quality of her work as a portrait painter, her name should be familiar to all lovers of Art.

Miss Heisser died suddenly in St. Michael's Hospital in Grand Forks in 1908 when on her way to complete a commission to paint the portraits of fifteen Indian men and women living in different parts of the state. Only three were finished. These three hang on the walls of the South Hall in the Capitol Building at Bismarck, the property of the State of North Dakota.

Margarethe E. Heisser grew up in Minneapolis and received her first Art education there. Financial con-

ditions would not permit her to go abroad to complete her studies, so she gave up studio work and turned to teaching to make possible later the coveted work in European Art schools. She taught Art in the State Normal School in Moorhead, Minnesota, for two or three years. While in Moorhead, she formed friendship with the families of Judge C. F. Amidon, Judge N. C. Young and others in Fargo.

By careful saving during this time, she was able to go to Europe where for three years she studied in the Art schools of Paris and in Italy. She added to her slender income while abroad by producing etchings and small oil paintings of the Luxumberg Gardens. Friends in Minneapolis helped her to dispose of these pictures.

When she returned to this country, she came to Fargo and to the home of Judge and Mrs. Amidon where she renewed acquaintances and rapidly made other friends, all of whom became very much interested in her work. She had now decided to specialize as a portrait painter.

During the time she was a guest at the home of Judge and Mrs. Amidon, she painted portraits of Judge Amidon and their daughter, Beulah. People in other parts of the state became interested in her work. She painted a portrait of Pres. Webster Merrifield, now the property of the University of North Dakota; a portrait of John Burke, then Governor of our state; and a portrait of Colonel Clarence B. Little, who for the twenty years from 1889 to 1909, served North Dakota as State Senator.

The works by which she will be most widely known, however, are the portraits of three Gros Ventres (grovon) Indians painted from life at the Fort Berthold Reservation.

Miss Heisser became interested in the Indians as a

fast passing fascinating type which should be preserved, through Dr. O. G. Libby, at that time Secretary of the State Historical Society. She was fascinated by the Indians and they responded to an equal fascination. Mr. H. C. Fish, then Curator for the Historical Society, says, "they took to her as a long lost ancestor who had returned to bring peace and justice to the tribes."

It was during these years that the State Federation of Women's Clubs had undertaken the erection of the statue to the memory of Sakakawea, Mrs. Amidon being chairman of the finance committee. Miss Heisser, hearing much of this, conceived the idea of painting the portraits of a number of living North Dakota Indians, this to be her life's contribution to North Dakota Art and History. She discussed this plan with her friends. Dr. Libby undertook to make the necessary arrangements with the Indians, and Judge Young guaranteed her expenses. Her purpose was to make fifteen of these paintings, and the hope was entertained that the State legislature would ultimately purchase these portraits and place them among the State Historical records.

During the year 1907 Miss Heisser went to the Berthold Reservation and painted three of these portraits—those of "Bear's Necklace," "Bad Brave" and "The Mink," a granddaughter of Sakakawea, and the model for Leonard Crunelle's statue of Sakakawea. Miss Heisser's health was never the best and her life was always one of great mental and artistic activity with too little regard paid to the needs of her frail body. After her visit to the Berthold Reservation, she was ill for many months, but was always most eager and impatient to return to the work. In the late summer of 1908, she again started for the Reservation. She went

to Grand Forks to meet Dr. Libby, but was taken very ill at his home. She was removed to the hospital for a critical operation but died there in a few days before it could be performed. So ended the gallant fight she had made against poor health and untoward circumstances. The three portraits were all of the fifteen that would ever be made.

Upon the completion of these portraits, they were hung in the home of Judge Young in Fargo, where they remained till after Miss Heisser's death, when they were shipped to her father in Minneapolis.

At this time the State Federation was struggling with the problem of raising money to complete the Sakakawea statue. Photographs of the three portraits were made, which were tinted with water-colors by Mr. Heisser, the artist's father. These hand-tinted photographs were sold throughout the state among the club women, and helped very materially in raising the required funds.

In October, 1910, the Sakakawea statue was unveiled at the Capitol grounds. The Legislative session of 1909 appropriated \$1500 for preparing the site and erecting the pedestal for this monument. However, only \$573.44 of the amount was used for that purpose. When the Legislative convened in 1911, Mrs. N. C. Young, then President of the State Federation, went to Bismarck and asked the Legislature to allow a part of the balance to be used for the purchase of the Indian portraits that they might become the property of the State, and thus preserve for the State faithful and correct memorials of these aboriginal inhabitants. The Legislature granted Mrs. Young's request and provided that whereas only \$575 of the original appropriation had been used, \$700 of the balance be appropriated to enable the Club women to purchase these

paintings. To this \$700 the Federation added \$300. The purchase price was paid May 22, 1911, to the Heisser estate.

For several years these portraits hung in conspicuous places in the State House and were seen and admired as they deserved to be. But by and by there came those into authority who knew not Margarethe E. Heisser nor had heard of her desire to leave worthy memories of native Dakotans and her own service. The pictures were removed and hung on the already crowded halls of the much over-crowded rooms of the Historical Society. Here the heat warped and shrunk the oak frames and the glasses accumulated dust till it was impossible to tell what was under them. Early in 1923, the General Federation Chairman of Art requested each State Chairman of Art to make a survey of her state to locate worthwhile pictures. The Indian portraits were traced from a set of the colored photographs and located under the dust covered glasses—where they had been hiding for twelve years. The glasses which were required to cover the paintings but six months were removed, and the wonderful works of this artist so little known brought to light. The frames were refitted, the canvasses varnished, and the portraits hung again in the public halls of the Capitol where hundreds of people view them each week.

When one looks upon these faithful portraits which show not only the texture of deerskin garments, bead ornaments and feather decoration, but portray the characters of these representatives of a sturdy outdoor people now fast disappearing, one realizes that in the early death of the Artist the country lost one who had the highest ideals for her work, that she had gained the master of the instrument by which she was to express her ideals and, what is still more important,

she had become conscious of that mastery, and that gave to her work in the period, which has intervened, soundness, directness and compelling power.

Among those who knew Miss Heisser some mention is always made of her peculiarities in appearance and dress. On account of her religious faith, Theosophy, she always wore a scarab. Her gowns would not be noticeable today but were very much so at that time. They were copied largely from old portraits and had long loose lines. She was not a large person but gave the impression of being unusually small by reason of this style of dress, and the fact that she never wore a collar, but her gowns were open at the throat in the V-shape so common today. Her complexion is described as "a deep rich olive without a fleck of color." Her eyes were unusually large, and piercing deep brown or black. Her color and thinness was emphasized by her custom of always wearing a long bright colored silk scarf, usually yellow. It is this scarf which gives the name to the portrait of herself which accompanies this article, "The Girl with the Yellow Scarf."

Mr. H. C. Fish wrote of her "Miss Heisser was a very strange character with her one-piece dress and Egyptian scarab at her throat or across her forehead. She was a woman of very high I. Q. (Intelligence quotient) and mightily interested in her work."

The scarab or scarabecus is a large beetle found in Africa and the warmer parts of Europe and Asia. It was regarded by the Egyptians as symbolic of immortality. Images are widely used as talismans and ornaments. Representations in stone were placed on mummies as symbols of resurrection. These are now used as jewelry.

The mysticism of the east was strong upon her as was evidenced by her choice of this symbol of eternity

—the everlasting circle—as her monogram and signature, a mystic symbol indeed—a black scarab upon a black background. This sign may readily be seen in the upper left-hand corner of her canvasses. At first glance one recognizes the symbol, a second reveals the letters “M. E. H.”

Almost all of her work after her return from Europe was done for North Dakota, and it constitutes a rich contribution to the Art development of the State. She not only painted this group of masterly portraits of North Dakota's leading men from two nations—the conquered and the conquering—but at least one exhibit of her European paintings was held in the state at the State Teachers' College at Valley City, at which time she delivered a series of admirable lectures in which the highest ideals were set forth in a persuasive and forceful way. She came into close personal relations with most of the men and women who were shaping the intellectual and ethical life of the State during those years.

Mrs. N. C. Young of Fargo has written of her: “I have never known a more pleasing companion nor one who contributed more to the life about her. In this she was absolutely unselfish. In conversation her peculiar views never obtruded themselves. She was a sympathetic and understanding friend, and in her death I felt that I lost a friend who had been a great help and inspiration to me.”

Miss Heisser has left a worthy memorial of her industrious life in the volume of her works, but of greater importance than these accomplishments, limited by time, illness and other circumstances, is what she was, and her beautiful life and character will be a living force in the lives of many to whom her art and its fruits was scarcely known. She not only lived and

thought deeply, but she shared that beautiful inner life with all who could understand and enter into it. She felt the religious and ethical life to be of supreme importance, and her life was a beautiful exemplification of her high thoughts.

With rare literary gifts, cultivated by long and discriminating study, Miss Heisser gave expression to this only in her letters, and they are a precious treasure to scores, for her correspondence was large. This made heavy demands upon her, but it was never slighted, for in it she took the utmost satisfaction.

I have talked with many who knew her, and in closing this brief story of her life and work in North Dakota, feel I may write truthfully, "none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

LEONARD CRUNELLE'S "SAKAKAWEA"

In 1910 every club woman and every school child in North Dakota knew the name "Sakakawea," learned to pronounce it and gave a small sum toward erecting a statue to her memory. Since then many hundreds of people have seen, admired and have been kodaked at the feet of this beautiful statue which stands on the Capitol grounds at Bismarck. But there are many more hundreds in the State who have not seen the statue and too many of these do not know who this woman was.

More than a hundred years ago Sakakawea was one of the Shoshone Indians who at that time made their home along the Snake River in Idaho, just west of the Bitter Root Mountains, now called the Rockies. When a small child she was captured by the Blackfeet, an enemy tribe, later taken to a Mandan village and sold as a slave to a French interpreter, Toussant Charboneau, who later married her. When Lewis and Clark reached the Mandan Indian village on the site of the

present city of Mandan, they needed an interpreter and guide for their proposed expedition up the Missouri River and across country to the Pacific Ocean.

Toussant Charboneau was a professional interpreter—his Indian wife had come from the country where the explorers wished to go. A bargain was made. Sakakawea strapped her two-months-old baby to her back and the journey was begun.

The story of the 5000-mile trip in canoes on the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, on foot and horse over the prairies and mountains, with its accidents, adventures, hardships and final triumphs, has been told with many variations by many different people from as many different sources of information. But for this account I wish only to record that this journey which rivals in daring and exceeds in importance the expeditions of Stanley and Livingstone in Africa, a journey that justified the greatest real estate transaction ever recorded in history and gave to the world a riches beyond compare—was piloted by a woman. This is the picture of the monument to the memory of this woman erected by the women of North Dakota. Many people speak of Sakakawea as though she and her baby were but myths, but people of her blood are living today near Elbowoods, this state, while at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming, are still living, people who knew her and her son, Baptiste (Battees). She died there, April 9, 1884, 100 years old. She is described by Rev. John Roberts, the Episcopal Missionary who knew her for many years and who buried her, as being white haired and well preserved. She was not ill but one morning was found lifeless in her lodge. Her fatal ailment could only be attributed to "old age."

The name Sakakawea is given various spellings and pronunciations and meanings. The above spelling, pronounced "Sa-ka-ka" (Bird) "wea," being the feminine



SAKAKAWEA STATUE BY LEONARD CRUNELLE

ending only, but which is usually translated with the name part, thus making the English name Bird Woman, is now generally accepted. Mr. Joseph Packineau of Elbowoods writes: "Her name is supposed to have been 'Eagle Woman,' but as her command of the English language was very limited, she replied, when asked her name, 'Sakaka,' meaning 'Bird' — to the Indian mind the Eagle was The Bird." She had three daughters younger than Baptiste, the baby in the picture. Upon her journey west she adopted the son of her sister, her nephew Basil, who was older than Baptiste and who was generally known as her son, for nephews are so considered among the Indians. Bull's Eyes, the son of one of her daughters, is still alive and resides near Shell Creek. Mr. Bull's Eyes gave Mr. Packineau this small kodak picture of himself to send to me to accompany this story.

These facts of the death and burial of Sakakawea and the adoption of the nephew Basil are taken from a very complete article by Grace Raymond Hebard, published in the "Portland (Ore.) Evening Telegram" for Feb. 18, 1911.

HOW THE STATUE CAME TO BE

Mrs. Mattie M. Davis, then County Superintendent of Cass County, was the originator of the idea for the erection of the statue by the clubwomen and school children of the State. For five years the Federation worked toward this end which was accomplished during the administration of Mrs. N. C. Young of Fargo when this memorial was presented to the State. Mr. Leonard Crunelle of Chicago was commissioned to design the statue. Mrs. Hannah Leavings Grant of Elbowoods, a granddaughter of Sakakawea, was chosen to pose for the sculptor.

In order that the statue might picture the Indian

woman in a perfectly natural pose, in addition to the artist's ideal of eager anticipation, when recognizing surroundings familiar in childhood, Dr. O. G. Libby of University, took several Indians to the artist's studio in Chicago that their knowledge might supplement the artist's skill. Dr. Libby tells how the suggestion and criticisms of these men caused the artist to change his design from the figure of a woman with Indian features and in Indian garb, but expressing emotion in the uncontrolled physical action of the white person's nature, to the controlled repressed but forward look of the Indian nature.

This statue is said to be one of the finest and truest representations of the American Indian in Art. So well were the members of the Chicago Society of Artists pleased with this statue, that they voted Mr. Crunelle the annual medal.

A total of \$3500 was raised by individual subscriptions from school children and clubwomen, supplemented by the sale of hand-colored photographs of portraits of native Dakotans, painted by Margaretha E. Heisser.

The State Legislature of 1909 appropriated \$1500 for the base and erection of the statue. However, only half of this amount was used for that purpose. The memorial was unveiled and presented to the State, Oct. 15, 1910, at the annual meeting of the State Federation held in Bismarck that year for this purpose.

Mrs. M. H. Jewell, President of the seventh district in which Bismarck is located, writes of the dedication exercise:

"Fully 5000 people witnessed the unveiling. Mrs. Young, President of the Federation, turning to Judge B. F. Spalding, representing Governor Burke, said: "It gives me great pleasure to present, in behalf of the

North Dakota Federation of Women's Clubs, to you, Judge Spalding, a representative of Governor Burke and the people of North Dakota, this statue."

The ribbon encircling the flag which draped the statue, was released by Miss Beulah Amidon of Fargo.

In reply Judge Spalding said, ". . . it is accepted by me in behalf of the State with the hope that it may stand for countless generations as it now stands with face toward the great west which furnished her vast fields for service, and which gives to us and to all its inhabitants great incentives to embrace and improve the opportunities found here for human and patriotic endeavor."

Mrs. Jewell's letter also tells how it was made possible for the Regimental band of the 14th U. S. Infantry to be present to play "The Star Spangled Banner" on this occasion. She says:

"At that time Fort Lincoln was garrisoned with officers and men of the regular army, under command of Capt. Joseph Frazer of the 14th U. S. Infantry, who was a personal friend of our family. I asked him for the band. Of course, he wired to the Secretary of War at Washington, D. C., for permission to loan the Regimental Band to the Committee on Entertainment for the Federation meeting. This was refused, but after many telegrams, and much 'red tape,' he was permitted to loan the band to me, and gave orders for the leader to report to me at the Capitol grounds. So for a short time, I had a regimental band on my hands. The wind was blowing hard, so I stationed *my* band, near the building, and as I, necessarily must be near the statue, the leader asked me to give him the signal to begin by waving a single huge yellow chrysanthemum which I had tucked in my gown. As the folds of the flag, which enveloped the statue, fluttered aside,

I waved my flower, and the band played 'The Star Spangled Banner' in the most approved military style."

For thirteen years "Sakakawea" has stood on the brow of the hill just east of the Capitol building. She has had thousands of visitors who look, admire, kodak and go on their way. Unconcerned by her surroundings with face and eyes raised, she looks off towards the west for signs which she alone can recognize. Her eager expectancy is evidenced in the rather tense but not hurried movement forward upon the right foot. The baby is asleep upon her back, cradled in the blanket held in position by the leather strap.

Repeating Judge Spalding's wish, I too, say, may Sakakawea stand there for countless generations looking, not toward the setting sun but leading now as then all who see her to look for a field of service, and to improve every opportunity found for human and patriotic endeavor.

